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July 7, 1928

THE [illegible]NAL WEEKLY

"The Prince of Escape"
By CHARLES SAXBY

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Peter B. Kyne—John T. Flynn—Ca[illegible]

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JULY 7, 1928

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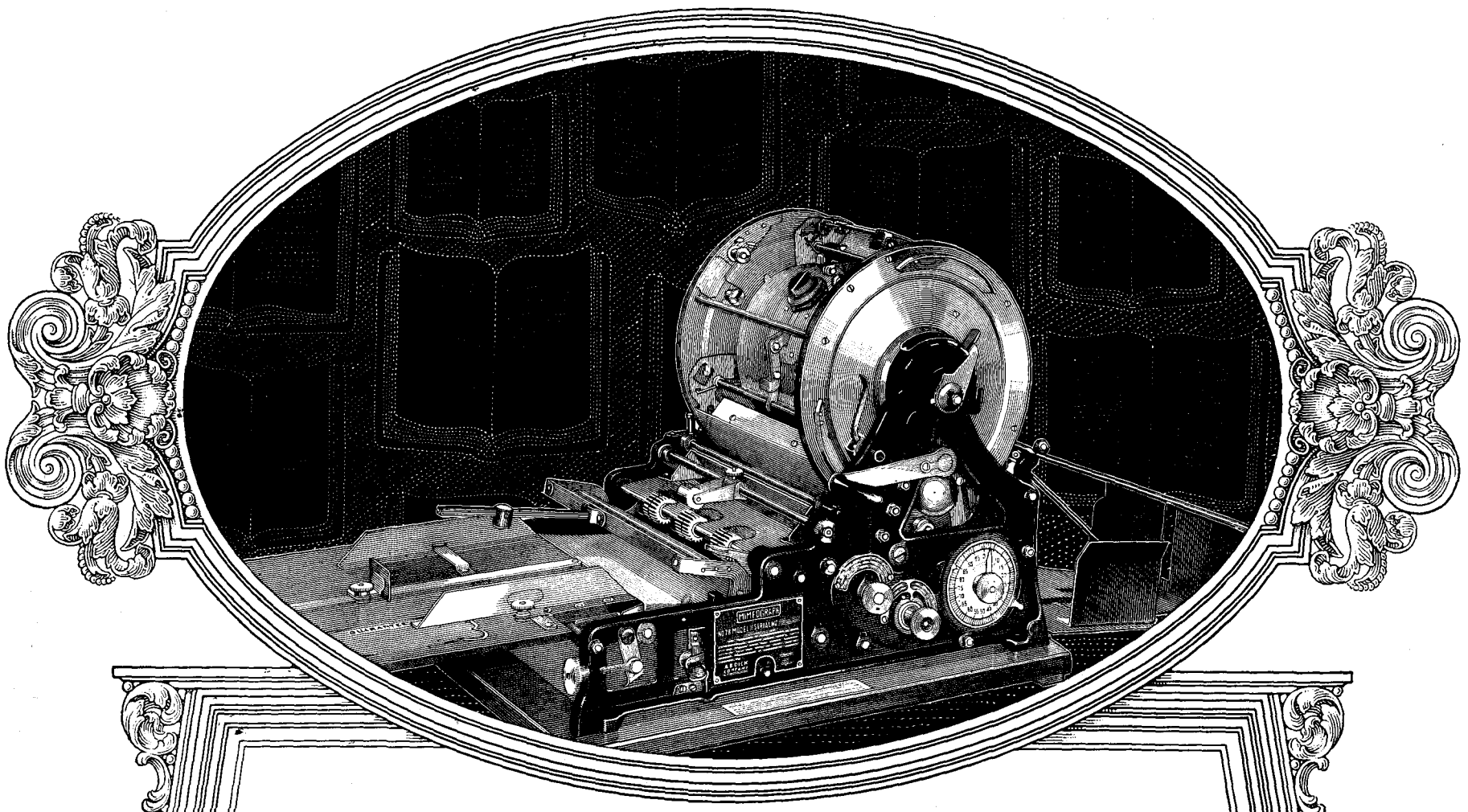

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The Prince of Escape

This woman seemed to have an uncanny way of following one's thoughts

By
CHARLES SAXBY

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

A breathless mystery worthy of Houdini himself

THE dressing-room, heavily shadowed from a single hooded light, was filled with an opulent litter, entirely masculine.

Against the walls trunks spilled their contents as if by spontaneous pressure. Above them hung every sort of garment, from a black silk bathing suit to a vast fur overcoat. On the dressing shelf heavy tortoise-shell elbowed trays of beaten silver holding unset jewels: garnets and yellow topaz, blue and green tourmalines like gouts of frozen sea, opals with milky fires. In the draft from the open window strange things moved like wraiths of foreignness: Persian embroidery, cannibal shields, kakemonos from Japan, a wicked-looking bolo breathing of the South Seas. A gilded Buddha smiled serenely from a pedestal. In a corner a Hindu squatted in scarlet and gold, so still that the flicker of his eyelids came as a surprise.

In the midst, as though it were all some sort of material "aura" projected by himself, Valdez sat under the single light. He too was very still, almost as much so as the Buddha, for facing him was a woman. He had a theory that it was best to be still in such a case. And this woman was a famous interviewer for a world-wide American news syndicate.

There was time to spare. The clock showed 9 P. M., and not until the coveted head-liner hour of 10:15 would the buzzer call him to the stage. It was his name that blazed in six-foot electric letters across the theatre's front:

VALDEZ
THE PRINCE OF ESCAPE

He looked young enough to have already broken the iron ring which guards the high places of vaudeville. A guess would have given him twenty-six at most. He was no physical giant either—merely a fellow of medium height, deceivingly slender. But even through his quietness there leaked a suggestion of an extraordinary, supple vitality. His face—lean, smooth, with a slight hollowing where the cheeks swept down to the small, square chin—was of an even brownish tint. When lit up from inside for public occasion, it seemed mostly a flash of eyes and teeth. But just then it was somber, set, overlaid by a gravity that came almost to pain about the mouth.

As a rule, when with women interviewers, he contrived to look like some important male bird caught in the toils of a particularly fascinating snake. He had found that such a look had

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valuable results in the press notices.

He had meant to wear that look on this occasion also, for the interview was momentous. The woman was no other than Ann Wrex, the London representative of a great American press syndicate. The impression she gave him was that of a thin and weary disillusionment, wrapped in clothes built for structure. She struck him as one who had tried to cast her body aside, in sheer disgust, and was now overtaken by an equal disgust for the kind in which she had taken refuge. And her interviews, syndicated all round the globe, were like those glittering poison pools sometimes found in deserts, kept crystal clear by their own acid.

There was but one thing worse than being interviewed by Ann Wrex, and that was—not to be.

She searched through a black leather bag and brought up some crumpled copy paper, a chewed pencil stub. Her eyes, usually veiled by tired lids, opened suddenly on him. There was almost a shock in them, grayly cool, with a sparkle of malice which crept into her voice:

"I suppose you were born in Spain, Mr. Valdez? So many of our prominent performers seem to have been born there—or in some other picturesque place.

"Your mother, of course, was a Zingara—or something equally interesting. And your father—?"

It took power to upset the iron routine of the Imperial Theatre, and that power was here in his dressing-room

"I WAS born in Brooklyn, New York. My mother was at first an animal trainer who worked the small-time vaudeville. Afterward she became a professional fortune teller. My father was a theatrical press agent, of the unsuccessful kind. He died when I was three years old. His name was Mike Byrne."

"Ah—and the name 'Valdez'?"

"Is—like your own—just for the public."

A wry smile tugged at her lips. "All right; go on, please."

He hated telling things; that was why he usually spun romances between himself and the world. Anything to keep them out of where he had really lived. His mother had worn a red robe and a gilt crown for business, but between customers she would run out and stir the stew. He spoke aloud in vehement loyalty:

"They used to say that her fortunes came true, though."

He wished he hadn't said that. This woman seemed to have an uncanny way of following one's thoughts. Her lined face was like an enigmatic cat's, the pencil jabbing at the paper might have been a stiletto. He could almost feel it turning in his flesh.

"Your mother was American?"

"I never quite knew. Her father had been one of Hagenbeck's cat tamers, but she was no German." He was sure of that, remembering her dark smallness and the way she could chatter five languages with bewildering fluency. She had taught him to do the same, but he couldn't spell one of them. "She died when I was ten, and there was no one who knew anything about us. We had no friends. She seemed to fear people. Those who train animals often do . . . perhaps they catch it from the beasts. Sometimes she would mutter in her sleep, and I'd sit up in my cot and listen . . . broken murmurs of sun and sand and women on housetops!"

"Did she never tell you anything?"

"ONLY once." Valdez closed his eyes to summon that bygone picture. "It was in the kitchen—geraniums in the window, a winter sun streaming in, a pot of ragout bubbling on the stove. She was a little woman, with hair the same color as mine. She laid her hand on my head and said, 'Always remember that we are not of the black kind, such as swarm like flies on El Khalig in summer time. You and I are of the red people, to whom things happen.'"

"Things have certainly happened to you," Ann Wrex remarked, "and the Khalig is a canal in Cairo."

"You are the first one who had ever heard of it. Cairo. . . ." He pondered the word. "That might explain a lot."

"It might," she said dryly.

She wrote rapidly. She was really rather terrifying, staring at him with those luminous owl eyes from under a black hat. There was a sense of mental exhaustion about her, as if her public fame were preying on her private marrow. It must be rather ghastly, he thought, to be as she was, spread thin all around the world. He was glad that he himself was so contained. People had to come to him and watch his body. The trouble was, what would she say about him to the world?

"What did your mother mean about the color of your hair?" she was asking, and accusation followed a pointing pencil. "Your hair's black."

"Oh . . . well. . . . You may as well know the rest now."

A tug and that head of black, sleeked-back hair was lifted off. Beneath it was a smoothed mass of dark brown. As it began to rise into waves the light struck copper glints from it.

"I hate being recognized out of the theatre."

"I see," she offered. "Another way of escape."

She lit a cigarette.

"You're quite the rage now," she announced; "all the important people are after you."

"Are they important?" he asked. "I never know who they are. They come in, chatter a lot of questions and never wait for the answers. And all of them, especially the women, seem to have such hungry eyes."

"'Hungry eyes'—that's good." The pencil jabbed again. Then came interrogation:

"After your mother died, what then?"

"Five years of plain hell," he burst out, and Ann Wrex nodded understanding.

"Of course that is when it would come; I knew you had been through it. But I'd like some details."

"They sent me to an orphanage, and I ran away. Then some trapeze people got hold of me. They were some sort of Polacks . . . they were also brutes. I was half starved and sometimes beaten."

"By the way—it doesn't really matter, this is good stuff and I'm going to use it, anyhow—but just for myself I'd like to know. Is this press stuff?"

His hands—long, brown, extraordinarily supple—clenched with memories. Unsuspected muscles stood out on his jaw.

"It's the bitter, blasted truth."

That was settled. Ann Wrex peered again, narrow-lidded.

"We press people hear so little of that."

"I thought you people knew the truth about everything."

"So we do. But not by being told it, and we rarely publish it. Go on."

"THOSE acrobats worked with a circus half the year. It was a jerk-water show with a junk-shop equipment. At night we were always on the move. I had to bunk in a parade wagon lashed on a flat car. It was then that I started getting out of things . . . because I was too lonely and scared to stay in them. I would work my way back along the moving train to where one of the canvas boys slept in a box car. He was tough, all right—he went to jail afterward—but he was warm and human and kind to me. Sometimes he'd put an arm round me—the only one who ever did."

"Kind canvas man," she wrote, inquiring, the while, with careful casualness:

"How on earth did a mere child, as you were then, ever manage to get in and out of those wagons and cars?"

"Why . . . I guess I did it the same way that I get in and out of things now," he said.

Her sudden laugh was like something bitten off. Her drawl had sarcasm in it.

"I see. The same way that you got out of my little trap just then. Very well."

The room was quiet again. Through the opened window came the voice of newsboys shouting, "Radio Scandal!" Ann Wrex lifted a tired shoulder.

"It's rather terrible to have one's work pursuing one like that. I'm responsible for a good deal of that story."

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"What is it about?" Valdez asked.

"You are thinking that if I take time to tell you, you'll escape that much interviewing. . . . Still, your reactions would be engaging, so—

"The Aërial Syndicate, which, through ownership of all the principal patents, practically controls all the radio transmission of the British Empire, has always been supposed to be a purely English concern and even an unofficial branch of the government itself. Now it has just leaked out—partly through my investigations—that the real control has been permitted to slip into the hands of Sir Helios Cordato, a rather mysterious foreigner who already has too big a thumb in the English political pie.

"His nationality is a bit nebulous, but there are rumors that he began as a goatherd on the island of Mitylene. You have to hand it to him, if that's true, for now he is Europe's particular 'mystery millionaire,' reputedly one of its richest men, and a count of the Holy Roman Empire. He was knighted by King George for some hidden war services in the Levant. They say it was he who checkmated King Constantine and kept Greece neutral. He has enormous holdings all over Europe, lives in England because he isn't safe anywhere else, and is credited with a secret ambition to control all the radio transmission and broadcasting that he can lay his hands on. Is that plain?"

VALDEZ considered that information, wondering if this were the point to get excited about something.

"Somebody is always controlling things, and nobody else ever likes to have them doing it," he offered. "But it's strange that I never heard of him before."

"The thousand millions of this world rarely do hear of their real masters. It is only when one gets one's head above the rest that one begins to hear things."

Like a scarlet shadow, a forgotten Hindu moved to his master's side. "Sahib, too much late. Box trick tonight. Time begin get ready."

"I must not keep you. Vaudeville audiences are inexorable."

Valdez laughed at that, in another impulse for sheer truth.

"There is no hurry. I moved my hand, and Gunraj here thought it was our private signal for getting rid of visitors. There are no 'preparations.' This is a challenge night. My standing challenge of fifty guineas to the shipping department of any firm in London that can make a box which I can't get out of in ten minutes. They will bring the box with them, right over the footlights, and all I have to do is to get nailed up in it."

"And then to get out of it," she amended.

"Just a physical trick," he shrugged, "what else could it be?"

The pencil tapped her teeth again. He was beginning to dislike that gesture. "Frankly, I don't know what else it could be." She was thinking that, wrapped in the dark dressing robe, he looked like some very modern young monk—and entirely too good looking to have any right to be one.

"By the way, are you married?"

"No."

"In love?" she continued, with privileged impertinence.

"Do you want the truth? Then, frankly, I don't seem capable of it."

"But you would like to be able to," she pronounced.

"I've had my dreams," he admitted.

"And now," she announced, for him, "they are over, forever and ever. They always are, at twenty-five."

"It's funny," he said, "but I can talk to you. I didn't expect to. But you are one of the few people I've met who seem to know what I really mean."

"And that is—"

"Oh, I've had an affair or two, but all I got was hurt." His hands pieced that out with a quivering flicker. "I don't really know how to meet people. On the stage, yes—but that's so different. We lived a secret sort of life, my mother and I. Peeking through cracks to see who it was when the bell rang. Six different ways of getting in and out of the house. And after I got away from those acrobats I was deadly afraid they'd catch me again—or that the school authorities would get after me, so I got the habit of hiding—hiding always, even when with people. And now I can't have close friends, for they'd be prying into my tricks. So . . . I have to live in a world of my own."

"A world of escape?" she pronounced. "Well, you are a prince in that world, and there must be plenty of others in it, men and women both. Find some of them."

She rose, spilling her purse, pencil and paper. As Valdez retrieved them, she spoke:

"I am going to write you up."

"As a fake?"

"No, as—yourself."

His hand was on the door knob. She waited for him to turn it but he was not quite through.

"Look here, if you want a 'beat,' then be in front during my act tonight."

"You are going to pull something?"

He paused again. She had time to notice how the pits of shadow deepened about the corners of his mouth.

"It may be that something will happen."

"Happen *to* you, or *through* you?"

"It is so hard to tell how things really come; but this will be worth while."

THE door was open now. The theatre smell hung in the air, and through another door, zinc-covered, came hints from the performance. High notes, thumps, rumbling laughter; then a thunder of applause which must have brought joy to the stage. With her bitten pencil and bitter eyes, Ann Wrex wielded power in that theatre world. She looked at Valdez, speaking shortly but with a certain softness.

"I'll be there. Good night . . . Mike Byrne."

She went at that. Valdez' last impression of her was somehow sorry. That was a "successful woman" . . . he himself was on the road to being a successful man. The sum total of it rose like a scum to his lips.

"What the hell—"

A decision had long been forming itself about him, a decision at which he had hinted when telling Ann Wrex to be in front that night. Lighting a cigarette, he flung a bunch of keys to the Hindu.

"Open the big trunk and bring me the silver box."

Silver rolled on copper, heavily chased by some long dead Florentine, the box gleamed on a small table before him. His gravity deepened almost to reluctance as he lifted the lid.

"It can't be anything but superstition," he said, apparently to the air; "and yet . . . they used to say her fortunes came true."

The contents of that box were merely an aged volume and a deck of cards more ancient still. A careful housewife would have promptly burned them for fear of germs; a collector might have paid into the thousands for them. Their worn fabric, limply patched with pasted paper, was printed from old wood blocks of quaint figures. A Pope breathed priestcraft from between feather fans; a leering trull of a light-o'-love trod on the skirts of an empress. Death grinned from behind a cross; a knight swashed in curls and sword; a hermit made a spot of coolness. A very gamut of all humanity those cards swept, and something over at both ends, half grinning, half sinister in their medieval picturesqueness.

Valdez' hands hovered above them as if, against his own will, he had to give them some measure of belief.

"Superstition—faith's poor relation," he muttered. "Oh, well, since we can't go in at the front entrance, let's call on the gods by the stage door." He paused, and the room grew quiet as

The darkness of the lid, pounding nails and a clink of chains. Then came Gunraj's three taps on the lid

if by an emanation of his own stillness. "She told me they would speak to me when the time came," he half whispered to himself. "But do I really want them to? Will I accept it if they do? . . . Oh, well. . . ."

A MOTION of his fingers, and the cards were now as a living stream flowing across the table. Then one of them, as if endowed with volition of its own, flirted upward and spiraled down to the floor.

He stooped and turned the card. It stared unpleasantly back at him. A strange thing, depicting a male figure, naked, grossly human, but with the head of a crocodile! One hand held a torch, the other a wand twined about by snakes. At its feet lay the body of a youth bound with chains.

Vulgar though it was, its cunning held a crude power. The eyes in that reptile head were ruthless, repellent. An involuntary coldness coursed down Valdez' spine, for the face of that chained and prostrate youth was oddly like his own.

"Nice tough (*Continued on page 40*)

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Election Year Blues

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Illustrated by W. J. ENRIGHT

Small Business, fed on hokum, gets its regular scare

TUT, tut! We know exactly what you are going to say about business always being bad in Presidential election year. Or that Presidential year is bad for business. No matter how you put it, it isn't so. John Moody of Moody's Manual, the American Business Bible, is about to prove it with figures and instances just as he proves or disproves business values. Perhaps you did not know that in the past 17 Presidential elections we have had 11 bull years, 5 bear years and 1 neutral. Well, then, read this.

WHAT happens to the bulls and the bears when the elephant and the donkey are turned loose in the pasture? In other words, what is going to happen to my business this year of grace 1928 when the politicians start the big Presidential rumpus? What always happens to business in a Presidential year?

That's a perfectly fair question, and I put it to a man equipped to answer it—John Moody, who has been diagnosing business for more than twenty-five years.

"What happens to baseball in Presidential years?" Mr. Moody countered with a smile.

"The Brooklyn Dodgers won the pennant in 1916. That was a Presidential year. Then they won it again in 1920. That was also a Presidential year. In 1924 they came mighty near to winning it. Are you willing to bet any money that they will win it this year or come near winning it BECAUSE it is a Presidential year?"

I began to get Mr. Moody's drift.

"The Brooklyn team may win or they may wind up the season somewhere near the bottom of the league. But in either case it will be because of the way the Brooklyn team handles itself this season. This year may be a good one for business or it may be a poor one. But it will be because of factors and forces in business itself and not because it is a Presidential year."

To this, of course, I could merely urge that a number of very ponderous gentlemen have said that business is always disturbed in Presidential election years. I had seen it said by a newspaper, a financial forecaster and a bank president all within one week.

"Why should a Presidential year slow up business?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Oh, I suppose because it gets people excited and distracts them from their work," I suggested.

"If that is true, then the greater the interest in an election the more business will be slowed up; the more exciting the campaign, the worse business will be. Then 1868, the year of Grant's first election—following the impeachment trial of Johnson, when feeling ran high, stirred by the still-fresh hatreds of the Civil War—should have been very bad for business. The year of Bryan's first battle should have been a total loss.

Black Friday—Not Politics

"AND 1912, when Wilson and Roosevelt and Taft squared off in a three-cornered battle royal at Armageddon—what a sad year for business that should have been!

"And yet all through 1868 business improved steadily.

"In 1896 we had a serious depression, bequeathed from 1895, but business started to pick up just about the time the campaign started and stocks started up a full month sooner. The year of the Wilson-Taft-Roosevelt battle was one of uninterrupted trade expansion from beginning to end.

"The one election marked by tremendous excitement during which business declined was the famous Tilden-Hayes campaign of 1876. That fight nearly plunged the nation into another civil war. It was out of the ordinary and was serious enough to upset business. But every trade observer knows that the Tilden-Hayes contest did not produce the depression of 1876. The greatest excitement of that campaign did not come until after election—the last seven weeks of 1876.

"That could not account for the depression in January. The hard times of 1876 started in 1873: after Black Friday and the fall of the great banking house of Jay Cooke the country was plunged into its worst panic. When 1876 dawned we were trailing off into the tail end of that panic. During the year some fresh business disturbances helped to prolong the decline.

"That year Commodore Vanderbilt's famous railroad rate war broke out. And a little later came the break-up of the anthracite coal combination. Business had been morally rotten. An orgy of corruption had disgraced the country. When the artificial bubble of speculation broke in 1873 it took until 1877 before the bottom of that cycle was reached. The election of 1876 came during that cycle and did not cause it.

The Great Year of Talk

"IT IS amusing to hear men talking about a campaign distracting people from their business.

"Have you ever heard a political reformer complaining about the people not taking an interest in politics—about not being able to get the voters to register and not being able to arouse them to go to the polls? Of course once in a great while they do get strangely and fearfully 'het up' about a campaign.

"In 1896 the whole country seemed to be turned into one big debating society. You could start an argument about free silver anywhere. Like a civil war it set brother against brother; it dismembered dinner tables and unloosed upon the country a flood of conversation never before equaled. There wasn't an unoccupied soap box in the nation. There was an old story about the Western grocer who said you couldn't set any ordinary empty box down and take your eye off it for a minute without someone stepping on it and making a speech.

"But of course it really wasn't that bad. A lot of people did really stick to their work, particularly the farmers, and the first thing we all knew before 1896 was over the result of that work began to tell."

But I have heard another reason cited for the so-called usual business disturbance of Presidential years—the fear of radicalism, its triumph at the polls and its influence in subsequent legislation. So I put this forward for Mr. Moody.

"Once again let me suggest," he replied, "if this were so, business would have been injured most by the campaigns in which the threat of radicalism was greatest. That means that 1896, 1900, 1904 and 1924 would have been our most disastrous election years. In 1896 big business was genuinely disturbed. The romantic figure of the youthful Bryan had flashed across the country, inflaming the imagination of the masses of our people and threatening the stability of our money structure. In 1900 he was again nominated and still insisting on his free-silver theories and championing, according to his enemies in the East, every form of economic error floating on the current of public affairs.

"Then in 1904 the assassination of McKinley had removed the conserva-

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tives from control of the Republican party and some of our foremost business leaders were deeply suspicious of Mr. Roosevelt.

"In 1924 we had the three-cornered battle produced by the appearance of La Follette against Coolidge and Davis and the danger that the election might be thrown into the House of Representatives. Had that happened, the La Follette wing of the Republican party might have been enabled to force some dangerous concessions from the conservative element, and big business was afraid of that. These should have been bad business years if there is anything in this bogy about Presidential elections.

"Yet, strangely enough, in each of these years business started off badly enough, and then, just as the campaign got into full swing, business staged a recovery and ended the year well on the way up.

"Bryan in 1896 was not nominated until July. Indeed, he was scarcely heard of before that. But business had been going down when the year opened. The panic of 1893 had not yet worn itself out. Trade had been going down, and as the year 1896 opened the Venezuelan war cloud hovered over the country.

"Moreover, Congress had been flirting with the Cuban question—had passed a resolution recognizing the belligerency of Cuba—and that situation seemed very ticklish. Besides, our currency was in a deplorable state. It was seriously contracted. We hadn't enough gold then, just as we have too much now.

"The government had to make another loan of $100,000,000 to replenish the gold reserves and then a few months later gold began going out of the country again. Then in July Bryan was nominated!

"That should have been the signal for a crash. Well, at the beginning of August stocks started up again. So did bonds, and then at the beginning of September trade began to move up slowly.

"Why? Well, the farmer had had a bad year in 1895. Then we were very much more dependent for our prosperity on the farms than we are now. Bryan had recognized that. In his famous Cross of Gold speech he had said: 'Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and the cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the land.'

"He had told them and the silver people had told them that wheat and silver were linked together in an indissoluble economic union. Fifty-cent silver meant fifty-cent wheat, and that seemed to be true.

Hot Oratory but Good Trade

"BUT while the politicians were spouting the farmers were working in their fields. And when harvest time came we had a fine wheat crop. Besides, there was a famine in India and a crop failure in Australia and other countries. Wheat went to a dollar a bushel. Wheat at a dollar and silver at fifty cents put an awful puncture in Bryan's financial theories.

"And then business started up. Politics could not prevent business from coming to life. But business did help to kill politics.

"In 1900, after the Spanish War, with McKinley and Bryan again in the ring, the year started off on the down-grade. About the time the campaign opened there came a big strike of the anthracite miners. A long-established Wall Street firm failed. Yet in spite of these things the Presidential campaign could not prevent stocks and bonds and trade from staging a recovery just as the canvass opened.

"In 1904, when Roosevelt ran against Parker, business had been much disturbed. The money powers felt little confidence in Roosevelt. We had had a minor panic in 1903, and we were still moving through the last stages of that. Suddenly in July, right after the conventions, business began to pick up, and it improved with extraordinary strides right up almost to the end of the year.

"The campaign year of 1924 is so recent that we need hardly be reminded of what happened. That either Davis or La Follette had any chance of beating President Coolidge no one believed. But there was the fear of a strong radical bloc in both Senate and House—a fear which was actually realized.

"The year began with trade moving down. We had had a recession in 1923, and this was projected into the Presidential year. However, it was apparent that the period of readjustment was approaching an end. The stock market began to recover in April, thus foreshadowing the approaching trade revival. Bond prices began to move upward, and then in June, just as the party conventions were about to meet and the air was hot with the oratory of the candidates, business initiated its recovery. By the end of the year that recovery was in full swing.

War Wrecks Business

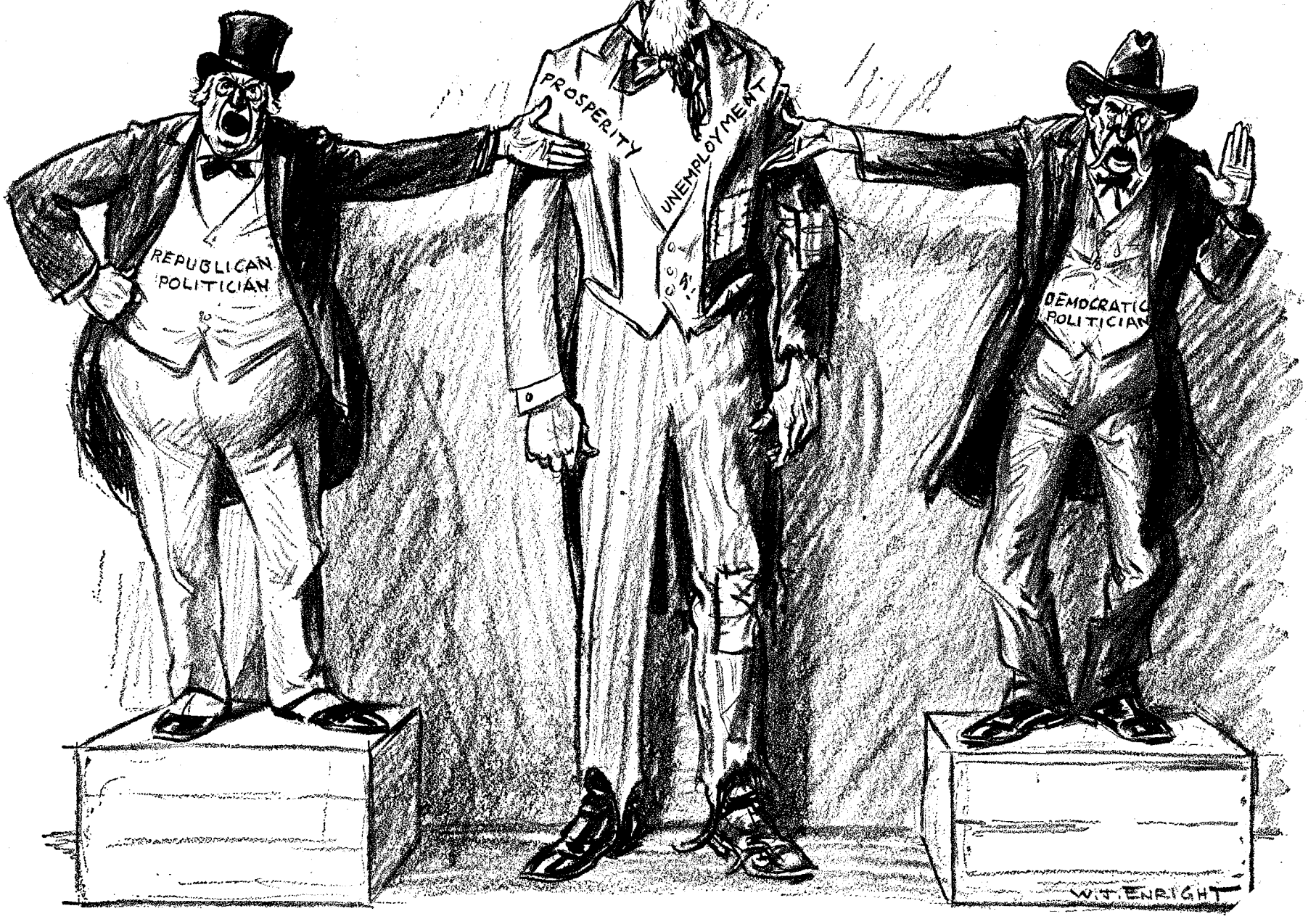
"IN THE last 17 Presidential elections we have had 11 bull years, 5 bear years and 1 neutral. The bear years were 1864, 1876, 1884, 1896 and 1920. And all other Presidential years must be put down as under the dominion of the bull spirit.

"Two of these were war years—1864 and 1920. In 1864 we were at the end—and the very ragged end—of a disastrous civil war. The preceding year the North had been tremendously elated over the great victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg.

"But the results which flowed from these crucial triumphs were slow in maturing. They were followed by the long, deliberate, ruthless push of Grant toward Richmond, and the good effects of this were not apparent until later. All the country could see was the immensely costly pouring of men and treasure into the machine which Grant was driving against the crumbling Confederacy. The credit of the country was severely strained. And so the combination of all these circumstances brought about a drastic depression in business. Politics had nothing to do with that.

"In 1920, while the war was over, business reeled under the collapse of the conditions which the war had created. That was the year of deflation. The campaign had nothing to do with it.

(Continued on page 45)



The campaign liars fight it out to a draw. In shadow-boxing with your own figures, you can, of course, prove anythin

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Waxing Rich

By HUGH LEAMY

Sylvester Zeffarino Poli made marvelous wax figures. Then he made millions, but his talk is of his first love: the thrillers of yesteryear

Figures from the late war are more popular, in wax, than McKinley, whose image stands in a dark corner

Culver Service

Poli, of wax, vaudeville and films

ONE midnight a few years ago they telephoned Sylvester Zeffarino Poli—got him out of bed—to tell him that his Hyperion Theatre in New Haven was on fire. It stood only five blocks from his home.

"That's too bad indeed," said the showman. "Anybody hurt?"

"Oh, no; it had been emptied for the night."

"Well, that's good. Thank you for calling me."

"But aren't you coming down?"

"Why should I? I'll see it in the morning."

And Mr. Poli returned to his couch and slept once more.

His secretary told me that instance to show how Mr. Poli adhered to his policy of never letting anything worry him. Of course when you start out with a set of tools and a certain ability as a creator of waxworks and find yourself at sixty-seven able to dispose of your amusement-purveying holdings for several millions—estimated by some at $30,000,000—it's pretty easy to sit back and tell folks to take things calmly. But:

"Listen, if I'd been the worrying kind," said Mr. Poli, "I never could have survived all these years, especially in this business. In any field, if you can train yourself not to worry, to have plenty of nerve and to keep a step or two ahead of the general run of things, you can't help but get over."

Still, there must have been moments when the Policy of Placidity was severely strained. That day, for instance, when the Egyptian Museum in Philadelphia burned to the ground three days after its opening, destroying waxen effigies to the carving of which Poli had devoted a year and a half.

Even in this tragedy, however, there was one saving circumstance which made it easy for the disappointed sculptor to retain his buoyancy.

"The building with its five floors of wax figures was completely destroyed," he will tell you. "Several firemen were killed, the metal roof was melted and there were no walls left. But when we dug into the ruins we found standing, intact and unharmed on its three-foot platform, a group showing the crucifixion of Christ. Mind you, that group was made of beeswax, and even if it hadn't been actually exposed to the flames you'd have thought the intense heat must have melted it. But there it was—not even blackened by smoke. People came from miles around to see "

Sylvester Poli was born in Lucca, the on December 31, 1859. His father Unles organist at the village church. He had leanings toward the olive-oil business—which young Sylvester decidedly had not—there wasn't much to hold one in Lucca. So at thirteen the lad took off for Paris, where he learned the art of wax modeling under one M. Dablex, who wielded a mean chisel in those days. He learned it so well that he got a staff modeling job with the Musée Cravans in Paris.

Marrying into Wax

THEN, no sooner had he completed his period of military service in Italy than he was offered a job with the once-famous Eden Musee in New York. That sort of thing helps, you know. When you've just turned twenty-one and you find the New World about which you've dreamed actually reaching across the ocean to invite you to come over, it helps make worry seem a futile, unnecessary thing.

It was during the three years that he spent in New York doing his darnedest by the leading gunmen, monarchs, politicians and other public figures of the day that he met Rose Leverone at a christening party. He took her to see his achievements in beeswax. She was enchanted.

"I said to myself," Mrs. Poli relates, "this is grand work. If the only way to learn it is to marry the professor—well, I'll marry him."

So they were married that same year, and "the professor" set out to teach his sixteen-year-old bride the art of modeling, coloring, and the delicate operation of needling eyebrows and beards and heads of hair into the wax figures.

There's a great deal more, it would seem, to turning out wax effigies than most persons think. The wax has to be melted in a pot set in water, and it must be kept at just the right temperature. And the colorings are mixed, as the wax boils, by being dropped into the pot. Then the molds must be greased just so.

"If the mold is too greasy, the wax will crack as it gets cold; if it's not greased enough, it will stick to the mold," says Mr. Poli. Something like waffles, apparently.

But the dizziest part of making a wax figure must be putting in the eyebrows and mustaches and "front hairs." For each one of these must be put in place by hand. Mr. Poli demonstrated vividly how the artist uses a needle broken off at the top so as to leave a gap at one end of the thread hole. Into this the hair is threaded, and then this end of the needle is forced down into the wax and given a sharp twist, after which the needle is withdrawn, leaving the hair firmly in place.

That's all labor. The artistic skill comes in making the figure resemble the man you've set out to model. Incidentally, Mr. Poli will tell you that a Lincoln is easy—about two hours.

"There's so much beard," he explains, and this beard, going in place later, covers the lower part of the wax adequately. A Cleveland is hard because that President had no fixed expression with which the public was familiar. By the same token, Wilson is not so easy, while Roosevelt and Coolidge—the latter because of his "set expression"—are cinches.

Murdering a Movie Hero

MR. POLI got out of waxworks and leaped into vaudeville and films in time to anticipate and cater to the generation which wouldn't pay a dime to watch Praxiteles himself modeling the hanging of Gerald Chapman. However, he remembers vividly and warmly the days when waxworks claimed a loyal public. And however much his ears may be attuned to box-office cash registers, much of his heart, I think, lies in the mustier museums peopled by ladies and gentlemen of beeswax.

He shook his head sadly when I recalled a recent incident in one of the few surviving waxworks emporiums.

It seems that for several placid months a gentleman bearing some resemblance to a lamented motion-picture actor had nestled cozily among the lilies in his little section of The World in Wax. Life had been well-ordered, if uneventful, and there was a certain warm glow to be derived from the hushed homage of the thousands.

Consequently it was something of a jolt to the lad, that morning not long ago, when he was rudely hustled from his bier, outfitted with tortoise-shell spectacles, a window weight and a length of picture wire and cast as Judd Gray in The Brutal Snyder Murder tableau just across the hall.

But—what would you? Your waxworks entrepreneur must shave minutes and costs if he's going to keep pace with the news-gorged public. But in the olden, golden days of waxworks such a shift would not have been considered cricket.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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The Piano-Playin' Fool

Her fingers were going through the same motions that his were going through on the keys

By HOWARD McLELLAN

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

The true story of stolen treasure, a girl, and a musical man hunter

JIMMIE SWANTON had acquired the habit of taking his morning ham and eggs in Dapper Dan's Midway Café. The eats were not so much. But there were other items that drew him there: the place suited his convenience and pleasure rather than his palate. After a morning hour spent tramping the Main Stem, which was the yegg label for St. Peter Street, in search of evil faces that were tagged "wanted" at the office, the young undercover operative of the Secret Service stepped into the Midway to breakfast. It refreshed Jimmie to shunt himself out of the drab parade of gray-faced floaters and bound into the vivacious presence of Miss Kitty, who was pedestaled on a cashier's high stool beaming graciously upon Dapper's customers.

There was a piano in the place too. Although, like the food, it was not so much, Jimmie topped off late breakfasts with a go at the soiled keys. He was inveterately pianistic. Thus each visit to the Midway meant a triple play—he satisfied his hunger for food, for music and, to boot, exchanged wisecracks with Miss Kitty, who did not know him for what he really was. She was wild about music, and this windfall almost every morning gave her a zestful start for the day.

THE Secretary of the Treasury had called for a show-down on the Humboldt gold robbery.

"Here," the chief had said to Jimmie, "take this case and clean it up. I'm fed up with it, but it's got to be closed satisfactorily."

He handed a file of papers to Jimmie, then added:

"Don't double back on any of the work that's already been done. Get a fresh start, but confine your work to one thing—find the party that played the piano on the Humboldt the night she was docked at the pier. You'll find all the story in the file."

Jimmie was flabbergasted and far from overjoyed. He had never done more than dirty work around the office, shadowing counterfeiters and roping in crooked simps. Now the toughest nut in the files had been handed him.

HE TOOK the file into an outer room and ran through it hurriedly. He learned that the steamer Humboldt, on her last trip out from Nome to Seattle a year back, carried $98,000 in gold bars destined for the Government Assay Office at Seattle. The boat was crowded with tenderfeet getting away from the gold fields before navigation closed for the winter. At Juneau thieves entered the purser's office, unlocked the ship's strong box and hauled out the treasure, substituting bars of solder that had been stolen from a salmon cannery.

The strong box lay in the Assay Office some time before it was opened and the loss discovered. This delay gave the thieves a head start. At first an inside job was suspected. Things looked bad for the purser. While the steamer was warped to her dock at Juneau the passengers whooped it up in the dining saloon. There was dancing and music. The purser, an honest, easy-going ex-Bavarian with a deep love in his soul for old tunes of the Fatherland, had been attracted to the party by the haunting strains of Traumerei, which one of the women passengers played intermittently until the ship left Juneau, after that it was heard no more. In the purser's absence the thieves had entered his office and rifled the strong box. Beyond that the Secret Service had not penetrated. Passengers had been checked; the purser exonerated, but the siren who had played the haunting melody had disappeared.

Now, a year after the robbery, Jimmie, the cub sleuth, was handed the job of finding this woman—one among so many millions.

He closed the file and rose from his chair. A deep guffaw rolled out from a desk near the window. Jimmie saw Steve Doolittle, one of the veterans, quaking with laughter.

"So the chief has handed the great heart wringer to the piano-playin' fool," Doolittle chuckled to Tommy Foster, his partner.

Jimmy smarted under this disparaging comment.

"Yes," he retorted hotly, "since you Sherlocks did so well on it!"

An hour after Jimmie had tucked away in his mind the details of the Humboldt case a thumb pressed on the brass latch of the Midway door and he was once more in the presence of the kittenish Miss Kitty.

"The ivory-tickling demon," was her greeting. "I'm starving for a tune."

"And I'm starving for a plate of ham-and," said Jimmie.

"Ham-and for the piano wrangler," Kitty bawled out in a metallic voice.

Jimmie ate the portion with relish. He was breakfasting an hour late. The new job was on his mind and indifferently he listened to the frothy badinage Miss Kitty shot his way.

He arose and put on his hat, but, instead of making for the piano—usually his next move after eating—ambled over to the counter. He tossed a half dollar into Miss Kitty's open hands, then started for the door.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Kitty. "No tune this morning?"

"Gotta job," said Jimmie.

"Aw, come on, kid, rattle the old can for just a few minutes," she pleaded as Jimmie stood at the half-opened door.

"The house'll buy your ham-and this morning," she went on, "if you'll tickle us a tune." She held out the half dollar to Jimmie and pitched her head back coquettishly. The strands of her bobbed hair fluffed out, betraying to Jimmie's keen young eyes the fact that instead of a natural blonde, she was a redhead. Close to her scalp her hair was a bright red.

IT SEEMED odd to him that a woman would give up red for a washed-out straw color, when most of the sex, if they went in for hair coloring at all, favored red.

"Well, I'll tear off a couple of bars for you . . . Red," he smiled.

"Red!" Miss Kitty cried, frowning. "What do you mean?"

Jimmie did not answer, but walked over to the

(Continued on page 34)

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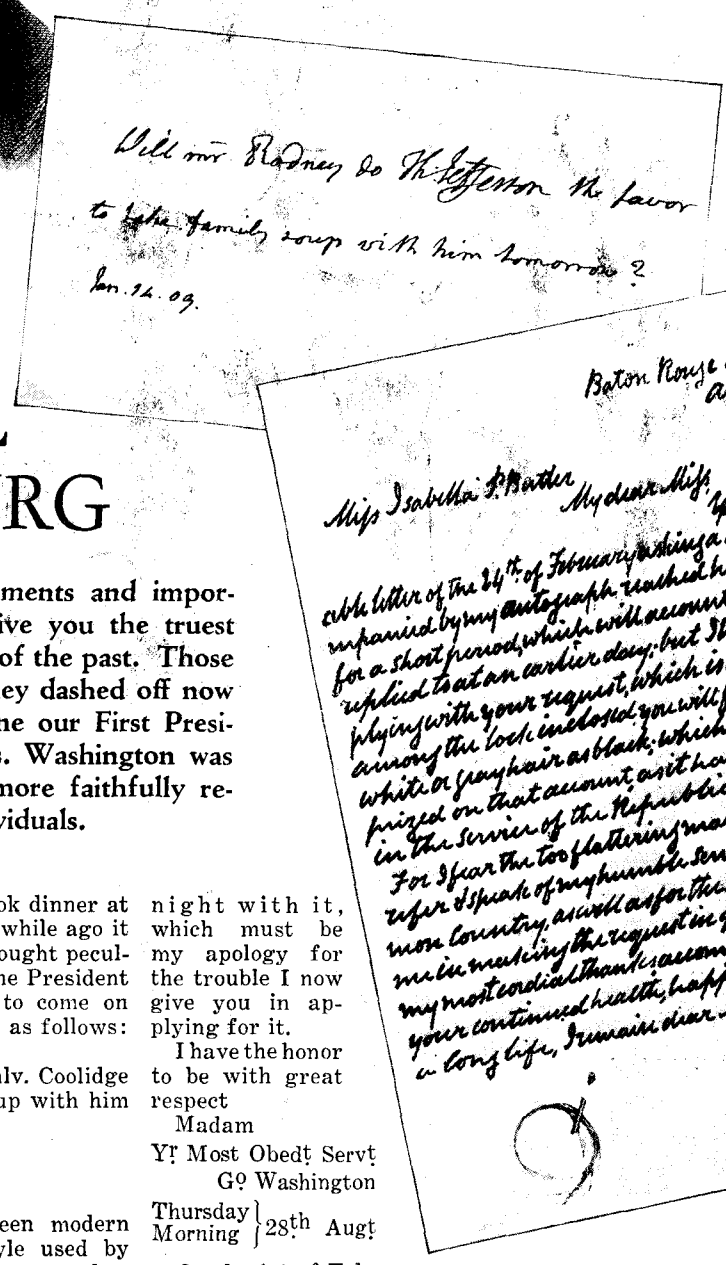
Yr Obedt Servt

Queen Victoria: at 15 she moved Madison's 83-year-old rheumatic fingers to autography



Will Mr Rodney do Th Jefferson the favor to take family soup with him tomorrow?
Jan. 14. 09.

Baton Rouge Louisiana April 8th 1848

Miss Isabella L. Baxter

My dear Miss

Your very kind & acceptable letter of the 24th of February asking a lock of my hair, to be accompanied by my autograph, reached here during my absence for a short period, which will account for its not having been replied to at an earlier day: but I have lost no time in complying with your request, which is done with much pleasure; among the locks inclosed you will find as much if not more white or gray hair as black; which I trust will not be the less prized on that account, as it has been bleached while in the service of the Republic.

For I fear the too flattering manner you have been pleased to refer to & speak of my humble services in the cause of our common Country, as well as for the high compliment paid me in meeting the request in question, be pleased to accept my most cordial thanks accompanied by my best wishes for your continued health, happiness & prosperity through a long life, I remain dear Miss with consideration of high Respect & Esteem

Your Friend & Obt Servt
Z. Taylor Majr Genl
U.S. army

Zachary Taylor sends a lock of hair "bleached while in the service of the Republic." Above: Jefferson is economical of words

By CARL SANDBURG

IT'S not state documents and important papers that give you the truest picture of personages of the past. Those little intimate notes they dashed off now and then—like the one our First President wrote when Mrs. Washington was sick with the colic—more faithfully reflect periods and individuals.

WHEN Lindbergh took dinner at the White House a while ago it would have been thought peculiar on the part of the President if when asking his friend to come on over he should have written as follows:

Will Mr. Lindbergh do Calv. Coolidge the favor to take family soup with him tomorrow?
Mar. 22, 28.
Mr. Lindbergh.

That would not have been modern style. Yet it was the style used by Thomas Jefferson 119 years ago when he wished Cæsar Augustus Rodney, the Attorney General of the Administration, to join him in food at the executive mansion. He wrote:

Will Mr. Rodney do Th. Jefferson the favor to take family soup with him tomorrow?
Jan. 14, 09.
Mr. Rodney.

There are antiques among letters. They are dated. They rise out of a period—pieces of paper that by the phrases and manners written on them tell of styles of speech and ways of living, tones of voice and methods of address that have changed and that no longer strictly belong among those alive now.

In the manuscript collection of Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago one may find many antiques speaking of lives that were. The composed and motionless General George Washington of the equestrian statues and the school-reader declamations fades away, and we have a glimpse of the householder and husband trying one night to ease the distress of his wife who is sick with the colic. To some unknown woman of Virginia he wrote this note:

Madam,
Mrs. Washington informs me that you have been kind enough to offer her a recipe for the Colic.
—She has had a very distressing night with it, which must be my apology for the trouble I now give you in applying for it.
I have the honor to be with great respect
Madam
Yr Most Obedt Servt
Go Washington

Thursday Morning } 28th Augt

On the 1st of February, 1834, James Madison, eighty-three years old with two years to go, sat at his desk, pondering over a request for his autograph for a fifteen-year-old English girl, the Princess Victoria. To her it didn't matter—nor to him—that seven years before she was born James Madison had been President of the United States and had declared and carried on war for three years against her country.

Old Hickory Swats Hard

IN THREE years she was to be eighteen years of age, wearing a crown as queen of the wide-flung British Empire, and one of her hobbies was the collecting of signatures of interesting or important people. James Madison, in an antique style, flourishing and efflorescent, wrote for her:

It being intimated that an autographic specimen from me, as from some others of my countrymen, would be acceptable for a collection which the Princess Victoria is making; these few lines, with my signature, though written at a very advanced age, and with Rheumatic fingers, are offered for the occasion. They will be, an expression at least, of the respect due to the young Princess, who is understood to be developing, under the wise counsels of her august Parent, the endowments and virtues which give beauty and value to personal character, and are auspicious to the high station to which she is destined.

James Madison.
Feby 1, 1834.

The stormy heart of Andrew Jackson stands out in a letter he wrote to the widow of Commodore Stephen Decatur, the man who said he hoped his country would always be right but no matter how wrong she might be, he was with her, right or wrong. Mrs. Decatur, like President Andrew Jackson, was a friend of Peggy O'Neal (Mrs. Eaton). Important men had been thrown out of the Cabinet by the President because the wives of those Cabinet members called Mrs. Eaton "a bad woman," and that wasn't all. Jackson once referred to her as being "chaste as snow." About a third of his letter to Mrs. Decatur deals with her claim as a widow for an allowance from Congress; the other two thirds show his feelings about the injustice being done to Mrs. Eaton. The letter:

WASHINGTON, Janry 2nd 1830

My dr Madam

I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your note of Thursday last, together with its enclosure. You may rest assured, Madam, that my aid shall be most cheerfully accorded in support of your claim & getting it allowed by Congress.

I believe it a just & righteous one, and should have long since been recognized by the Government, & paid. I have too much confidence in the disposition of Congress to do justice to those gallant men, and their Representatives, to believe, for a moment they will refuse to mete to them the same measure of justice that has so often been extended to others in similar situations. It will however be necessary for you and your friends, to act with great caution and circumspection—studiously avoiding everything that may by possibility be calculated to produce the least feeling on the part of the members of Congress.

I perfectly agree with you, that the anonymous letter you enclose me, is evidence not only of a *malicious* and vindictive community in this District, but also a *corrupt* and *profligate* community. I believe no lady has been more basely slandered, or cruelly persecuted than Mrs. Eaton. I have heard much *said* to her prejudice, but no one has even yet had the hardihood to say to me, that he, or she, of their own knowledge, know any thing against her, as a moral, virtuous, and correct woman.

I have on all occasions, treated Mrs. Eaton with as much respect as any other lady in this District, because I have ever believed her entitled to it; and I shall continue to do so, unless I shall become convinced she is undeserving of it, in (*Continued on page 31*)

John Howard Payne, homeless author of "Home, Sweet Home"

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A King's Job

A Short Short Story

By DON MARQUIS

"You're a Queen I've never seen before," he said

Illustrated by EDWARD BUTLER

MARY O'NEILL was out of patience with herself, with Paris, with the study of art. And with students—American students, French, English, Russian, or what students have you?—who kept trying to flirt with her all the time and hampering her work. She was even out of patience with the people who feed pigeons in the Luxembourg Gardens.

"They seem to make a career of it," she said to herself contemptuously.

She picked up her pad of drawing paper and began to make a sketch of a young man close by.

"A bankrupt pigeon feeder probably," she murmured, "with his last crumb gone." But he looked interesting; his head and face and neatly trimmed beard, she thought to herself as she roughed him in, showed breeding; there was even an aristocratic air about him. She worked rapidly for several minutes, and lost herself in the sketch.

"May I move now?" His voice came to her with a trace of foreign accent. It was an entirely courteous inquiry.

But he would try to get acquainted. And it was distinctly her own fault. He arose, his hat in his hand, and in a minute he would be uttering the banality, "I see you are an artist!"

That is precisely what he did say.

But she would make short work of him.

"No," she said. "I am the Queen of Ireland. I amuse myself this way." And she got up off the bench.

"Indeed," he said. He looked quizzically from the sketch to her, with raised eyebrows. "I had an idea that you were an American art student—and you're a Queen!" He smiled. "You know," he said, "I'm a King myself."

"I had an idea you were a commercial traveler," she retorted. "What are you King of?"

"Switzerland," he said.

"But Switzerland hasn't any King."

"Nor Ireland any Queen," he replied.

They looked at each other, and both laughed; she decided he might be amusing—if he didn't try to flirt.

"You have my permission to sit down again," he said graciously, and smiled at his own assumption of regal dignity. "It isn't very often that we monarchs have a chance to meet so informally."

But there was certainly no cheap impertinence in his tone or manner.

"You're a Queen I've never seen before, and whom I'll never see again," he continued. "We're strangers. And I'm tempted to put a problem of state up to you—as one monarch to another, you know—just because you are a stranger and I'll never see you again."

It was a tactful way of telling her that she needn't be afraid he would try to bother her, she decided. She was interested. She sat down—so did he.

"What's the problem?"

"In my kingdom—"

"Let's drop the kingdoms."

"All right. But I do have a problem. I've been trying to think—to feel—to work out—just how a *King* should act, a modern King, you know, in a certain situation. I've been trying to—"

"You're an actor?" she interrupted.

"We'll say I'm an actor who is trying to turn playwright."

THIS sounded plausible to her. "Let's hear your plot," she said.

"It's . . . complicated. The King, in this play of mine, doesn't want to keep on being a King. He wants to abdicate, be a human being, get in touch with reality, the spirit of the age, all that sort of thing. But the Queen wants him to stick. And she's . . . influential. Related to every royal family in Europe. She wants her son to be King after him. She—" he hesitated again.

"And your King is in love with his wife?" interposed Mary O'Neill.

"No, and she isn't with him. There's never been any pretense. They were married to each other, in spite of themselves, before the war. You might say the Triple Alliance gave the bride away, and the Triple Entente was the best man. He wants to get rid of his marriage as well as his kingdom. He loves another woman."

"Well," said Mary O'Neill, "I don't think your dramatic problem is so difficult. Let your chief character just simply walk out on the whole thing—kingdom, Queen, politicians and all—and be himself! That's the way the plot always *has been* written . . . for musical comedy, anyhow!"

He laughed and then turned serious.

"It isn't so simple, walking out."

"It is, if he's a man!" she said.

"It's because I'm trying to keep him a man that it isn't," he retorted. "You see, if this King walks out the monarchy walks out and the Bolsheviki walk in. The country's wavering right now. Well, here's the rub: This King I'm trying to make a liberal, democratic sort of fellow. If he walked out, and a *republic* could walk in, he'd like nothing better. But anarchy—no! He can't quite get his own consent to that. At least usually he thinks he can't. Sometimes he thinks what he does will make very little difference.

"What he *can* do is stick to it and fight and work and use his influence against anarchy and devote his life to that. He can try to hold things together, and get all the kicks and none of the glory, and wear himself out—and then, maybe, fail in the end."

"Give up his own life, and get nothing for himself at all," she mused seriously. She was always interested in any artistic problem, especially if an ethical element were involved. There was a lengthening silence.

"Which will you have him do?" she asked finally.

"I don't know," said the young man.

"It's like a crucifixion for him," she murmured. She rose and looked down on him. "You've made him real to me," she said, "this King of yours. Well, keep him a King! Let him suffer—and be fine—and do his work—and not squeal about it—and forget his personal happiness—for the sake of the millions of his people. Let him *give himself* and be misunderstood and ask nothing!"

FOR Mary O'Neill was an idealist, and the thrill of the idea was in her voice and on her face. He rose and faced her, and they looked long and levelly at each other there, and it seemed to them that over the Luxembourg Gardens there fell a momentary hush, as if something, somebody, were marking and listening—perhaps the quaint stone effigies of the score of old half-forgotten kings and queens near by recognized a doctrine that none of them had ever lived up to.

"Good-by," said Mary O'Neill, and went away.

"Good-by," he said, gazing after her. And then, "Good-by, *Princesse!*"

He was still looking after her when two men came up to him.

"Your Majesty," said the more worried-looking of the two reproachfully, "you've given us the slip again!"

"For the last time," said the King, with a sigh, still looking off through the horse-chestnut trees.

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New Wings

"You going to try to hug her up and kiss her a little?" The boy flashed into splendid fury

About the best thing Clay could believe of being 17 was that it isn't necessarily fatal-

"UPTOWN, Six-nine-seven-six-J." The phone booth was stuffy; it *stunk* of stale cigarette smoke. Clay Albert Prather ran a quivering forefinger inside his neckband from back collar button to Adam's apple and swallowed hard, which convulsively tightened the pulpy collar upon his youthful neck. Yes, the booth was stuffy; but as for him, he didn't call up Miss Waverly from home. Not with Jake and Clint and Cissily and Mary and—

"Hello!" a male bark rattled the seething instrument. Phones are the devil when it comes to romance. "Hello! Well? Hello!"

Clay gulped and gasped. "Ur—this Uptown six-nine-seven-six-J?"

"Yes!"

"Is Miss Waverly there?"

"This is Mr. Waverly."

"*Miss* Beverly I want, please."

"Beverly? *Waverly* this is. Who *do* you want?"

"I want Miss Waverly."

"Oh!" There was a gutta-percha crash as the receiver was dumped upon the table at the Waverly *end*.

Then: "Hello!" Even the sweetest voice in the world seemed somehow marred by a certain overtone of family resemblance. (Phones are the devil when it comes to romance!) "Hello!" There was an edge of impatience added now. Clay started and wet his lips. Inside the dim booth his face was stricken pale with the pangs of adolescent earnestness which make death throes and such seem so cheap and laughable by contrast.

"There is going to be a show tomorrow night. I was wondering if you wouldn't—didn't want to go?"

"Who is this?" There was asperity—cursed telephonic asperity—in the sharpness of the cutting "this."

"Clay."

"Who?"

"Clay."

"*Who?*"—slow and with feeling.

"Clay, Miss Waverly; you know: Clay Prather." The reluctance of that admission reflected the fact that Clay Albert Prather was Miss Margaret Waverly's earnest but erring pupil in winter months at high school. Had he hoped to have them both forget the gulf which yawns between seventeen and—whatever bob-haired age Miss Waverly might be?

"Oh, Clay! What is it?" At least the relief which came into the girlish voice made for ease. Clay reached for his handkerchief. Sweat—New Orleans telephone-booth sweat as of August 20th—was pouring from his troubled brow and standing in beads upon his upper lip. However, the handkerchief was in the receiver-hand coat pocket, and he durst not try for it. He overlapped the upper lip with the under, reversed the favor, and charged into his business more at ease.

"There's a show here tomorrow night. I thought you might go with me if you ain't—haven't got another engagement with somebody else."

There are shows in New Orleans most nights. But Miss Waverly's gasp was barely audible. "Oh, you want to take *me*, Clay?"

"Well, why not?"

She laughed suddenly, disconcertingly. "Well, that's mighty sweet of you. What show is it?"

"It's that one about— You know, by—It's Pramlet, Hince of Denmark. I mean Princelet, Ham of—*Damlet* Hince—"

"Oh!"—the howl was a merry one but it shook Clay to the heart— "Oh, I'll go, no matter what it is! Even if it happens to be Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, but from your description it simply *can't* be that!"

"You mean you'll go with me?"

"Yes! And I expect to enjoy myself very, very much. Clay, I think you're a sweet boy to ask me." But since "boy" exactly canceled "sweet," Clay came from the Turkish bath of his tribulation and out into the unconscious hotel lobby neither unduly uplifted nor greatly glorified. His hands trembled a little. It might have been from heat and excessive perspiration.

CLAY ALBERT PRATHER'S family was so old-fashioned that every member was an object of admiration and contempt to contemporaries and neighbors. Father and mother were dead. Cissily, the eldest girl, was head of the house. She had never bobbed her hair, though she was only forty-five. Clint, the big brother, had supported the family since Mr. Prather's death ten years before; he was quiet, kindly, even tender toward his brothers and sisters. James—Jake for short—was two years younger than Clint. He had an Irish wit and an Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. The family got full benefit of both. He could and would say anything, and invariably got by with it. There was a kind of trenchant honesty in his sallies which made the cut of them surgical, helpful, and—nearly always—laughable. Mary Prather was twenty. She sided with Clay against the elders when she and Clay were alone together. In the expansive atmosphere of the ardent and opinionated family circle she displayed genius for making every member believe her his stanch ally.

And there was Clay, the youngest, now seventeen. About the best thing he could believe of that age was that almost everyone who is older has survived it. Clay was sure of its inherent perplexities. He was sure of them when he puzzled over shaving problems; when his complexion remained bumpy after embrocation, surgery, phlebotomy, and cauterization with rubbing alcohol. He was sure of it when he tried to reduce Clint's fifteen-and-a-half collars to fit his strictly fourteen neck by drawing dangerously tight one of Jake's second-best four-in-hands. But he was never surer of the insurmountable disadvantages of striplinghood than when what he described to himself as his "most sacred thoughts" were vivisected in family conclave. And this must happen when one more volatile than reticent is dependent for bread, for raiment, and—reluctant confession—for love and kindness upon unawed elders who "have been right along where you are now."

Even working in the shipping department of Holderman's through the summer helped little. One's money was one's own. But there was in force in the Prather household that old, old, romance-killing custom of asking, "Where are you going, Clay?" And Clint kept painfully accurate check, not upon Clay's money, but upon his potential earnings and hypothetical savings. "Let's see. You're making ten dollars a week, ain't you? Well, you've been working down there a month and a half, now, haven't you?" Or—and this was far worse—"When I was your age I didn't get but twenty dollars *a month*—and I saved seventeen of that."

AT TIMES Clay knew that the apex of mortal bliss would be his if he dared reply, "Clint, that's a darned lie, and you know it!" Clay himself didn't know it was a lie, but, as he furiously told himself, the *principle* of anybody's saying he could save that much of his salary was a lie, anyhow.

So it happened that, like many another headlong explorer in regions of romance, Clay Albert Prather considered finances last, figuring that if he could get Miss Waverly to go to Hamlet with him, he could manage somehow. He was boisterous at the dinner table, having walked home from the telephone adventure with stern face and masterful strides. The boy in him gamboled at release from the tyranny of the young man of the phone booth. And then too the sight of that bright table, furnished forth as only Cissily could furnish it, would have wrought strongly upon any young business man who swung hammer, stencil brush and marking pot for eight hours.

"Why are you late, Clay?" Cissily asked mechanically after the boy had been helped.

"Busy."

"*You?*" Jake put more into the word than three letters were meant to stand.

"Say, Clint, how 'bout lending me five bucks?" The dynamic force of Clay's voice couldn't quite overlay the vibration of anxiety. But he knew if he didn't get the request through by the process he knew as "just shutting my eyes and *doing* it," he would never get nerve for a calmer presentation.

"I got no money to be lending": that

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By DAVID THIBAULT

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

was Clint's stock reaction. Clay had heard it before. He swallowed worriedly and turned his eyes, into which a wild light was creeping, upon Jake. A blue-eyed, understanding, but wholly impish smile greeted him.

"Can *you*, Jake?"

"What for?"—that was also a stock rejoinder.

"Can't you say 'yes' or 'no' or not?" Bitterly Clay realized that history was repeating itself, that Jake had suffered no sea change since last time, and that he, Clay, was no more than a hooked trout on the line of his bland brother's soul-searching crusade against reticence.

"Sure I can," Jake smiled ever more. "No or yes or not. How's that?"

"Will you lend it to me or not?"

"Lend you what?"

"Five—" Clay suddenly choked, and Cissily mentally went over the mild rebuke to be administered to Jake if Clay dashed away from the table in anger, as had happened more than once before. But Clay weighed against his extremity the probability of getting a salary advance from the chief shipping clerk at Holderman's, and his tone was far too gentlemanly a one in which to address a brother. "I asked you to *lend* me five dollars. You don't have to if you don't want to."

"For how long?"

"Fifteenth."

"Five dollars, eh? What you want it for?"

Clint sputtered. So did Mary. Cissily smiled indulgently. She loved them all with the violent loyalty of elderly maiden sisters. Had an outsider treated Clay as Jake and Clint treated him Cissily would have had the offender flayed—would have righteously delighted in helping flay.

Clay's extremity admitted of no pride this evening. Tragedy and the business of chewing round steak gave his distorted features no rest. "I ask you just once more as a gentleman—"

"A *what!*" Clint and Jake bellowed together in their consternation. And the former added, "My God! He's had sunstroke. It surely can't be overwork!"

Clay sprang up, kicked his chair back and bolted from the room. Before he had reached the back yard—his retreat in times such as this—his anger was mixed with a strong tinge of self-pity that he should be thus driven from his half-eaten meal.

THE romantic young man in him thought no less earnestly of challenging Jake to a duel, but the practical, growing young animal felt what it felt too.

And through it all there was never really any doubt that Jake would, in his own time and way, kick through with that five dollars.

And he was right. Clay slept later than usual next morning. As he opened his eyes to the bitterness of another day of financial strain, Jake, fully dressed, passed Clay's bed en route to the breakfast table. "Here: catch!" He thumped a wadded bill on to his brother's pillow. Inside the five-dollar bill were folded two one-dollar bills. The addition was as like Jake as was the thoughtfulness which prompted him to set his younger brother at ease the first thing in the morning; as like him as the impishness at dinner the night before.

To Clay it seemed that his heart's whole love reached out and lapped about the jaunty, understanding Jake. Here was a brother indeed! How the seven-o'clock sun mashed down on the glad earth and squeezed joy out of it!

Breakfast! It was perfect in every detail; so was the walk to the store with the three bills gripped in the sweaty right palm, deep in his pocket.

THAT minute part of the shipping activities of Holderman's with which Clay Albert Prather had to do suffered more or less this bright August day. Clay was a conscientious and an earnest if not always alert worker. But today his mind seethed. The excitement of taking a grown young lady—his teacher!—to see Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (written by Shakespeare) would have been sufficient to scramble his budding business acumen. On top of that he had actual and pressing problems upon which to ponder. These matters ranged from mental selection of a collar (Clint's) and a tie (Jake's) for the evening, to some rather serious consideration of how best to propose to one's teacher if circumstances and her ardor indicated such a step. But this was deep stuff—graveyard stuff. Other and more urgent business was before him. There were tickets to buy, and the nightmare of fear lest the bills in his pocket should be lost or stolen.

Most of his time throughout the morning was spent in fingering those bills. Suppose he lost the five dollars? The seats were three-fifteen each; that would take six dollars and thirty cents at the least. And car fare to and from would be—four times seven's twenty-eight—twenty-eight cents: That would be six-fifty-eight. And no fellow would take a girl to a show without asking her to have something to drink afterward. Of course a real young lady like Miss Waverly would probably take just a soda, but he knew of wild, wicked damosels who landed on a man for chocolate malted milks with egg and ice cream or soaked you for a banana split.

Let's see. He had two dollars of his own. Jake had let him have seven. That made nine. Car fare and tickets would be six-fifty-eight. And that from nine would leave two-forty-two. That would be fine if everything went O. K. But if he lost a ticket, or someone stole, say, even two dollars. . . .

"What in heck you think you're doing? You, there, Clay!" A strong hand grabbed his forearm as the floor seemed to drop from beneath his pawing feet. Hamphill, foreman of the shipping-room, (*Continued on page 36*)

Then Clay, turning his back on the ticket taker, suddenly heard himself saying, "Miss Waverly, how about let's get a drink before we go in?"

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Join the Movies

If you sit on a corner in countries you ever heard

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Above: A busy bit of Hongkong — but if you want any jade gadgets or mandarin robes by way of souvenirs you'll have to motor to 'Frisco, fourteen hours away. This slice of Fair Harbor stands on a Hollywood lot

Paramount

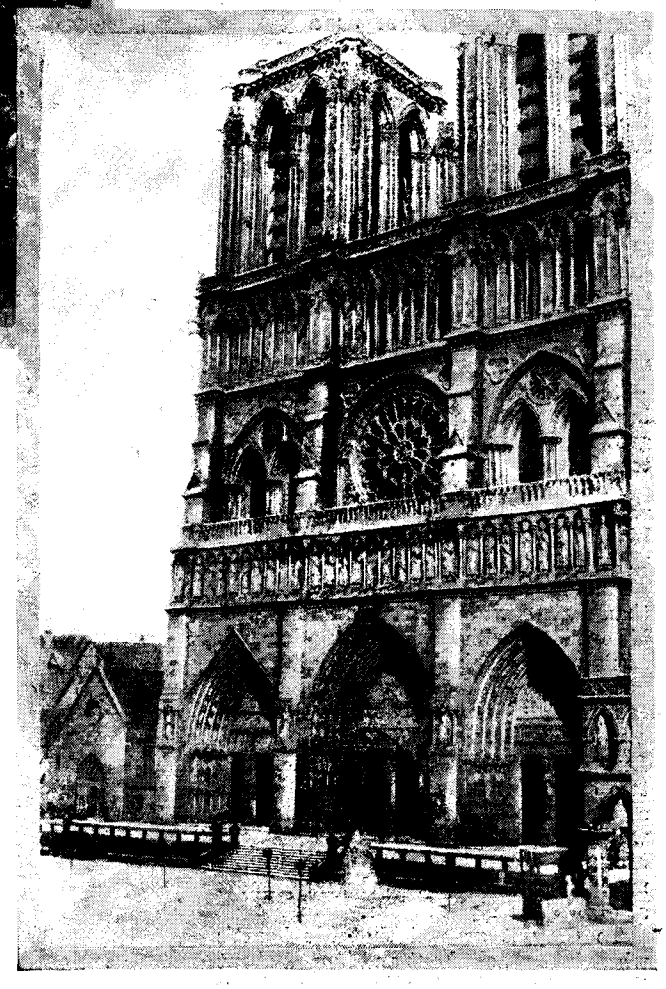
Fox

Above: The doughboys are gone from Bar-le-Duc, now—and those houses in the background aren't standing any more—at least not in Hollywood

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Sure, it's in the South Seas. But for all you know, just around the corner from this gay scene you'll find yourself in Paris or Peru

Right: Not one word out of us about the mountain coming to Mahomet. But there's a swell chance somewhere what with the building of Notre Dame in Universal City, Cal.



Universal

Left: The market place is gay today. But put away your castanets, señor—it's just another triumph for the movie carpenters

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and see the World

Hollywood long enough all the of will pass before you

Right: Don't shiver for the little lady in the sleigh. She's probably wondering how soon she can get through work and run down to Santa Barbara for a swim. It's a phony grip the Yukon has on this cabin and scene

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Try this on your burtonholmes. It's a sure-'nough Dutch scene all right. The tip-off, however, lies in the fact that you don't see the winsome Marion Davies poling cheese along the canals of any genuine Holland. It's all on the lot

Left: The signs say it's a German railway station. So does the scene that's being enacted on the right. But they're both synthetic. At that, digging up the brew took less work by the experts than building the background

Universal

Paramount

Put down that guitar, Calabrosco. This is no time to start singing "In My Gondola." What if it does look like Venice, you can't trust your own eyes, nowadays, let alone the camera's. It isn't even Venice, Cal., though your last guess is nearer right

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The Expeditionary Force

Wide World

Big Bill Tilden, a hard battler, is ready to fight the years and Lacoste too

By GRANTLAND RICE

Once again we send fighting men to France —this time they are armed with tennis rackets

EIGHT years ago a pair of United States Bills, Big Bill Tilden and Little Bill Johnston, decided to go cup hunting. They traveled more than 25,000 miles, to Australia and back, to bring the Davis Cup home again and reëstablish the tennis supremacy of the United States.

The two Bills proved to be the greatest pair in Davis Cup or tennis history, for in seven years of international play they were largely responsible for our astonishing record of winning 32 out of 35 sets. Before that, from 1903 to 1907, the British team set the pace by winning 19 out of 20 sets.

After two years of unsuccessful invasion a strong young French team—Lacoste, Borotra, Cochet and Brugnon—finally broke down the American barrier last September. René Lacoste applied the lash to both of our Bills at Germantown and for the first time the famous trophy passed from English-speaking countries.

Up to the French victory of 1927 the three English-speaking lands had dominated Davis Cup tennis for twenty-seven years. The United States had won ten times, Australia six times and Great Britain five times.

France came along with youth and skill as Tilden was wrestling with the years and Johnston was passing out of competition. And under these conditions it was only natural to wonder how many years might pass before France would finally slip far enough to loosen her grip upon one of the most famous trophies of all sport.

The French victory was a great thing for tennis in every way. The extended rule of one nation had begun to grow a trifle monotonous.

There was a general feeling at the time that France might keep the cup for four or five years. Lacoste and Cochet are under 25 and Borotra under 28. Tilden and Johnston were still winning when they were well along in their thirties, so it was evident that the French victors still had many years of championship tennis left in their wiry systems. They had taken charge at Wimbledon. They had captured the United States national title in 1926 and 1927. And when they rounded up the Davis Cup a year ago there was no other tennis world to conquer.

But Tilden is a hard battler, and when the cup departed he lost no time in devoting effort toward its recapture.

Many Think We Can Win

HE FIGURED last year that the United States had a fair chance, if not a shining opportunity, to lug the cup home again. But even Big Bill must have known that the odds were heavy if not hopeless.

With the retirement of Bill Johnston, one of the greatest players and finest fighters of all time, the United States had to find some young star to take the Californian's place. Tilden was still available and so was Frank Hunter, placed at No. 2 on the ranking list. And there were George Lott, Hennessey and young Coen to select from in the completion of a first-class American team.

It so happens that almost every member of the United States troupe, especially Tilden, Hunter and Hennessey, has always been known as a fine competitor under heavy fire. But for all that the French are coming to the summer test with almost every advantage.

In the first place, they are playing on home courts, where they will be cheered along by applauding crowds. In the second place, France has in René Lacoste the finest singles player now in the game. Lacoste won six out of seven sets from Tilden at Germantown and Forest Hills, and this is about as sure proof of his greatness as one could ask for. Tilden hasn't grown any younger since that double defeat while a year means only more experience when one is twenty-three or twenty-four.

For a while Lacoste was troubled with neuritis, but in shape he is still the outstanding figure of the tennis world today.

There are still many who believe that Tilden, when fresh and fit, will have an even chance against even Lacoste; that the United States can win at doubles and possibly have an entry strong enough to win another singles match from Cochet or Borotra. But the big stumbling-block will be René Lacoste. Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra are almost as brilliant—at times fully as brilliant. But they lack the deadly steadiness of the French champion.

It has seemed strange to have the United States entered in Davis Cup contests with William M. Johnson of California missing. Little Bill weighed only 120 pounds. But for seven years he was a deadly menace to every foreign tennis player.

He helped to bring the cup back from Australia in 1920. He was a big factor in its defense up through 1926. But last summer and early fall found him well below his customary form.

The French Barricade is Strong

IN THE past California and the Atlantic Coast have contributed most of the tennis defenders, but when the Davis Cup trials were held this year the leading survivors, outside of Tilden and Hunter, were Hennessey, from Indianapolis; Lott, from Chicago, and Coen, from Kansas City.

France has made no sudden, flashy arrival in amateur sport. Suzanne Lenglen was her first star to capture international attention. Then came Lacoste and his mates. Glenna Collett removed Mlle. de la Chaume in golf this spring in England, but France had another ready, Mlle. Monette Le Blan.

And the French, with their youth, experience and exceptional skill, look to be strong enough to defend the Davis Cup for at least another year or two—and possibly longer.

The United States has its younger stars coming on, but so has France. It will take a desperate sortie now to smash the French barricade.

No one can accuse the United States of taking the assignment lightly. Her best tennis talent has been hard at it for several months through a harder training schedule than any big-league club ever knew. But if France is beaten and the cup is lifted, you can write this down as one of the greatest upsets of the year.

Wide World

Keystone

Frank Hunter (above) is rated No. 1 among the new stars. George Lott of Chicago (left) has beaten some crack players and will make a stiff fight

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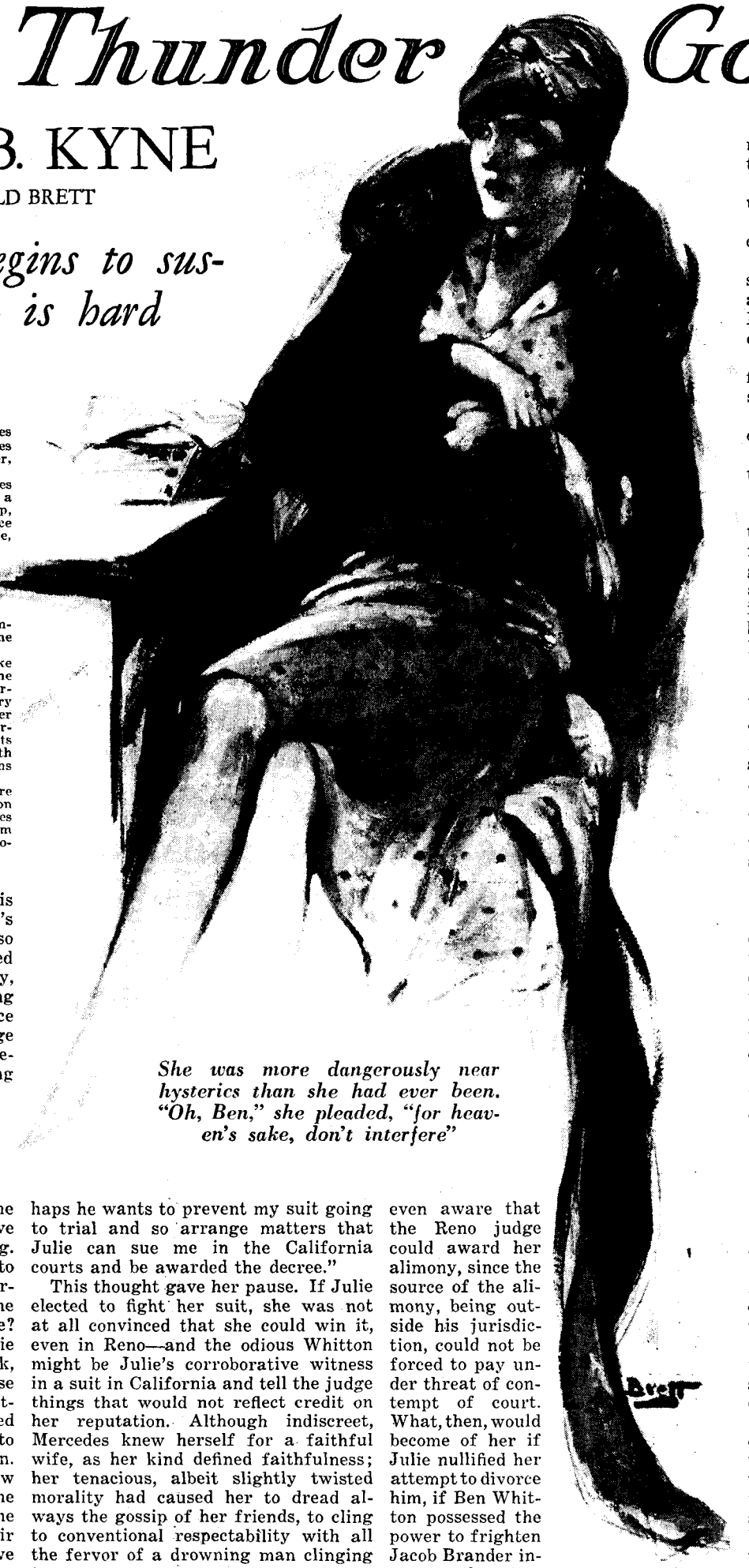
The Thunder God

By PETER B. KYNE

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

Jacob Brander begins to suspect that life is hard



She was more dangerously near hysterics than she had ever been. "Oh, Ben," she pleaded, "for heaven's sake, don't interfere"

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but during the war marries Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer, who is not good enough for him.

An uncle leaves him $600,000, which he decides to use on electrical experimentation. He and a great friend, Ben Whitton, go into partnership, telling Mercedes nothing about the inheritance because of her uncontrollable extravagance, though Julian arranges a trust fund for her.

Julie, still in love with Mercedes, is just beginning to realize what she is really like. Ben, who has discovered some indiscretions of hers in company with Jacob Brander, a man of large lumber interests and small brains, is the only one who can cope with her successfully.

Julie and Ben go to Oregon to make an estimate for the O. R. N. railroad on the cost of a line through some timber lands. Mercedes, who decides to divorce Julie and marry Brander, leaves for Reno. She tells Brander everything she knows of Julie's plans for survey. Brander, acting on the information, starts an enormous milling project in the region with his own land as a nucleus and obtains options on other great tracts.

Gloria, who informs Ben of Mercedes' departure to Reno, sees a service of divorce by publication on Julie in a Reno paper. When Ben comes back to San Francisco for a day she tells him about it and he wires Mercedes to stop all proceedings.

THE effect upon Mercedes Grannis when she received Ben Whitton's telegram was not at first nearly so electric as the latter had imagined would be the case. She read it calmly, then reread it—and laughed, finding something very amusing in this evidence of the stolid Whitton's ability to change his mind with feminine alacrity; because she was free of his dominating presence; because his terrible eyes could not, at this distance, arouse her to torments of conscience, or fear, she could think clearly in this crisis that confronted her adroitly laid plans.

"He knows I'm here—and why!" she reasoned. "That means he must have had me watched from the beginning. He wrote me that, if I left the city, to keep Julie in ignorance of my departure. Could it be that, even then, he suspected I was planning to come here? He warned me that my letters to Julie must bear a San Francisco postmark, so I followed his instructions. Of course that Gloria Justin saw the Reno postmark on the envelope in which I enclosed my letter to Julie, for her to mail to him. Naturally she reported to Whitton.

"But why should I mind? I knew Whitton would protect me. Hadn't he told me he would be delighted to see me divorced from Julie? He's let this affair run along without interference until I've established my residence and filed my suit, but now that I am seeking service on Julie by publication he has changed his mind. I wonder why. He knows that Julie and I are thoroughly unsuited to each other—that the break is bound to come sooner or later. Why does he interfere now? Why does he threaten? He knows a divorce is the best thing that could happen to Julie and me and that I have taken the easiest, quietest method of securing it.

"Perhaps he objects to the method I have employed. He even threatens me. I wonder if he's bluffing. I think he's a monumental bluff. He hates me. Perhaps he wants to prevent my suit going to trial and so arrange matters that Julie can sue me in the California courts and be awarded the decree."

This thought gave her pause. If Julie elected to fight her suit, she was not at all convinced that she could win it, even in Reno—and the odious Whitton might be Julie's corroborative witness in a suit in California and tell the judge things that would not reflect credit on her reputation. Although indiscreet, Mercedes knew herself for a faithful wife, as her kind defined faithfulness; her tenacious, albeit slightly twisted morality had caused her to dread always the gossip of her friends, to cling to conventional respectability with all the fervor of a drowning man clinging to an oar.

INSTANTLY she was panicky. She had planned quite coolly and deliberately to marry Jacob Brander, and to have that plan miscarry now might be fatal.

It was characteristic of her to consider her financial situation in the event of a miscarriage of her plans. She and Julie had never accumulated any community property, and even if they had, a Reno divorce would debar the judge from any attempt to adjudicate the matter of community property not in the jurisdiction of his court. She was not even aware that the Reno judge could award her alimony, since the source of the alimony, being outside his jurisdiction, could not be forced to pay under threat of contempt of court. What, then, would become of her if Julie nullified her attempt to divorce him, if Ben Whitton possessed the power to frighten Jacob Brander into an unloverlike disappearance?

"I will have to go to San Francisco and see Ben Whitton," she decided, and wired him that she would be in his office at ten o'clock the following morning.

Whitton received her with the utmost courtesy and cheerfulness, and set a chair for her in a spot where the light fell full on her face. He sat down and gazed across his desk at her for several seconds. Then:

"Well, Mercedes, we have a momentous question up for consideration this morning. Thank you for obeying my mandate and presenting yourself for the inquisition."

"Make it as brief as possible," she urged defiantly.

"So you sneaked up to Reno to put one over on Julie, eh?"

"It was the simplest way, Ben. It saves a lot of fuss and bother and time and publicity. A divorce was inevitable. I should never have married Julie, poor dear."

"You refer to the time saved. Are you figuring on marrying Jake Brander as soon as you divorce Julie in Reno?"

"That," she replied evenly, "is none of your business."

He shrugged. "Did you bring his letters with you, Mercedes?"

"No," she flared; "of course not."

"That was a slip. By now I imagine they are in the possession of my Reno representative. Not a difficult thing to gain access to an apartment and rifle a bureau drawer or a trunk. It's done in divorce cases every day. A ten-dollar bill slipped to the chambermaid, you know—"

"You wretch!"

"That gives you pause, doesn't it? Well, you will never be noted for your discretion, my dear. Why did you permit Brander to call upon you in Reno and spend the day with you—mostly at your apartment?"

HE THOUGHT she was about to faint, and urged her brutally not to. When she had in a measure recovered he said:

"Of course you know what Julie can do to Brander in the way of a suit for alienation of affections? I know, of course, that you never had any real affection for him which Jake Brander could alienate, but Julie doesn't! Hence, the outrage will be just as keen to him as if your action wasn't a divine intervention of Providence to insure that decent man a modicum of the happiness he is entitled to. Do you not realize that the bare threat of such a suit will send Jake to Coventry? He'll just naturally remain out of the state to avoid service of the summons and complaint."

Ben threw back his leonine head and chuckled.

"Julie would never be so undignified as to sue him. I know Julie that well at least. He has too much pride."

"No? Well, you don't know what a man as poor as Julie will do for a hundred thousand dollars. Money changes the viewpoint—particularly when the victim has no defense. There would be no suit, but—there *might* be a private settlement. Jake's gun-shy when it comes to lawsuits, but a perfect sucker when it comes to settling them out of court. I wonder if he'll pay a hundred thousand dollars for you. It may occur to him that you aren't worth it—and then too he may not have the money to spare. I'm afraid he hasn't. He's been buying a lot of timber on the private tip you gave him and has had to borrow money."

"How dare you insinuate such a thing?"

"I haven't insinuated. I've affirmed." He opened his desk and drew out a map. "You secured a map of Oregon and traced on it the outlines of the timber areas you heard me speak to Julie about. That duplicate map was for your friend, Mr. Brander. Unfortunately you sent him the map I had left with Julie! My original map and your duplicate were made by different map makers! I'm a great hand to notice little things like that, so I was immediately suspicious and got on (*Continued on page 46*)

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Plenty of Seconds

By EDWARD SHENTON

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

He wasn't a soldier; he didn't want to be a soldier. But he could cook—and how!

One of the figures rolled over on its face. The other two scuttled back into the gloom

THE swing door between the kitchen and the restaurant of the Superior Lunchroom crashed back, and a waiter dashed through the momentary opening. He was white-faced with anger, panting, and slightly frightened. He slammed an empty tray on the service table and began to untie his apron.

"What's wrong?" the cook asked.

"Wrong? What's wrong?"

"Yea. Where you goin'?"

"Goin'? I'm quittin', see. Quittin'. I won't take nuthin' more from that gang—not a thing."

Trembling, he wiped his face and commenced to swear.

Otto Bruder, the cook, turned his shocked, sallow face toward the waiter.

"Don't curse that way," he said. "What's got into you?"

"Listen," the waiter said, "them pigs can't talk that way to me. Nobody can't talk that way to me."

Otto sighed, stirring a great pan of potatoes frying deep in lard. He dabbed the sweat from under his gentle gray eyes.

"Don't get sore," he said. "They don't mean nothin'."

"I won't have nobody talk to me the way like them kids talk."

"Well, listen," Otto said patiently. "You don't get 'em. You ain't wised up yet. They're gonna be soldiers, see. They're gonna get themselves killed, maybe. You gotta be hard-boiled to be a soldier. That's what they're doin'. Gettin' themselves good an' hard. So they won't think too much about gettin' killed."

"Well, they can't get hard with me."

"You don't know how to handle 'em."

"Maybe you do."

"Sure, I do. Sure. I could, in a minute."

"Well, you can. Me, I'm through."

"Say, Mike, listen. This ain't no time to quit. Here we're doin' some good. Feedin' all them fellows. Besides, you ought to get some extra money."

"Well," Mike said, "that's no way to talk to a man. I won't stand for it."

"Kid 'em along," said Otto. "If they get too bad, just tell 'em you hope they leaves a leg or two in France. They'll quiet down, quick."

"Well, I'll give 'em one more try."

"That's a good fellow," said Otto.

Mike picked up his tray and went back into the restaurant. Otto meditated, stirring the potatoes. . . . "Now look. It's this way. You boys is goin' over to fight for democracy. Me? I'm a old man. I'm forty-three. I can't go. But I'll do my bit too. I'll see you get fed good at the Superior. Double portions. You'll get good and strong so you can sock it to them dirty Prussians. I know them Prussians. My old man come from Bavaria. And my old woman too, but she's dead now. Them dam' Prussian officers. My old man used to tell me about them. So kill 'em all, I say, and good riddance, and their Kaiser too. We ain't got no room for emperors. Democracy is a fine way to live. And we won't never have none if Prussians has their way."

He paused, mopping his hot face, and straightened his slight, bent body. He was short, round-shouldered and going bald. Mike came in and packed the thick dishes of French-fried on his dented platter.

"They're gonna fight for democracy," said Otto grandly.

"Democracy—huh! Them kids is gonna fight 'cause they wanta fight. Nuthin' more nor less."

"For democracy," Otto repeated. "And the U. S."

HE HAD a fierce belief in democracy and an uncritical love for the United States. When he said the United States he meant Aiken Street in West Philadelphia, where he lived with his father—a little street, rather dirty, faced with two-story brick houses exactly alike and scrawled over with cabalistic chalk markings of the neighborhood children. It was a noisy, disheveled street most of the time, but when spring spun a web of green on the trees and the mellowing nights brought people to sit on the stoops and gossip, a sensation of affection seized Otto and he loved Aiken Street and his neighbors: simple people like himself, democratic, harassed people, with too many children, not enough money, but hard-working, church-going people, honest, usually happy, unimaginative. . . .

His feeling about Aiken Street was related to the growing tenderness for the soldiers he had been feeding each day at the Superior.

They were mobilized at the armory a block away, waiting to be ordered south for training. Morning and afternoon, under the hot June sun, they drilled on a dusty vacant lot. They came to meals a platoon at a time. Their appetites were astounding. It was hard work cooking for them, but Otto enjoyed it. He had a sense of participation in the war, now more than two months old. He liked to see them eat, to become full-bodied, healthy, so they might fight better for democracy; for Aiken Street, the O'Keefes, the Hartshones, the Smiths, the Bradleys, the Ameses, even the Wop shoemaker in the basement store under the Weitzenkorns.

Gradually Otto began to believe there was more he could do than cook and watch. Forty-three? That wasn't so old. He'd never been sick a day in his life. It was bending over a stove, breathing the hot inside air, that kept him thin, gave him a sallow look.

The company was to leave on a Friday. Thursday evening Otto walked to armory. He asked a soldier:

"Where do you find out about joinin' up?"

"Straight back. Sergeant at a desk."

Otto went down the dim corridor and found the sergeant. "Say, excuse me. I'd like to join up."

"Who, you?"

"Well, sure; me."

"Too old," said the sergeant.

Otto sighed. "I been seein' you fellows over at the Superior," he said. "I thought maybe—"

The sergeant turned attentively.

"Work over there?" he asked.

"Yea, I work there."

"What doin'?"

"I'm the cook."

The sergeant began to whistle. He smiled, and a gold tooth glinted pleasantly. He fumbled among some papers. Otto started to leave.

"Oh, don't you move," said the sergeant. "Oh, boy! Oh, Lordy, won't the old man be pleased! A regular cook. Hey, Nichols! Take this guy— What's your name, mister?"

"Bruder—Otto Bruder."

"Take this guy, Bruder, and get him examined. Tell the doc. He's a cook. He won't have to do no marchin'. Tell him. . . . Oh, you know."

A HALF hour later Otto, wearing a uniform, boarded a No. 10 trolley. He had leave of absence until midnight. Under his arm he carried his civilian clothes wrapped in a newspaper. There were empty seats in the car, but he stood at the front where everyone could see him. He wished for a rifle in place of the bundle, or a gat strapped to his thigh. . . . The car jolted west into the last pink radiance. Otto swayed, clutching the sweat-dark leather strap.

That evening he sat on the steps smoothing the knees of his breeches. The neighbors gathered, interested, excited. They came from the block below Thompson Street even: men, women and children. . . . "Hey, Otto, bring me the Kaiser's beer stein, will you?" . . . "I want a helmet, Otto." . . . "One of them meerschaum pipes would suit me." . . . Otto smiled and promised. The arc light fell in ragged patterns on the white dresses of the womenfolk.

The O'Keefe boy came and sat beside him. Otto was fond of Jim O'Keefe. He was seventeen and a junior at West Philly High. He had a round, pale face, blond hair and delft-blue eyes vague with a dream of glory.

The little group dispersed gradually. Departing, their mood altered. It was late and quiet. They became silent. The kidding stopped. "Good-by, Otto. Good luck, old man. Good luck. . . ." All along the street the quiet followed their receding footsteps. Their words were absorbed by the stillness. . . . "Good-by, Otto. . . . God preserve. . . . And bring you . . . home . . . safe . . . luck . . . good luck. . . ."

The O'Keefe boy arose awkwardly.

"Well, I gotta be going, I guess. I wish I was old enough to enlist. . . . Well, good-by, Mr. Bruder."

"I'll bring you a helmet too, Jim," Otto said.

"Thanks, Mr. Bruder."

The next day the company started south, and the the arduous, dull months of training began. It was a healthy,

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His thumb pressed the safety and he jerked again. The explosion was appalling

regulated, stupid existence. Otto grew husky; his back straightened; the sun tanned his skin. He felt strong and young again. He worked hard, everyone liked him. C Company fed better than any other outfit in the regiment.

Captain Hartly told the adjutant that Otto was more valuable than all the lieutenants in the battalion. An orderly overheard the remark and passed it along to Otto. The Christmas dinner was suitable for the Ritz. There wasn't a loose belt in the company.

Yet Otto was not completely happy. He enjoyed the offhand joking affection of the men, he appreciated the compliment of being called "old-timer," but he felt a subtle distinction. He wasn't a soldier. He was a good cook, valuable, indispensable, still— He wanted to thrust a bayonet viciously into the dummies of twisted boughs; to hurl hand grenades that exploded in great bursts of smoke and yellow sand in the ravine south of the camp; to drill, dig, sweat, and eventually fight. The barrel of his rifle was spotless, the bolt smoothly oiled, the bayonet clean and sharp. And he never had a chance to use it.

C COMPANY went over in April of 1918. The guns muttered beyond the hills. At night the sky vibrated to the drum fire. Otto, unable to sleep, lay watching the diabolical aurora.

Then the company departed suddenly in camions, rattling away in the dusk. The rolling kitchen limbered up and followed. They bivouacked in a wood smelling of dead horses and gas. Gone were the quiet, muddy streets of the village and the blunt Norman church tower shadowing the ancient graves.

The battle was close now. An occasional shell wailed out of the hot sunlit sky. The company was somewhere ahead in the noise. Otto fretted. He wandered about the woods and came upon a forgotten dead man, an American. Otto returned, white-faced, revolted. An hour later a runner limped in, and at twilight the company came back. They were dirty and sullen and hungry. They took the steaks Otto had cooked, ate silently and went to sleep. Captain Hartly, Lieutenant Manning and the top sergeant sat beside a carefully shaded flashlight and wrote the record of the battle. Toward morning the top called Otto:

"Any coffee about?"

"Yes, plenty. Good an' hot."

He filled the three canteen cups.

"Was it very bad, sir?"

"Pretty bad, Otto. Give the men the best you can."

"Sure. Yes, sir. I sure will."

He lay down again in the shallow hole near the kitchen wagon. . . . Pretty bad—well he knew it was pretty bad. Why, they didn't half come back. There were plenty of seconds for everybody and some left over. Under the dark trees he hadn't been able to see very well. And he couldn't ask. But he missed a lot of them: Pete Anderson and little "Skits" Clevenger. . . . He remembered the dead man in the woods. Those nice, healthy boys sprawled somewhere, rotting. . . . Sergeant Mauks too and Lieutenant Davis. . . . His head ached thinking about it. He took the breech cover from his rifle and worked the bolt softly. . . .

The company expected to go on to the rear for a rest. The next day they cleaned their equipment, washed, ate heartily and dozed. They were more cheerful. Mail arrived and was distributed. The letters held photographs, bits of ribbon. The sun trickled through the old trees. The sky was a tender blue, very pretty between the leaves. But the battle went on heedless of the sunlight. And the company was ordered in again. All at once the men were weary and aged. They drooped under their combat packs.

The twilight sank heavily across their minds. They set off despondently. Otto watched them going and listened to the guns. He dozed, squatted against a tree. Sleep came and departed. The night proceeded slowly. Finally Otto slept.

A SOLDIER stumbled into the clearing. He leaned over the mess sergeant and talked in a low voice. Presently the mess sergeant came over and shook Otto.

"Everybody's goin' up," he said.

His voice cracked and the "up" was in a different key.

"Up? Up where?"

"Up to the line. Things is bad, I guess. Everybody. Cooks, K. P. . . ."

Otto took his rifle and helmet. Ten or twelve men gathered in the dark. They were stupid with sleep, and followed the guide silently.

The night was humid, and he sweated profusely. He tried to imagine what it would be like when he reached the line; soldiers as far as the eye could see; companies, battalions, regiments, in regulated formations, like the picture of Bunker Hill on calendars: thousands of cannon, millions of men. . . . A voice whispered, harshly:

"This way, guys."

Peering, Otto saw several dull shapes, stretched flat amid a tangle of underbrush. Something rigid and gray projected from the obscurity.

"How many, Corporal?" said the voice of Captain Hartly.

"Twelve, Captain."

"That's a help. Take six down to Lieutenant Manning. The others stay here."

Otto strained to see. There was a little more (*Continued on page 32*)

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What's in that Trunk

Comfort in the daytime elegance in the evening is a safe rule when you're selecting clothes for a trip

By ELIZABETH MACDONALD OSBORNE

Illustrated by RUSSELL PATTERSON

The seasoned traveler will not have everything new

THERE'S a thrill that comes with the thought of a trip. At least there should be. If you don't get one, you need a tonic or more spinach. Of course if traveling is your profession that lets you out, for familiarity does produce a certain contempt which is fatal to undue palpitations.

A woman gets a bigger thrill than a man for, added to the interest of seeing strange places and unknown people, is the excitement of obtaining a new wardrobe. Back in the sixteenth century it would have been exciting for men too. Then they could choose between a purple doublet and a saffron one; a white plume and a red rosette.

I have heard more than one successful business man sigh for those days, and lament the fact that he cannot wear a Spanish cape lined with crimson. The only way in which a man can express his state of mind in a visual manner today is through the medium of his necktie.

Now we'll limit ourselves to a discussion of what is necessary to the comfort and the pleasing appearance of a woman who shakes herself out of her groove, packs her cosmetics and her shoes, dons her bonnet and shawl, and starts circumnavigating the globe, or trotting over a section thereof.

What she takes will depend on the direction she chooses and the climates to which she goes; but there will be certain rules to follow whether she turns her toes east or west, north or south.

First she must decide the kind of traveler she wants to be. Her ideas will influence her choice of costume.

It is small wonder that one sees so many different kinds of people traveling. Each person has his own ideas which are limited by what he has seen and read, and each person's ideas are different from his neighbor's. Even if all had the same general ideas no two thoughts would be exactly alike, for each person has a different medium through which to work out his own fancies.

The thought brings a thrill

The woman that everyone would like to know is the one who seems most interesting. If she is interesting but not well groomed, her following will not be so large as though she were both; but it will be infinitely larger than that of the woman who is smartly and expensively dressed but without any earmarks of having traveled or thought. Don't misunderstand me. She will not be neglected—ever; but she is not the one who is most universally admired.

No, Not Vanity

THE seasoned traveler will not have everything new. The top coat which flares out in a jaunty manner as she takes her morning constitutional on deck has probably braved the winds of many seasons. The felt hat which accompanies it may have a slightly wider brim, and therefore a more vagabondish air, than one she would wear in the back seat of her enclosed car, but then again it may be the same one. No special kind of hat is needed for any kind of travel unless one lingers long in the tropics. And that shows how very sensible our modern millinery is.

The dress worn under the top coat must be informal in mode and soft in texture, if the trip is a sea voyage. A great deal of the time is spent lounging in steamer chairs; and for this knitted frocks or jersey dresses are ideal. The more formal coat dress, with piqué vests and beautiful cut, is a valuable possession for days of walking and motoring without a coat; but it is not the thing to relax in.

To continue with clothes for the sea voyage: the essential quality for this daytime outfit is to have it perfectly comfortable, so that you can feel entirely relaxed. Having once put your clothes on carefully, you can forget them for as long as that is safe. Some hair stays in order much longer than others, some skins need powder only twice a day; but one thing every woman should know about herself is how long she can go without thinking of her appearance.

Most women can go on a schedule something like this: If she leaves her room at eight-thirty looking well-groomed, she can forget herself till eleven; then she will need to replace a few hairpins—if her hair is long—and powder her face. If she has used paste rouge in the morning, she will need no more of that until she cleans off her face preparatory to dressing for dinner. This is far wiser than to add daubs of rouge each time she powders her nose.

If she is a wholesome, out-of-doors kind of person, she can skip this midmorning grooming; but no one should ever go to the luncheon table without a careful observation of her appearance and a few touches here and there. Just as you would pick up the newspapers in your living-room to make the room look more restful and more beautiful, so you must pick up stray hairs and make your face as pleasing as possible. Think of yourself as part of the landscape, and this attention to your appearance will seem legitimate instead of vain.

It is important to form regular habits in this matter of checking up on your looks, because the true artist will forget herself completely once she is out of the dressing-room.

Shoes for any kind of travel *must* be comfortable. Otherwise you will not get half out of your trip that you should get, either in sights or pleasure. On board deck the rubber heel is comfortable and appropriate, but any shoe with medium low heel, comfortable last and simple cut is the right sort of thing.

The Choice of Fabrics

THE traveler whom I admire does not try to look chic or striking in her day clothes. (She should look nonchalantly smart, however; there is a difference between being smart and chic.) But in her evening gowns she will have rare distinction—or as near as she can get to it with what the gods have given her. Plenty of time must be allowed for grooming before the dinner dress goes on, and the dress itself should be charming and becoming.

It is customary to dress for dinner on board ship, and three gowns is the smallest number with which you can keep well dressed on a seven- to ten-day trip.

One gown should be an elaborate, picturesque model for the gala night on which everyone dons her best earrings and her most engaging manner. Two others of the dark and inconspicuous variety can be made to alternate; especially if two different combinations of jewelry, or two varied color schemes carried by means of shawl or scarf, are available for each frock.

The general rule for traveling is Comfort for the daytime and Elegance for the evening. There are two kinds of elegance, always. The unobtrusive, which is not noticed at the first glance; and the striking or picturesque elegance, to which all eyes turn the minute it enters the (*Continued on page 49*)

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You wouldn't shoot .22 calibre bullets in a .38 calibre gun

Facts about "light," "medium," "heavy" oils

What is meant by the word, "light" or "medium" or "heavy" which is supposed to describe the body of the oil you buy for your automobile engine?

Of course you don't know. Nobody does.

Engineers recently tested 7 samples of oil—*all well-known brands*—which were selling as "medium." Tested at the same temperature, they showed viscosities ranging from 148° to 485°—a range all the way from what some people call "light" to what some people call "heavy."

Similar tests on so-called "light," "heavy" and "extra-heavy" grades showed differences just as wide.

Such unsuitable oil makes your engine wear out much quicker than it should.

With Gargoyle Mobiloil there is not the slightest chance for you to make a mistake on "fit" or lubricating quality. The Mobiloil Board of Engineers has studied your particular make of car in every detail. Their recommendation for your engine in the Mobiloil Chart is based on precise engineering findings.

Grade for grade Mobiloil is distinctly richer than most oils on the market today.

Owing to a "stepping-up" of engine compressions you need now, more than ever, an oil of the very highest quality. For engineering exactness in lubrication you are always sure in using

The World's Quality Oil

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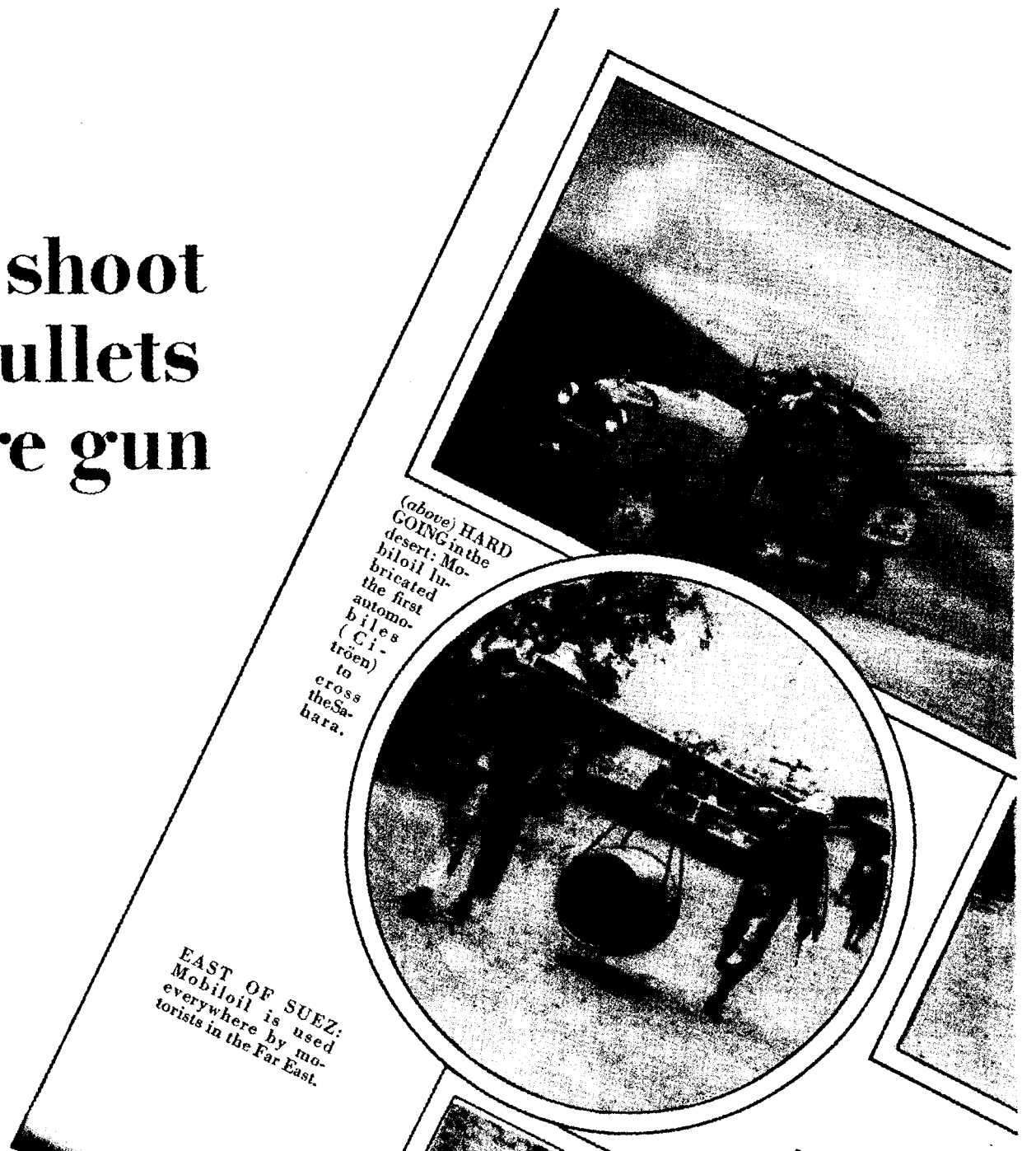
VACUUM OIL COMPANY



(*above*) HARD GOING in the desert: Mobiloil lubricated the first automobiles (Citröen) to cross the Sahara.

EAST OF SUEZ: Mobiloil is used everywhere by motorists in the Far East.

THE MOORS SURPRISED Mobiloil-lubricated cars interest natives in the Sahara.

Make the chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine		1925 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66					A	A	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc	A	A				
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A		
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc			A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Flint			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc						
" Model T			F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" *other models*					A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" *other models*	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland *all models*			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige *all models*			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless 90, 70, 72	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Reo *all models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4-cyl					B	Arc	B	Arc
" 6-cyl	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

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Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West)

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The Blue Lamp

"I'd—like to—hug you." "It's O. K. with me. But not here"

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

The Story Thus Far:

MARY HARMON, heiress of $5,000,000, disappeared with a Dr. Hawkins; presumably unwillingly. Her fiancé, Count Josef Briskow, and Ajax Hubbard, her lawyer, hired detectives in vain. Briskow saw Hawkins on a boat leaving for Europe, but the doctor jumped overboard.

Twenty years later strange lights are seen in the Harmon house in Vermont where, after the disappearance, a harmless caretaker, Wrightson, had been found and a letter from Miss Harmon alluding to mysterious spells.

Jimmy Battles, a reporter, decides to stay in the house for a night. Moving about he hears muffled footsteps, and a crash. On the stairs is a man unconscious and in a strange aperture, where stairs had formerly been, a frightened girl lies on a cot. He identifies her as Mary Harmon, from a picture. A nunlike woman, a heavy spectacled man and two or three others prowl in and about the house. Wrightson turns out to be Hawkins in disguise. He kills Briskow in self-defense and is himself shot by accident. Before he dies he explains that he tried unsuccessfully to cure Mary Harmon, who had been inoculated with encephalitis germs by Briskow.

"WELL," the sheriff commented, "th' mystery's *half* explained, at any rate."

"Half!" echeod Dr. Chapin. "He lasted long enough t' clear up most o' th' twenty-year-old Harmon mystery, an' let's be thankful f'r that. But all this hocus-pocus about th' old woman Jake saw, an' Briskow's reappearance on th' scene, t' say nothin' o' the girl we bagged t'night, remains t' be solved! Hope I'm as lucky gettin' a break *there*."

The two men had withdrawn to the kitchen. Shut alone in the adjacent dining-room, Jimmy talked over the long-distance wire to Boston. He came out presently, his face somewhat wry.

"Newton won't believe me," he announced. "He's city editor. He won't take my word for it that the Harmon case has been solved by that dead man's confession. He says it's altogether too fantastic to credit."

"Why didn't you ask me t' talk t' him? Guess he'd take a sheriff's word, wouldn't he?"

"He doesn't doubt that I told him the truth. I mean he won't believe Hawkins, or Wrightson, or whatever his name is. Said it sounded too much like the story of a crank. All he's going to use for the morning paper is the murder—the finding of Briskow's body."

"Well, you've done your stunt, anyhow," the uncle consoled. "Call up th' Paris Garage an' have Will Pease send out his towing car with some gas. We'll go back an' talk with that girl."

"If it's really Hawkins who's dead in there," remarked Dr. Chapin when the sheriff had rehearsed the salient features of the confession, "and his story'll hold water, that's prob'ly Mary Harmon's skeleton in the tool-shed pit. But how the deuce did it come there? You say Hawkins stated he left her on the cot."

"Someone lugged the bones down there for good and sufficient reasons," Jimmy contributed as they waited for the gasoline.

"So's th' cot would be clean of 'em f'r another t' lie in, I'd say," opined the uncle. "Did Butterworth take th' girl into Paris?"

"She was dressin' in a side bedroom at Pumpton's when you phoned for me to come in a hurry," answered Chapin.

"WHY can't we go back in the Pumpton car that brought the doctor?" Jimmy asked.

"A few minutes won't make much difference. Can't leave my car stuck out there in th' middle o' th' highway. Besides, I may want t' use it this comin' day scourin' th' country f'r that pink-faced blackmailer."

They had almost forgotten Watts in the excitement of more dramatic events. As Jim Pumpton came from the bedroom where he had been morbidly inspecting the corpse, the Prescott phone rang.

"Is Sheriff Crumpett still there?" the squire's voice demanded.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "You want him?"

"Tell him we're still to Pumpton's, but the girl's got away."

"*What's that?*"

"That girl you found in the pit—she's vamoosed. Ma Pumpton got her some clothes and left her in the side bedroom while she put 'em on. We waited and waited for her to get finished. Finally, after Chapin'd left, Ma Pumpton went in to see what was keepin' her. The sash on the meadow side of the house was raised and left open. No girl. She's gone!"

"Damn!" swore the uncle, on taking the receiver and having this intelligence repeated. "That's three of 'em we yet got t' bag—Watts, th' old lady, an' now th' girl.

"You go int' Paris, Jabez. I'll meet you there just as soon's Pease has fetched out some gas. Run out of it. I'm stuck."

"I can't go into Paris, or anywhere, without a machine. Chapin took th' Pumpton car t' get out to you."

"That's right, so he did. Well, I'll send him back by way o' th' Fork. Pumpton'll pick you up an' take you along int' Paris with th' doc."

The sheriff rang off.

"Proves she's a fraud, that girl," he growled.

"Crawled through a window, first opportunity. I see where I got a busy day ahead t'morrer."

"Uncle Amos," declared young Battles, "I want to go back to the Fork with Pumpton. I've got a hunch."

"What hunch?"

"We haven't accounted for the old lady yet. She entered the Harmon house with Hawkins last night and hasn't been seen since. We know she reached the Fork in the Wickford rig, yet Hawkins drove off without her."

"Well?"

"Maybe the girl's escape concerned that old lady. I want to return to the Fork and make sure."

"All right," the sheriff laughed. "Go ahead with Pumpton an' Doc. Soon's Pease comes with my gas I'll follow you over there with Lyman. Ain't scared, be you?"

"I'm certainly not scared by an old lady and a pretty girl."

HAWKINS had died at ten minutes after two o'clock. It was twenty minutes to three before the coroner was ready to leave Prescott's. It was a quarter after three before Jimmy's wild ride with his uncle had been retraced and the Pumpton car turned into the Fork.

He had left his flashlight in the sheriff's car, but Prescott had loaned him a lantern. The boy still had his automatic in his right-hand coat pocket, however.

"Want I should go in with you?" Jim Pumpton asked.

"No," Jimmy responded. "Uncle Amos will be along between now and daylight. You take the doctor along into Paris, picking up the squire, as my uncle directed."

The reporter alighted and slammed the door. Pumpton accelerated his engine, clacked his gears, veered to the right from the Wickford road and headed west. Jimmy watched the red eye of his tail light grow fainter through the tree tunnel. Then it took the distant grade and was gone. Jimmy turned toward the house.

He skirted the front and went around to the east veranda door, leading into the sitting-room. No one had thought to close it, much less lock it. The boy's lantern cast spookish silhouettes and shadows on the sitting-room walls when he finally (*Continued on page 50*)

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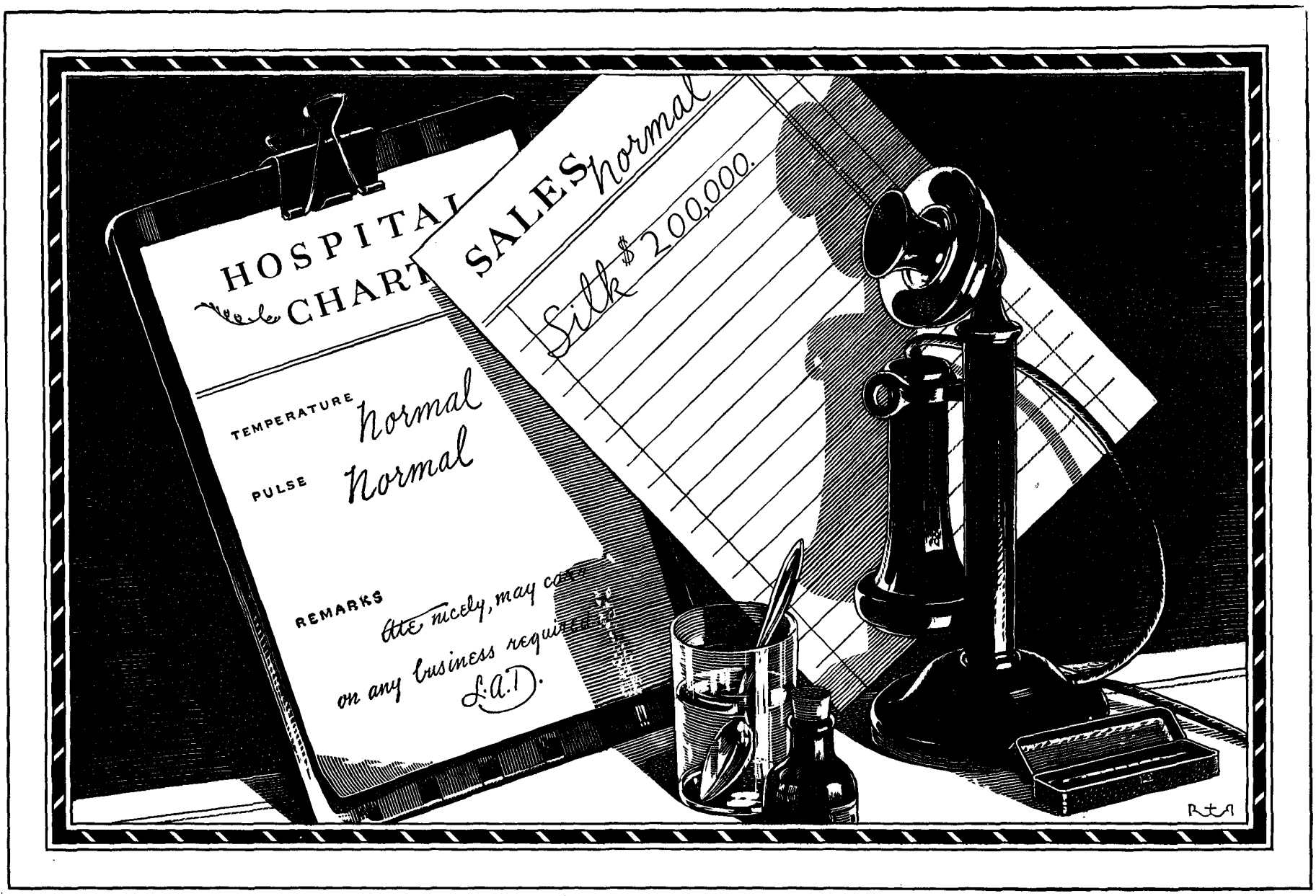
Laid up in the Hospital he sold $200,000 worth of Silk



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

A NEW YORK raw silk salesman had to go to the hospital for 10 days. His illness was minor, but the loss of time was serious. He secured a room with a telephone. Throughout his convalescence, he kept informed of the course of the market. Sent and received his cables by telephone. Kept in constant touch with office and customers. Sold more than $200,000 worth of silk.

A Milwaukee dry goods salesman was forced to cancel his regular trip because of a broken leg. From his sick-room, he covered in 5 days by telephone the same territory that took 5 or 6 weeks of traveling. And he gathered in 90% of his usual business.

Held up by road conditions, a tire salesman had to abandon a certain trip in southern Nebraska. He went to the telephone office and covered his territory by Long Distance. Sold, $1280 worth of tires; charges, $6.20.

In emergencies and in the regular day's work, hundreds of concerns are using Long Distance to get things done and to increase profits.

You will be surprised how little the calls now cost. New station to station day rates are: Los Angeles to New York, $8.75. Dallas to Chicago, $3.25. Baltimore to Philadelphia, 70c. . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

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Loaf and Behold

The system of the swamis an' yogis, as near as I can make out, is nothin' more than a scientific adaptation of sleepin' sickness to religious uses

Uncle Henry

"Eagerly and loudly his distended nostrils snuff the air"

"HERE'S another foreigner lambastin' us for our sordid materialism," complained Mr. Stubbs, putting down his paper. "Darned if somebody ain't always callin' America a nation of dollar grabbers."

"It's the penalty of youth," said Uncle Henry. "We haven't yet learned to hide the deeper emotions. When an inmate of the United States leaves his home in the mornin' he makes no secret that he's out after the coin. Eagerly an' loudly his distended nostrils snuff the air, an' when he gets the money scent, he doesn't care if the whole blamed world hears his maddened bayin'.

"It's different with Europeans. An Englishman, at sight of a shillin', has jes' as much passionate inner excitement as an American, an' knows the same barbaric lust, but centuries of culture have taught him self-control. To be sure, the veins of his head an' neck become frightfully congested, an' his eyes almost leave their sockets, but he laughin'ly passes it off as an apoplectic stroke, an' remains the British gentleman.

"As for the French, they wear those spade beards for no other purpose than to hide the torrential emotions aroused by the merest glimpse of a franc. The reason that French life seems to be so quiet, so free from greed's rapacities, is very simple. The minute that a son of France gets hold of a franc he disappears at once from the marts of trade an' is not seen again of men until he has found a safe place to bury it.

Great Setters and Brooders!

"WHY wouldn't Americans suffer by comparison with the restraint an' poise of the Old World? Instead of pursuin' money with decorum, maskin' ferocity under a cloak of well-bred calm, we act like it was a fox hunt. An' when the dollar is captured, we don't put it out of circulation, as is the habit of more cultured Europe, but raise still more of a hullabaloo by spendin' it.

"Ah, well, better times are ahead! Older civilizations, seein' that the curse of our unhappy country is the soul-killin' pursuit of filthy lucre, have decided to help us.

"Foreign lecturers, pantin' to attack materialism, are fillin' the land. Even Mother India, wakin' to our desperate need, has bestirred herself, an' I see by the papers that almost all of the large cities are bein' flooded by swamis an' yogis an' what else have you."

"Say," asked Mr. Stubbs, "jes' what *are* swamis an' yogis?"

"Well, as far as dress is concerned," said Uncle Henry, "they look like they might be out of Mother Hubbard by the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, with a strong dash of Plymouth Rock. Great setters an' brooders! They come from the great unbroken silences of the Far East, bringin' a message of salvation to the sweatin', rushin' denizens of this noisy, materialistic Western world.

"Follow these swamis an' yogis, 'Lonzo, an' you'll find yourself at once in the very heart an' center of the leisure class. Their system, as near as I can make out, is really nothin' more than a scientific adaptation of the sleepin' sickness to religious uses. All you've got to do is pick out a nice, warm seat in the sun, sit down in the position that promises most comfort, an' then give yourself over to dreamy contemplation of the abdominal tract. That is what's known as the withdrawal of the senses.

"No question that our Hindu visitors will be well received. Think what a blessin' their message will be to the occupants of our park benches! I wouldn't be at all surprised to see the Senate go over in a body. An' consider what a boon they bring to men an' women who are too old or else too ailin' for religion in any of its calisthenic forms?

"You yourself, 'Lonzo, are still sufficiently young an' active to go in for Holy Rollin', Aimee Semple McPherson an' even Bill Sunday, but when the arteries begin to harden, an' one by one the arches fall, you'll be mighty glad to turn to some restful, nerve-soothin' system of religious faith such as that offered by our turbaned brothers from Mother India.

"Jes' imagine what the Hindu theory of withdrawal is goin' to mean to men who have their Sunday dinners in the middle of the day! Or to Presidential candidates, hounded by every sort of questionnaire! All they'll have to do is to get a sign, 'Gone Into the Silence. Will Not Return Until After the Convention.' Then they can take their naps right out in the public square without bein' bothered.

"Yessir, 'Lonzo, the yogis an' swamis ought to do a land-office business in this country, for it gives loafin' all the dignity of a religion. The 'In Conference' dodge has done a lot to promote leisure in the United States, givin' thousands of our leadin' citizens time to perfect their mashie strokes in peace an' quiet, but it doesn't compare with the Far Eastern plan of lifelong inertia.

"Of course, 'Lonzo, there's one great drawback. The United States, for instance, doesn't possess certain natural advantages that pertain to India. Over there, as you may know, they have the child-wife system, an' I don't have to point out to you that a bride of eleven carries no large amount of authority.

"It's different with us Americans, for the wives of the Western world are far removed from the state of laughin', irresponsible, unaskin' childhood. They leave the altar with the intolerant eye an' masterful step of an Alexander, an' by the end of the honeymoon the husband is little more than a successful experiment in perpetual motion.

"As far as the wives of America are concerned, the Great Central Truth is a *job*, an' the Universal Spirit is to be found only behind the bronze grille of a pay window. Why wouldn't we be a nation of dollar grabbers? Every decent man wants to go home of an evenin', an' homecomin' is a perilous business unless he bears the bacon.

Not Much Chance for Us

"NO, MY dear 'Lonzo, I'm afraid that there isn't much chance for us. Even now, when we take a half day off for golf, the scream of outraged wifehood is so unnervin' that it makes us top our drives, an' I shudder to think what would happen if we sat down after breakfast for contemplation."

"I reckon we *are* a pretty materialistic people," ventured Mr. Stubbs. "Maybe this here Hindu philosophy *wouldn't be such a bad thing.*"

"Well," said Uncle Henry ruminatively, "it can't be denied that St. Vitus' dance has its bad points, but I can't see that catalepsy is much better."

"Jes' imagine what the theory of withdrawal is goin' to mean to Presidential candidates hounded by every sort of questionnaire"

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ROOFS
Of Everlasting Asbestos

THROUGHOUT the world in the legends and proverbs of all languages, roof means home. And usually the quality of the roof tells at a glance the quality of the home.

Across the land are millions of acres of roofs. Some of these roofs are destined to flame into roaring torches, destroying the houses beneath them, and scattering fire-brands over the roofs of neighboring homes. Others will crumble away, rot or become hopelessly warped within a few short years.

But those roofs which are of Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles will never burn, will never rot, warp, nor wear out. They will come unharmed through years of weather, and outlast the houses on which they are laid. They will outwit depreciation.

Houses roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles stand out from the commonplace, mark the good taste and sound judgment of the owners. The warm, harmonious colors and substantial appearance of these shingles give houses a beauty and distinction impossible with short-lived materials.

It is Easy to Have Exactly the Right Roof

As you plan your new home or arrange to re-roof your present one, turn to the pages of our free booklet, "How to Select the Roof for Your Home." See how easy it is to choose color combinations which put the final touch of distinction on your house, which give you a roof virtually made to order for you. The poorest sort of economy is a cheap roof. Why buy certain trouble, the certainty of future expense, when you can end roofing cost for all time by using permanent, fireproof Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles?

The Name is Important

When you order your shingles, be sure you get Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. They are moulded from asbestos fibre and cement pressed into sturdy, rigid shingles that defy flaming brands and driving snow with equal ease and certainty. The Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle is the result of fifty years of experience — a record of achievement which has won for us the title, "Master of Asbestos."

Any lumber yard or building supply dealer can supply the Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you want for your home. Insist on them and on the Johns-Manville Certificate. This shows that your roof has been registered at our office, assuring you satisfaction.

Johns-Manville Asbestos products include Asbestocel—an insulation for heater pipes; Asbestos Brake Lining for motor cars; besides hundreds of other insulations, packings and power specialties which are used by virtually every industry in America.

MASTER of ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville
ASBESTOS SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND SAN FRANCISCO
For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
(Mail this coupon to branch nearest you)
Send me your free booklet, "How to Select the Roof for Your Home."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ R-16-7

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A *child* can see the *difference*

You see here two machines devised for testing the cords in tire fabric.

On each machine is a strand of SUPERTWIST cord and of ordinary cord.

On the machine in the background the ordinary cord is broken, while the SUPERTWIST cord is intact.

Yet both cords were of equal length, and both cords were stretched in equal measure.

On the machine in the foreground the ordinary cord is lax, while the SUPERTWIST cord is taut.

Both these cords also were of the same length; both were equally stretched.

When the tension was relaxed the SUPERTWIST cord sprang back to its original dimension, recovering like a rubber band.

But the ordinary cord lost its spring, and now hangs slack and distended.

By this simple demonstration a child can see the difference between SUPERTWIST cord and ordinary cord.

This difference is important, as one cause of the great superiority of Goodyear Tires over ordinary tires.

Built with SUPERTWIST cord, Goodyear Tires stretch and recover under the shocks of the road without damage.

Tires made of ordinary cord lack this ability and under road-shock suffer precisely the results you see here.

SUPERTWIST cord is Goodyear-developed and Goodyear-patented, and is used only in Goodyear tires.

Its elasticity and durability have reduced blowouts and similar troubles to the vanishing point.

SUPERTWIST is one of the reasons why the present Goodyear Balloon with the tractive All-Weather Tread is called "the world's greatest tire."

It is one of the reasons also why you should *insist* on Goodyear Tires and refuse anything else.

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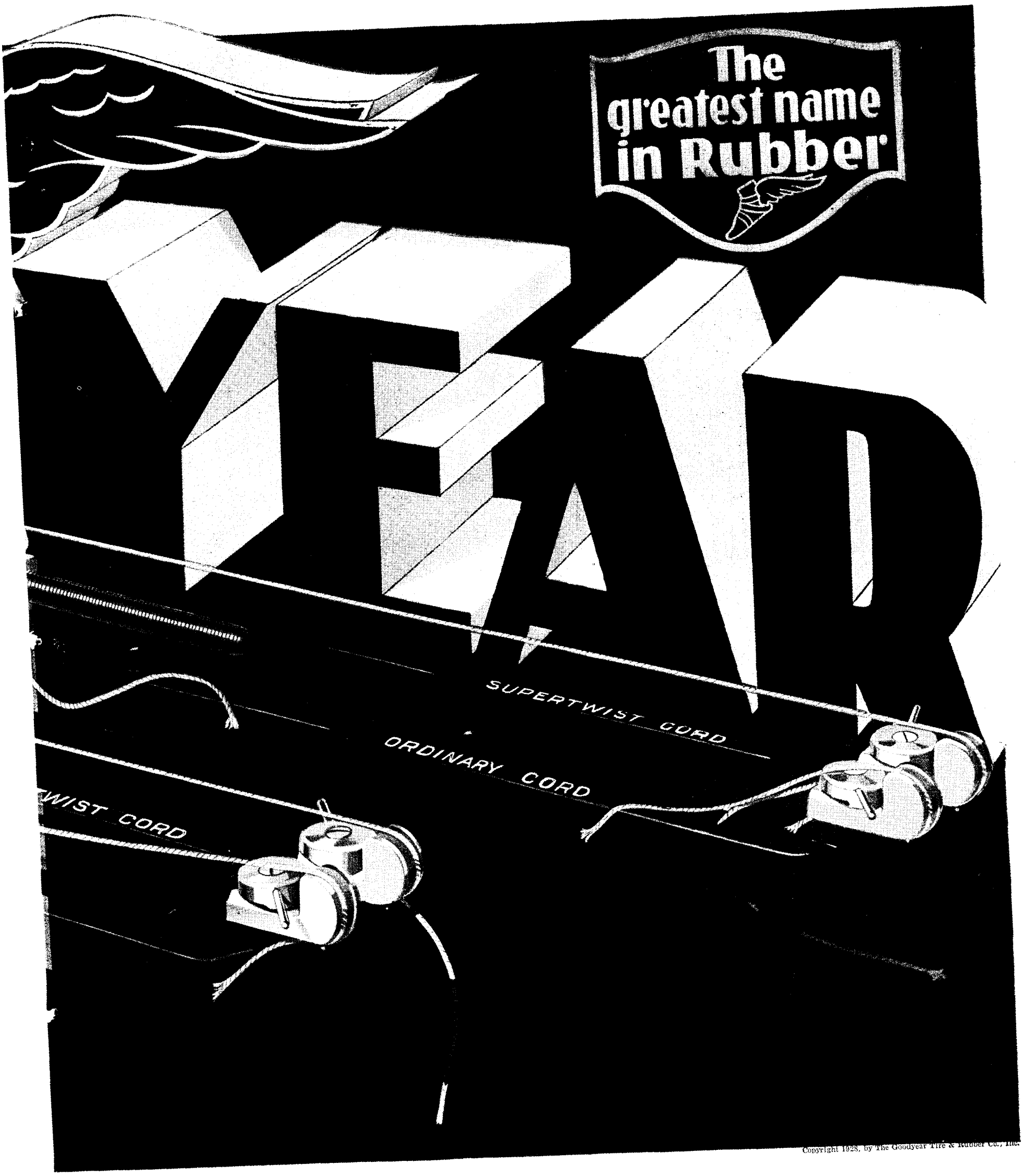

Ask your Goodyear Dealer to make this demonstration for you. For address of your most convenient dealer write Goodyear, Akron or Los Angeles

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Customs Inspector—"Got anything very valuable in this trunk? . . ."
The Traveler—"I should say so . . . a whole carton of Chesterfields!"

THEY'RE MILD
***and yet* THEY SATISFY**

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Yr Obedt Servt

Continued from page 12

spite of the sneers and *tittle tattle* of a set of gossips who, in many respects are greatly her inferiors, and in none, as I believe, her superiors. I hope, my dear Madam, you know too well what is due to the sex, and your own Character, to be intimidated by the threats of such base, *corrupt*, and *unprincipled villains* as your anonymous correspondents.

I shall keep the letter you have inclosed me, with the hope of being able some day, of finding out the name of its *vile author*. I think I know *him & her*.

I am with much respect
your friend
ANDREW JACKSON.

Mrs. S. Decatur,
Georgetown
District Columbia.

From Andrew Jackson, the duelist and warrior who made himself so remarkably beautiful a home near Nashville, Tenn., we may turn to the gentle John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," destined to be a wanderer designated as "the homeless bard of home."

The Exile's Plaint

THOUGH he saw 100,000 copies of his song sold in one year, he was forgotten as to royalties, it seems, and once cried in his bitterness, "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or hand organs playing 'Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head! The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

He died in Tunis, Africa, in 1852, and two years later a writer in the Georgia Cotton-Plant reviewed the facts in the case and suggested that Payne's gravestone should have these lines:

HERE LIES J. HOWARD PAYNE
THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME"

A Wanderer in Life; he whose songs were on every tongue, and found an echo in every heart—

NEVER HAD A HOME
HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND

Therefore we come with added interest to the letter he wrote to Mrs. James Madison Cutts in Washington, D. C., with a copy of "Sweet Home:"

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5, 1824.

Just on the eve of my departure from Home, dear Mrs. Cutts, I comply with your flattering request for a copy of this trifle written when away from Home. To her who so well knows how to deck Home with its most endearing and only enduring graces, what subject can be more appropriate than the praise of Home for a book of her boudoir?

Ever faithfully yours
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

In those 1840's famous men often opened their mail to learn of requests for a lock of hair; Andrew Jackson in those years saved the barber shearings from his head. We have here a letter written by Zachary Taylor, old Rough and Ready, showing that an abrupt and valiant warrior may be gracious, suave, ornate in bestowing a personal favor:

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA,
April 8th, 1848.

Miss Isabella P. Butler,

My dear Miss, Your very kind & acceptable letter of the 24th of February, asking a lock of my hair, to be accompanied by my Autograph, reached here during my absence for a short period, which will account for its not having been replied to at an earlier day; but I have lost no time in complying with your request, which is done with much pleasure; among the lock inclosed you will find as much if not more white or gray hair as black; which I trust will not be the less prized on that account, as it has been bleached while in the Service of the Republic.

For I fear the too flattering manner you have been pleased to refer & speak of my humble Services in the cause of our common Country, as well as for the high compliment paid me in making the request in question, be pleased to accept my most cordial thanks, accompanied by my best wishes for your continued health, happiness & prosperity through a long life, I remain, dear Miss with considerations of high

Respect & Esteem
Your Friend & Obt Servt
Z. Taylor Majr Genl
U. S. Army.

Andrew Johnson, the United States Senator from Tennessee, on March 2, 1861, wrote his name on one side of an ordinary visiting card and turning the card over set forth in plain words his strong feelings about how the executive end of the Federal Government should be conducted in the emergency that existed about halfway between the establishment of the Confederate Government and the fall of Fort Sumter:

Show me the man who makes war on the Government, and fires on its vessels, and I will show you a traitor. If I were President of the United States, I would have all such arrested, and when tried and convicted, by the Eternal God I would hang them.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

U. S. Senate.
March 2, 1861.

Father and Son

A FINE boy and a real father stand out from our next piece of Americana. General Grant's son Fred was in every battle of the campaign, the father wrote in his memoirs concerning the year 1863, and, telling of 1864, said that at Vicksburg he had contracted disease, "which grew worse, until he had grown so dangerously ill that on the 24th of January I obtained permission to go to St. Louis, where he was staying at the time, to see him, hardly expecting to find him alive on my arrival." And from St. Louis the father of the boy wrote the boy's grandfather:

ST. LOUIS, Mo.
Jany 31st 1864.

Dear Father,

Your letter of the 26th is received. Before this you must have seen from the papers that I have accepted invitations to dinners, hence know that Fred is out of danger. He has been very ill and will not be strong enough to send to school before next fall.

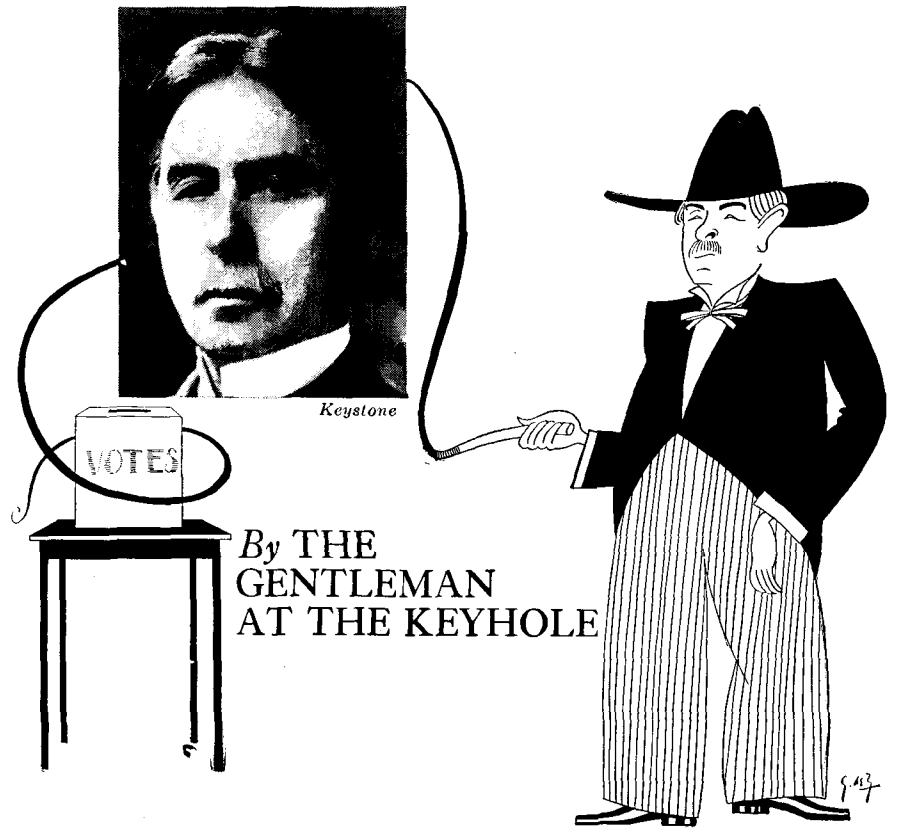
I leave here for Nashville tomorrow. Cannot go home at present, in fact do not want to leave "Dixie" again until the War is over. The attention I receive, whilst it is flattering, is to me very embarrassing.

I am in most excellent health, Fred is improving finely and the balance of the family are well. ULYSSES.

We might close this little album of antiques by swinging back to the time when General Grant was seventeen years old, a country-town boy leaving Georgetown, Ohio, to become a cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point. He wrote for a Georgetown girl named Mary King this acrostic:

My country calls and I obey,
And shortly I'll be on my way,
Removed from home, far in the west,
Yet you with home & friends are blest.

Kindly then remember me,
(I'll also often think of thee)
Nor forget the Soldier story
Gone to gain the field of glory.
U.



Keystone

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

The Tarheel Boss

SENATOR SIMMONS' power in North Carolina dates back to a time that now seems remote and unbelievable.

In the late eighties a combination of Republicans, Populists and Negroes ruled the state, for the Negroes then voted freely in North Carolina. One senator from the state was a Republican, Jeter C. Pritchard, and the other senator was a Populist, Marion Butler.

The whites hated this, but couldn't find a leader. Finally someone said: "There is just one man who can put an end to this situation, Furnifold Simmons."

Simmons asked for a week in which to decide. Then he went to the white Republicans in western North Carolina.

"I come to you with a message," he said. "I come to tell you how our wives are dragged before Negro magistrates on all sorts of pretexts; how white women are not safe from insult in our Negro-ruled cities in eastern North Carolina. I come to ask you whether you white men will not join us in putting an end to this intolerable outrage."

At his words every mountaineer's hat hit the ceiling.

That was the beginning of the red-shirt campaign which ended the rule of the Republicans, Populists and Negroes. Promptly the educational test for voters was adopted—the test which keeps the Negroes from the polls—and the Democratic party, headed by Simmons, has ruled North Carolina ever since.

In the May primaries he won another victory over his opponents, old and sick though he was and in spite of the fact that the sentiment of the Democrats of North Carolina was for Governor Al Smith, whom Simmons opposed.

The Drys Laugh Last

SINCE the red-shirt campaign no one has ever been elected to office in North Carolina except with the approval of Simmons, save Governor Kitchen.

The Republicans were financed by the western mountain moonshiners. Then Senator Simmons came out for statewide prohibition. A friend remarked, "That will lose you the state."

It did—at first. Bill Kitchen won, but in a short time North Carolina went dry.

Simmons had the sagacity to see that on the issue of Negro domination he could win over the white Republicans and had the foresight to realize that prohibition was coming. He had the boldness to risk his control of the state upon his judgment of the future.

He has always had another indispensable quality, an extraordinary talent for organization, the knack of attaching men to him. His machine has functioned longer and more perfectly than that of any other politician now living.

Partly this has been due to his courage and his frankness.

His physical courage is famous. When he was a young lawyer some opposing attorney called him a liar. Although the man who called him the hard name was twice his size, Simmons jumped at him instantly and struck him in the face.

Even after he was an old man his only reply to an insult would have been a blow. He is a small man, with a loud, passionate voice that is calculated to make men tremble at his anger. A North Carolinian said to me: "When I was a young man I always regarded Senator Simmons as a lion."

He Rules a Satisfied State

HE HAS one other quality of great importance: he has never made money out of politics. He is probably poorer today than he was when he started.

When he came into power North Carolina was a backward state. Today it is the most developed state south of the Mason and Dixon line. All its industrial progress is associated with his leadership.

The state contrasts itself with its less fortunate neighbors and is satisfied. It has had Simmons as its boss and has escaped demagogues. If someone proposes a child-labor law in the state capital, the new industrialists appeal to Simmons in Washington, and that ends the threat to their profits.

So he has the business interests of the state on his side. The state is conservative, and so is Simmons.

His position as the leading Democrat on the powerful Senate Finance Committee made him valuable to his state. Duke, the tobacco man, left a large fortune to Duke University in North Carolina. A good deal of the bequest might have gone to the federal government in inheritance taxes. So Simmons had the tax on inheritances reduced.

He happened to be the ideal man, politically keen, courageous, a good organizer, understanding and sympathizing with the aspirations of his state, ideally placed in the Senate to serve his state's interests. That explains his long lease of power.

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By JACK BINNS

A Red-Letter Day

ON THAT memorable second of July, 1921, when Jack Dempsey met Georges Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres a chapter was written in the golden book of history, almost unnoticed. On that day Major J. Andrew White transformed a dream into reality by broadcasting the blow-by-blow description of the bout over a special radio transmitter hitched up to the antenna on the Lackawanna Terminal in Hoboken.

A vast difference separates that initial attempt at broadcasting a fight from the smoothness of a modern ring-side program. There were many breaks in it, which it was necessary to fill in, consequently the amateurs heard for the first time the voice of "the original Radio Girl."

Of course you have guessed it. The owner of that charming voice is Miss Vaughn de Leath, and she has been entertaining us ever since. When Vaughn is not before the microphone crooning sweet melodies in jazz rhythm or executing an operatic aria with equal ease, she is busily engaged in adding to her private collection of earrings—the largest in the world. This is her earring philosophy:

"When I have to sing a gypsy song or some melody with a Spanish lilt to it, I wear the hoop type of earrings. If my program includes soft, sweet, sentimental airs, then I select earrings such as one sees on portraits of the demure little girls of the hoop-skirt period. Jazz numbers call for odd shapes and brilliant colors in ornaments.

"It's really remarkable what earrings will do to one's personality. A pair of slender black ornaments, almost long enough to touch the shoulders, will transform a Sunday-school teacher into a woman with the soul of an adventuress—and every woman wants to feel like an adventuress occasionally."

Tune in on These

THE broadcasting again this summer of the Philharmonic symphony concerts from the Lewisohn Stadium at City College in New York will once more do its bit toward making summer programs worth while. This year—the eleventh season—the series will run eight weeks, on Tuesday and Saturday evenings. The first broadcast will be over the Red Chain on July 7th, and the second over the Blue Chain, July 10th.

Willem van Hoogstraten will be the conductor; Albert Coates and Bernardino Milinari will be guest conductors. The programs include Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Act II of Faust and at least two Schubert programs. Prominent singers will be featured on each program. During the latter part of July the Hall Johnson Negro choir of sixteen voices will be heard under the direction of Mr. van Hoogstraten.

Who or Which?

"POLITE society in certain parts of America," reports Wireless World, a British periodical, "is discarding the term 'loud speaker.' The correct word is 'enunciator.'"

This enunciation is news to me. I wonder if the English editor is really referring to the doojigger on the freight elevator, known as an enunciator, in the Des Moines, Ia., hotel, which has the uncanny habit of reproducing all of WHO's programs to the complete bafflement of local radio engineers.

The Granary Blues

THE Soviet government of Russia has a "Cheerio" of its own who sends out "birthday greetings" to peasant listeners. There are no Bluebirds of Happiness aiding and abetting the Slavic Cheerio, but he has his birds just the same, and they are cuckoos. They flutter around until they discover some peasant with a surplus of grain and report their find to the powers that be in Muscovy.

That night the unlucky peasant, pressing the earphones to his head in pleasurable anticipation of an enjoyable session of Muscovite melody, gets instead "birthday greeting" from Cheerioski. It is a greeting that he does not dare ignore, and it means that the granary of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics will be enriched the following day from the poor peasant's hoard.

Wave-Warped Weather

THERE are thousands upon thousands of radio stations throughout the world constantly pumping energy into space. They range in service from communication and navigation to the broadcasting of entertainment. Their operation has become indispensable to everyday life, comfort and safety.

How does this constant stream of energy affect the physical aspect of the world? Does it in any way influence the weather?

The captain of a large transatlantic liner is quoted as believing that storms have increased in violence coincident with this rapid development of radio. The majority of scientific men who have consented to discuss the question dismiss the theory as absurd, but one or two have taken a noncommittal attitude. Whatever the truth may be, we are woefully ignorant of it. But so long as there is a possibility of some connection between activity in radio transmission and the weather, it should be investigated in careful, scientific manner.

Plenty of Seconds

Continued from page 21

light. He counted thirteen soldiers and the captain. They lay in shallow holes behind little mounds of earth.

"Where's Martin?" said the captain.

"Here I am."

"Take one of these men to carry the clips and go out about fifty yards on the right. If they come across at daybreak, you can get a better angle of fire."

"Right, sir. Who shall I take?

"Anyone. Who's here?"

"Bruder," said Otto.

"All right. Take Bruder."

"Grab this sack, ol'-timer," said Martin.

THEY entered the black woods to the right. Otto's heart pounded unsteadily. Gosh, it was funny! Fourteen men, all mixed up in the bushes. And this was a battle. Where was everybody?

"Here's a swell place," said Martin.

He wedged his automatic rifle in the crotch of a tree that forked close to the base. They were now at the edge of the wood. Beyond was a pale space of open country. At the far side the sky and trees blended to make an immense wall.

"Put them clips handy," said Martin.

He was a slender, dark soldier, his face lost in the shadow except for a momentary glint of white teeth.

"My Gawd, I'd like to smoke," he said.

"Maybe a chew—"

"Got some chewin's? Gosh, Otto, this company would go to the dogs without you."

He bit into the firm, moist plug.

"Oh, babee! Say, Otto. Don't do nothin' simple. Don't get yourself shot up, Otto."

"Is it awful bad, Martin?"

"Bad? This is a very delicate situ-a-shun, says the skipper. Somebody got lost and missed connections. 'Take C Company out on the flank,' says the colonel, 'and don't let nobody past until we find out where that blasted bunch of dumb jackasses in the second battalion is.'"

"Well," said Otto. "I just wanta empty a few dozen clips at them dogs."

"Geez," said Martin, "you're some soldier, ol'-timer!"

"Me: I hate 'em."

The dawn was coming rapidly. It was as though gray slides were being lifted one by one from some gigantic spotlight.

"Gosh—look!" cried Otto.

Three bulky figures entered the narrow cut. They were squat and gray in the half light, deformed under their square, high-riding packs and clumsy helmets. Martin rolled over, his teeth shining as the breath hissed from his open mouth. There was no time to lift the rifle. He pulled an automatic, salvaged from some dead officer, from its holster. At the same moment Otto raised his rifle and jerked the trigger. It did not move. His thumb pressed the safety and he jerked again. The explosion was appalling. The boughs trembled; the rooted trunks seemed to sway. Through the tumult the automatic crackled. One of the figures sat down quickly and rolled over on its face. The other two leaped violently and scuttled back into the gloom.

"Lost," whispered Martin—"they didn't know where they was."

"Won't there be no more?"

"I hope not. Say, Otto, crawl over and see if that guy's dead. I'll keep you covered. Stay along the edge till you get near."

Trembling, Otto crawled through the scanty underbrush. Suppose the others were hiding, watching. His face was dripping; the sweat ran into his eyes, blinding him. He was opposite the quiet heap. Reaching out, he caught the pack and tugged desperately. The German rolled awkwardly on his back; the deep helmet fell off with a faint clang. A bullet had entered at the base of the jaw. The blood made Otto sick. He saw a young, round, pale boyish face and delft-blue eyes, staring upward. There was a look of amazement upon the beardless face. Otto released his hold, but the body remained balanced on the pack, the head dangling backward until the blond hair dabbled in the bloody grass.

"Dead?" said Martin, as Otto returned.

Otto nodded.

"Keep your eye peeled that way."

He put the automatic rifle back in the crotch of the tree. It was quite light now.

"He looked about seventeen," said Otto.

"Who?"

"That." Otto pointed.

"Oh!"

They were silent. Otto's mind struggled with an obscure memory. Some profound thing hovered on the edge of his consciousness.

"Say, Martin."

"What's up, ol'-timer?"

"They oughtn't to kill boys like that."

"Why not?"

"Why, he wasn't more'n seventeen."

"'Far as that goes, I ain't nineteen. An' they'd kill me quick enough."

"Not nineteen?"

Otto stared at the dark boy and back at the dead German in the cut. He closed his eyes and tried to remember. Ah! Jimmy O'Keefe. Exactly. The same round, fair-skinned face and blue eyes. And maybe he had killed him.

"Do you think I shot him, Martin?" said Otto.

Martin turned and looked at the cook. His lips started a gibe; he stopped suddenly and said:

"Not a chance. Your rifle was pointed straight up, nearly."

"I wouldn't never be able to sleep. . . ."

"Don't take it so hard," said Martin. "He'd 'a' killed you."

"But I'm an old man, Martin."

"Here they come!" said Martin.

Little groups of men were emerging from the distant wood. They spread across the field, advancing rapidly, stepping high. Would they never stop coming? . . .

"Get them clips ready," said Martin. He sank his face close to the rifle. Otto was shaking. The field rose and fell gently as the blood throbbed in his eyes. Now he was going to be killed. Justice! Justice! Rifles were firing. The little men ran a few steps and dropped. The automatic rifle cracked; it trembled at each explosion, savagely alive. The little men arose, ran, and fell again.

"Clip!" shouted Martin.

Otto fumbled in the sack. Martin snatched it from him.

THE rifle was dancing again. Whirls of blue smoke emptied from the funnel at its hot mouth. The little men were down and returning the fire. Whips snapped in the branches overhead. Otto jammed his rifle through the bushes and began firing. After the clip was gone he kept on pulling the trigger. Justice! Justice! An eye for an eye! A life for a life! . . .

"There they go," shouted Martin. "Hot dog!"

The little men were scurrying back into the woods. There was a crackling of heavy feet behind the two C Company soldiers. Olive-drab shapes emerged from the last of the shadows, and a machine-gun squad set up their gun near Otto and Martin.

"Hello, youse guys," said a soldier with a dirty-faced grin.

"Hello, yourself—where you bin?" said Martin.

"Who, me? Spending the night in Paree, whatta you think?"

"Well, it's about time you come outa your dugouts."

"All right, buddy. Don't crab. You're goin' back now."

"We dam' near finished this war alone."

"Take your popgun, soldier and parti. We'll do the rest."

A C Company runner arrived smiling.

"Goin' out," he said. "Join the outfit at the first-aid station."

(*Continued on page 34*)

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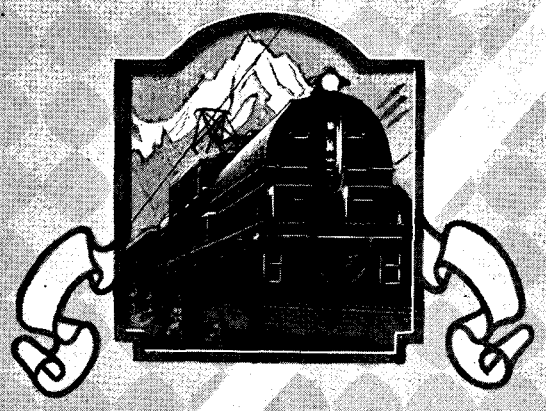

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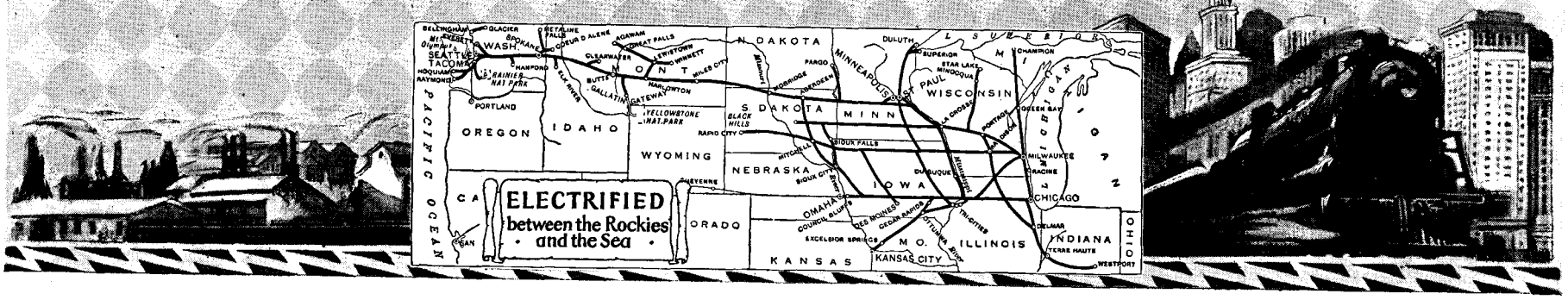

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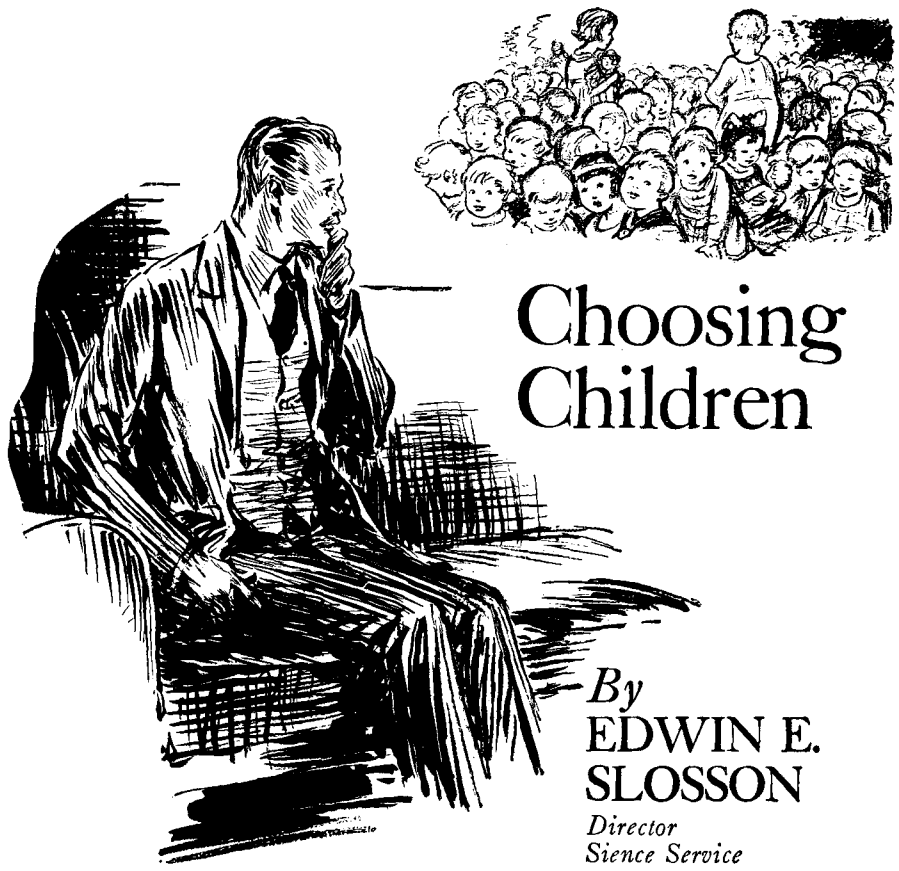

Choosing Children

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Sience Service

WANTED—A little boy who would like a big collie dog we have.

THAT was one of the requests received by the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society from couples who want to adopt children. Often the choice is made from whimsical and sentimental motives. Sometimes bereaved parents seek to replace a lost child by adopting one who looks most like him. One asks for "a child with big brown eyes," another for "a blonde with curly hair," possibly a masculine preference. A mother suddenly decided to adopt a baby because she thought it would look "so sweet" in a coat she could make from some left-over pieces of white fur!

A large percentage of the real parents of the adopted children were defective mentally and morally, yet the intelligence of the children was found to be up to the standard for children in general, and few cases of serious misbehavior were found.

The children who had been taken into the better homes scored higher than those brought up in the poorer homes. The illegitimate children proved to be superior intellectually to the legitimate, but this is ascribed by the investigators more to their having been taken earlier into better homes than to superior heredity. Environment counts heavily.

Our Southern Refrigerator

WHAT Commander Byrd proposes to fly over in January, 1929, is virtually one big cake of ice the size of the United States with two thirds of Canada. It is the biggest lump left unmelted since Mother Earth last got her two ice boxes stocked up some 300,000 years ago. Since then the supply has been gradually thawing out. The northern refrigerator has probably got almost empty at times. If Wilkins had flown over the North Pole when Leif Ericson discovered America, he might have found open water all the way. The Arctic Ocean froze up after that, but it seems to be on the thaw now. More bare patches of ground are to be seen now on the coast than Ross found there ninety years ago.

The Antarctic ice cap would also probably disappear if the mean temperature of the earth's atmosphere should rise a degree or two. The reason why it persists is that it exists. If we could devise some means of thawing off this sheet of ice, it might not reform even in the present condition of the world's climate. Then the Antarctic continent would be open for colonization, and we should have a world war for its possession.

The South Pole gets enough sunshine now to melt the ice cap, but since ice reflects four fifths of the rays that fall upon it, there is not enough left to thaw it. No rain falls there, but only snow, and this congeals into ice and slides down in perpetual glaciers on all sides to break off into icebergs on the edge.

This keeps the water near the freezing point, and the ice sheet keeps land and sea from warming up when the sun shines. For water will not even begin to warm up, but remains at the same temperature until all the ice is melted. So cold wind blows continually over the great ice plateau, often with tempestuous violence like the ten-day blizzard that froze Scott to death within eleven miles of his food depot. The summer sunshine is blistering, but the mean temperature of the warmest month (January) rarely rises to the freezing point. Yet the winter temperature is not so low as is the Arctic.

It is assumed that the sheet covering the land is in most places less than 2,000 feet thick, but Professor Meinardius of Göttingen thinks that the average altitude of the continent is not more than 2,000 feet above sea level, and if so the ice covering, 4,000 to 8,000 feet thick, would amount to twenty quadrillion tons, enough ice to cover all Europe to a depth of more than a mile deep. If this were melted down, it would raise the level of the sea all around the world by 100 feet. This would involve moving back some of our big cities, so it is just as well for the world that the Antarctic ice cap will not melt away in our time.

Diseases by Social Rank

THE British Registrar General has classified the mortality statistics during 1921-1923 into five classes, according to occupation, since this serves in England as a fair measure of wealth and culture. The result shows that what you are most likely to die of depends largely upon what you live by. Respiratory diseases, such as pneumonia, influenza and consumption, are highest in the lowest social class, and decrease regularly as one rises in the social scale. The order is reversed for diseases of the digestive system. Evidently the weak point of the poor man is his lungs; of the rich man, his stomach. Appendicitis increases in going up the ladder. Cancer shows a curious difference according to the point of attack. The lowest class of male workers suffers most from cancer in the upper alimentary canal from mouth to stomach and in the larynx and the skin—where the highest suffers least. But other forms of cancer attack all grades indiscriminately.

Plenty of Seconds

Continued from page 32

"Come on, ol'-timer," said Martin.

Otto picked up his rifle and the ammunition sack.

"Leave that," said Martin. "There's plenty more."

Otto averted his head. He walked a few steps hesitantly. He wouldn't look. He mustn't. He turned and stared wildly at the opening. The dead boy's blurred head hung limply down into the dark, stained grass.

Otto's movement attracted the attention of Martin. He ambled back and stood peering at the corpse.

"Say, that's a swell helmet," he said. "Lookit the way its camefloged, will you? Want it, Otto?"

("I'll bring you a helmet too, Jim . . . From a dead boy" . . .)

"Oh, no, no, no!" Otto cried.

"Then it belongs to little Willie," Martin said.

HE WENT over and picked up the helmet. Fastening the strap through his belt, he hung it at his hip. When he walked it clanked against the butt of his automatic.

"Ain't it a beaut?" he said admiringly. Otto stumbled blindly along behind the automatic rifleman. He felt sick all over. Clang! at every step. Otto remembered the far time and the dull anger that made him want to be a soldier. But that wasn't a Prussian. That was just a kid—like Jim O'Keefe. He was exhausted. . . Clang! Clang! They entered a sunken road and came to the stone dugout of the first-aid station. About thirty men of C Company were sitting about, smoking.

"Hey, here's Otto!"

"Oh, boy! When do we eat?"

"Glad to see you, Bruder," said Captain Hartly. He looked tired beyond description. One hand was covered with a dirty bandage. There were no other officers.

"Hop on, Bruder, with your men. They'll drop you near the camp. Get something hot started for us."

Otto and four of the kitchen force climbed on the truck.

The truck jolted along. Otto huddled over his rifle. The others laughed and sang; they laughed at anything. The truck stopped, and they descended. There stood the kitchen. Like an old friend, thought Otto—one sane thing in this horror.

He went to work in spite of his weariness. The potatoes felt good to his fingers; the fat bubbled and spit. Even the cornwillie slum had a comforting aroma. When the men arrived everything was ready. Otto stared at them. He was seeing them from a new angle. They were soldiers, they were boys; they were cruel and kindly. . . .

"Otto's some cook!"

"And maybe he ain't one swell soldier," said Martin. "I oughta know too."

Otto shook the words out of his mind. He wasn't a soldier; he didn't want to be a soldier. But he could cook. He'd feed 'em good, for they were Americans, fighting for America, and he was an American. . . .

"Plenty of seconds," he called. "Step right up. Plenty of seconds."

The Piano-Playin' Fool

Continued from page 11

piano. He started a tune, softly, dreamily. His gaze lifted from the keys to the wall and then suddenly became fixed on a large mirror hanging above the piano. Framed in this were the head and shoulders of Kitty at her cash register. She had her eyes on him and was humming in time with his tune.

"Do you know that tune?" he inquired.

"Sounds like one of those old Klondike dance-hall songs," she replied.

"The Ballad of a Tenderfoot," Jimmie explained.

"Catchy," said Miss Kitty. She went on humming. He broke into another tune.

"Here's another old one," he said as his fingers skipped over the keys and his gaze remained intent upon the image in the mirror. She gave her head a half turn toward the door, glanced in that direction quickly, then brought her eyes back to Jimmie at the piano. She was sitting directly in line with his back, but a little higher. Presently her hands rose to the slab of glass up on the top of the cash register. The fingers of each hand opened and began to dance back and forth across the glass. Every movement was visible to Jimmie in the mirror. Her fingers were going through the same motions that his were going through on the keys. She was playing the same tune, note for note, tap for tap. Through the mirror he followed them accurately.

"You play . . . don't you?" he inquired casually.

"Not a note," Miss Kitty replied, and he noted that as she said this she suddenly jerked her hands from the glass top.

Jimmie stopped playing. Jumping up from the stool he stepped briskly to the counter.

"Come on, Kitty, drag yourself out of there and show me what you can do on that old box," he pleaded.

"But I don't play," she insisted.

"You've got the hands of a musician," Jimmy coaxed.

"Well, I've got one tune," she finally admitted. "But I haven't touched a piano in a year. And that's all I can play."

"Give us that," said Jimmie.

"It's the tune you've just been playing," said Miss Kitty.

She got down from her stool and went over to the piano. She sat down and began playing mechanically.

"I've played this since I was a kid," she explained. "It's positively the only thing I know. It's haunting. You know what they call it, don't you?"

"Sure I do," Jimmie answered. "It's Traumerei! It's a—"

The sentence went unfinished. The latch on the front door clicked. Startled, Miss Kitty jumped up. Her hands, landing on the keyboard as she arose, sounded a violent, jarring discord. Her eyes were on the door.

"If it's Dapper," she whispered to Jimmie tremulously, "don't say a word about me playing this piano. Don't—don't for the Lord's sake mention that I played Traumerei."

The door was opened, admitting the bulky figure of Dapper Dan. Miss Kitty started forward for her stool behind the counter. Dan walked to the piano, stood looking at it, then dropped the cover over the keyboard. He was aflame with rage. Jimmie brushed past him sheepishly and out the door. He sped across the street into a phone booth.

THREE quarters of an hour later he sauntered back into the Midway for a cup of coffee. Steve Doolittle was helping Miss Kitty on with her coat. She was sobbing and did not see Jimmie enter. Tommy Foster was jangling the steel cuffs around Dan's wrists. Presently the chief came in, leading a cadaverous figure, also handcuffed.

"It's the Humboldt gang all right," he said to Steve. "Down in Dapper Dan's flat we found six of the gold bricks."

Miss Kitty burst into loud sobs.

"I told you . . . I told . . . you," she cried convulsively, lowering a handkerchief from her eyes and staring at Dan—"I told you you'd starve me into doing it. I had to play it . . . I had to."

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If the garage man has not reminded *you*—be sure to remind *him to re-cartridge your Purolator*.

It takes only a few minutes and costs little in comparison to the money it saves you.

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New Wings

Continued from page 15

jerked the boy out of the parcel chute hopper into which he had walked, and set him upon his feet. Again, a little later, Hamphill's rescuing hand snatched him to safety; this time by the slack of his coat collar. Clay and his foreman looked earnestly into each other's faces. The boy stiffened his white lips, ready for the fireworks. But Hamphill merely shook his head sorrowfully as he released Clay's lapel, and turning away said never a word. "What would have been the use?" he demanded of his cronies at lunch time, recounting the incident. "Days it takes a boy that age same as it does a hysterical woman. They can't help what they do or what they say."

BUT sheer worry and not merely the subtle chemistry of growth was racking the soul of Clay Albert Prather. At noon he hurried from the washroom. Deep in his right trousers pocket was his right hand, and tight in his right hand were nine dollars in paper currency. Yet he need not have put such finality into the moist pressure of those nervous fingers because he had not cleared the building before panic suggested that he make sure again—for the third time within ten minutes—that his money was indeed safe, all there and not diminished in genuineness.

In the arcade upon which the theatre fronted Clay studied an impressive lithograph of the actor whose palm would that evening cradle Yorick's skull. It pleased him to know that so seemly a player would strut the boards before Miss Waverly. The actor was far too good-looking to think of comfortably in connection with her, but so long as the fellow stayed on the stage, all right. Clay moved upon the box office.

"Hamlet here tonight?"

"Sure." The box officer wore an amazing tie and standing collar. The cosmopolitan air of him pleased Clay as the lithograph of the actor had. From such a one tickets for the admission of Miss Waverly should be purchased.

"Got any good seats left?"

"Sure. How many?"

"Two. Together. Up close."

The tickets were slipped half into an envelope with the seat numbers visible. Clay inspected them feverishly, not seeing one essential thing. The precious pasteboards might have been cigar-store coupons for all he actually knew, though he frowned long and earnestly at them.

"Like 'em?" queried the ticket salesman.

"First rate. Say, you're sure it's tonight—Hamlet, I mean?"

"Sure. But don't take my word for it. Look at those bills in the arcade."

"Thanks." Clay turned away, shoved the tickets deep into the trousers pocket from which six dollars and thirty cents had just gone perspiring upon its way, and stalked toward Baronne Street. Halfway through the arcade he wheeled suddenly and returned to the box office.

"You said tonight was when Hamlet was here, didn't you?"

"I did. You cannot browbeat me into admission to the contrary. Rain or shine, sick or well, skull or no skull, soliloquy or to the contrary, *Hamlet will show in this theatre tonight.*" Then, sweetly, "You'll come, will you not?"

Clay blushed and backed away. "Is it eight-fifteen or eight-thirty it starts?"

"Eight-thirty. Gosh, boy, you must be dated up with your English teacher! Run on before I smile or do something really brutal to you."

Clay left. He did not run, but his pace was nearly as swift as he hoped it was majestic. And he held those tickets. The dread that confinement of both in the tiny envelope might lead to double loss prompted him to turn the two electric things loose in his trousers pocket. His fingers never forsook them.

He plunged into Thornton's counter-service restaurant, where his hasty lunches were grabbed, gobbled and got.

"Ticket!" The girl smiled. She knew him by sight. "In a big hurry today, huh?"

"Me? No. Thanks." Clay snatched the check and passed on. Like most males who attempt to select food for themselves, Clay held to a cast-iron formula. Day after day his lunch was the same. In season he got strawberry shortcake, ice cream and a mug of black coffee. When the berries became unavailable he switched to banana shortcake, but held to the coffee and ice cream. It came to forty cents.

When Clay had finished his lunch, he dug out a quarter and three nickels, and, retrieving his check from his pocket, ambled past the cashier's counter. There was no change to wait for, thank goodness! His practiced hand laid the four coins on top of the ticket without aid of brain or eye; he placed them on the counter and hastened out, nervously exploring his pocket. His fingers conveyed the joyous news. The tickets had not escaped!

When Clay, with little time to spare, hastened to the "boys' room" after a dinner at which things had gone too smoothly, he found Jake draped over one bed and Clint sitting upon the edge of the other. Clint's presence mattered only in so far as it restricted one in rummaging for ties and collars marked C. P. Jake also possessed compelling neckwear, but it was for far deeper reasons that Clay felt his heart sink as he began to peel off his everyday suit.

"Going out?" Jake began serenely. His methods were always gentle. He began back of beyond and never failed to get his man. Clay knew immediately that Jake would find out every feverish incident of the day: the two-times rescue from the parcel chute; the disheartening encounter with the box-office man; the forgotten check at the restaurant, and last, but the real goal of this infallible third degree, Jake would find out with whom Clay would see Hamlet that evening. Clay knew the outcome, knew and winced at the intermediate process, but a dogged something in him always made him dispute every inch of the via crucis.

"Going out?" Jake repeated the question; there was mild, gentlemanly interest in the tone.

"Who, me?" Clay turned, unfastening his wilted collar. "I thought I might go see this Hamlet thing that's in town."

"Well, it's a good play." Jake drew upon his pipe placidly. "But my idea of an evening's amusement is to get some girl and see a lively show. When you going to get old enough not to be afraid to take a gal along with you?"

"You don't know but what I ain't going with one tonight," Clay barked back precipitately. Jake's smile widened his candid blue eyes.

"Well, don't let her mamma and papa know who's taking her out. Are you cradle-robbing again like you did when you took the Jansen kid to the circus? I bet—"

"I'm going with a grown woman." Clay felt the pressure tightening, but he struggled hard. ("He won't get her name out of me! He won't! He'll make up a lot of crazy jokes about it. I won't tell him!")

"An *old* woman? Who?" It was a crude but effective form of laceration thus deliberately to misunderstand.

"I said a *grown* woman."

"Oh. And you ain't scared?"

"What of? She's a mighty sweet girl."

Clint stirred upon his bed. "My God!" he groaned softly, hopelessly.

"She pretty?" Jake cocked up one tow-colored eyebrow.

"She's got brains—if you know what that means." Clay hardly understood the quiver of anger into which the casual question hurled him.

"Yeah, I know. It means you're being taken by your Sunday-school teacher. The rest of the class going along? She buy the tickets?"

CLAY'S bitter eyes flashed a hasty triumph. "I'm going to take Miss Waverly."

"Well, I'm glad it's somebody that's used to spanking you if you don't behave. Don't go out in the intermission without explaining that you just want to see a feller." The solemn impishness of the eyes drove Clay berserk.

"If you can't—" he choked. "If you don't know how to talk decent about a lady, keep your mouth shut!"

"Who's talking about a lady? I'm trying to tell *you* what to do. Lord knows, she's old enough to know already, I guess. But, then, I suppose she'll keep you straight." He hiked his voice to what he believed to be a soprano issuing classroom orders: "'Clay, you may go out now. Rise, turn, pass! Hands on hips—place!' And, young son, be darned sure you place 'em on the right hips."

"Shut up! She's a decent girl!"

"'That will do, Clay. You may sit down. Britches on chair—place!'"

Clay clicked his mouth shut and with burning eyes plunged into the furious business of dressing. He would wear his own miserable, dirty, rumpled tie. Jake could go to the devil. ("If he wasn't my brother— But he wouldn't have dared to insult her if he hadn't known I couldn't kill him.")

His genial tormentor on the bed seemed to have lost interest. Jake talked to Clint and drew upon his pipe. Yet his smiling eyes were not empty of Clay. When the burning paladin of outraged femininity was dressed all but tie and collar Jake directed a soothing and reasonable question: "Got a better-looking tie than that billygoat beard you've been wagging into your soup? Ditch it and try one of mine. Don't take it so hard. She may let you kiss her."

"I wouldn't try!" Clay barked back instinctively. Then he grinned sheepishly. "Thanks for the tie," he mumbled, and snatched the gorgeous silken thing with trembling fingers.

Jake did him a far greater service a few minutes later, when the front hall was resounding with the scuffle and bang of his wild departure. "Clay! Oh, Clay! Got your tickets?"

"Gosh!" the boy groaned, darting back and snatching up his everyday trousers: "I nearly forgot 'em." Finally he rocketed forth again only to return wild-eyed, agonized, his slim body torn by ecstasies of haste which swept him in four directions at once. "Handkerchief!" he sputtered. "Clint, lemmyoneofyoursplease!"

"Look in the drawer," drawled his elder brother. "You wouldn't have forgotten it if you'd had the room to yourself, would you?"

THE drawer stuck, but Clay wrenched it open with convulsive snatches. grabbed out a handkerchief and bolted again.

"Oh, Clay!" Jake called. As by magic the boy was in the bedroom door again.

"What is it?" He slapped pockets and stared with fearful eyes.

"I lent you the tie, didn't I?"

"Yeah. What's the matter?" Fingers flew to the well-tied scarf.

"Well, I'm just *for* you. Will you answer me a question, yes or no?"

"What you want?" No number of loaned ties could unseat Clay's triple-clinched copper-riveted distrust of this blue-eyed brother of his, who smiled always.

"You going to try to hug her up and kiss her a little?"

The boy flashed into splendid fury and wheeled like a stricken buck. "No! She's a decent girl, I told you!"

"Sure!" Jake called, his voice swelling reassuringly as Clay strove to put distance between them. "I know she is. That's why I asked you. You don't have to try with the other kind!"

Clay's mad hurry was not in vain. It got him to Miss Waverly's door at 7:15.

A very bulky man in the throes of swallowing something not completely masticated snatched the door open.

"Ur—Miss Waverly live here?"

"Miss Waverly? Yes. I think she's about through dinner. Just come inside and wait."

"I— No, thank you." Clay obligingly seized the screen and himself held it open. "I'll walk around a little. Got some business to— I'll call back again."

Then Clay walked. He walked and looked at his watch. He developed a system of counting to two hundred by fives and looking at the watch. Then he walked two blocks, looked at the watch, and walked two blocks more. This was even better than counting. He got intensely interested . . . 7:30. Two blocks more; 7:33. Two blocks more. . . .

At eight o'clock, when he should have been at Miss Waverly's door, Clay had followed his time-killing system nearly a mile across uptown New Orleans. Panic seized him. He turned, crammed his watch into his pocket, and dashed back. Pedestrians, traffic, strolling nurses and rolling children spun by as he spurned the ringing pavement.

(*Continued on page 38*)

How I Put Over the Klan

WILLIAM JOSEPH SIMMONS talks *at last!*

The modern Ku Klux Klan was born in his brain. He nursed it as it grew into a dark power brooding over America. Its purposes were his, he devised its rituals and even drew its weird emblems with his own pen.

Collier's sent William G. Shepherd to Atlanta to persuade Simmons to tell his story. The three articles which resulted represent one of the greatest achievements of recent journalism. Read "How I Put Over the Klan"

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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aundry washing prolongs life of dainty fabrics

HARD WATER has the same effect on your clothes as it has on your hair ⚜ You simply cannot make a real sudsy lather to cut the acrid dirts . . . and though it may look clean, you feel your hair and know better ⚜ Nor will hard water rinse out the soap and dirt ⚜ There's nothing miraculous about laundry methods ⚜ Although modern laundries are scientific institutions dedicated to cleanliness, their results are obtained in a simple manner ⚜ Your clothes are gently washed with pure soap in filtered *rainsoft* waters of accurately determined temperatures . . . . and with from nine to thirteen complete changes of water ⚜ Instead of rubbing the life out of fabrics to get them clean, the washing action in the modern laundry is as gentle as when you wash lingerie in a bowl of warm water in your home. . . . ⚜

The LAUNDRY *does it best*

Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

ABOVE—The modern laundry irons your clothing with equipment so delicately adjusted that tissue paper may be passed through it without tearing. LEFT—Every modern laundry washing formula has been evolved with scientific, prescription-like accuracy.

© 1928 M. A. C.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now —let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll get it with a Readyset

No focusing! No adjusting! All you have to do is Open—*Aim*—SHOOT!

That one feature of the Ansco Readyset Camera does more to assure good snap-shots than any device, or combination of devices, that could be *added* to its design.

Advanced cameras are for experts. Fumble one thing, or wobble another, and the picture may be gone!

But there is nothing about the Readyset to fumble or to fuss with. Just set it for snap-shots and—*shoot*! Taking time-exposures is just as easy.

Every Readyset comes to your hands focused and adjusted for the work you want it to do—this made possible by the fact that the vast majority of snap-shots are taken under much the same conditions.

Buy* or borrow a Readyset. Note the high percentage of "perfects"—the pictures you want, taken as you want them.

*Camera, drug, department stores.

The Ansco Readyset

Three popular sizes *No. 1 (2¼ x 3¼) $10.50*
Vest-Pocket, $7.50. *No. 1A (2½ x 4¼) $13.50*

Complete travel records for album or screen

Personal picture-taking in its most convenient form

ANSCO MEMO CAMERA $20

Including Carrying Case

FIFTY pictures *at one loading* is only one unique feature of the Ansco Memo Camera. Weighing only 12 oz., and 2 x 2½ x 4 in. in size, it can be carried anywhere. It loads in daylight—and the 50-picture film costs but 50 cents a roll.

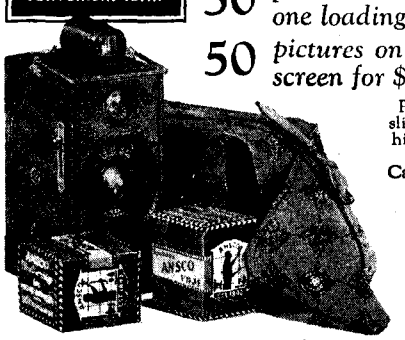
Prints for projection, made from your 50-picture negatives, cost about $1—2c per picture. See this camera at your dealer's; or send for free 48-page book.

The Ansco Memoscope—35 mm. still-film projector, illustrated above—costs but $19.50, including case.

50 *pictures at one loading*

50 *pictures on the screen for $1*

Price slightly higher in Canada



Agfa Ansco Corporation, Binghamton, N. Y.

New Wings

Continued from page 36

New Orleans August evenings are designed for more languorous employment than doing a mile in seven minutes flat. At 8:10 he slackened his pace a half block from the Waverly home and wiped his moist hands and dripping brow. His gait was quick but dignified when he came up to those high steps again; he mounted and fumbled for the bell.

"Is that Clay? Here I am. It's so much cooler out here." A wicker chair creaked, and Miss Waverly, heart-stoppingly beautiful in pure white, stood up, the street light glorifying her bobbed and radiant head as it came above the railing of the porch.

"How are you, Miss Waverly?" Clay had not quite caught his breath. She came forward graciously, redolent of some delightful perfume which penetrated to the boy's soul as he took her hand.

"I'm all righty, Clay. Shall we go? Didn't I see you running just before you got to our corner? What was the matter?"

"I—"

"Maybe we'd better start," interrupted the young woman hastily. For her heart was kind, and his embarrassment was obvious.

Clay remembered of their downtown trip only certain vivid scenes, implanted deliciously beyond oblivion if he lived to be a hundred. He remembered the roundness and firm sweetness of the arm which he held as they descended the steps. He remembered her kindly, amused eyes as she strove to chat with him on the street car. He remembered—with not so much pleasure—that it was she who rang for their corner, which he would have failed to recognize in the intoxication of her nearness. But in the arcade before the theatre he caught his poise strongly with both hands and felt immensely powerful and protective as they joined the crowd streaming toward the magic doors.

Clay was nonchalant as he fished the tickets from his inner coat pocket. It might be well to let her see them, let her know right now that he hadn't got anything but the best. ("I don't so often take ladies out—not very often—but when I do, the best ain't—isn't—any too good.")

Her voice recalled him from the land of unsaid speeches: "Why, one of them is *white;* I wonder why?"

Clay looked at the tickets. One of them was *white.* And he knew why. It was the dairy-lunch check—and he had left his other theatre ticket on the cashier's counter at Thornton's restaurant with a quarter and three nickels on top of it!

AGONY did not paralyze his body. His legs carried him inexorably toward the door, toward the steely-eyed uniformed ticket taker. Then Clay, turning his back on the ticket taker, suddenly heard himself saying, "Miss Waverly, how about let's get a drink before we go in?" Her eyes—her eyes were all he saw—turned on him a look so startled that his lips produced an explanation automatically: "I always get thirsty just before a show, don't you? Some folks do afterward. But me, I always get mighty thirsty before a show, don't you?"

He steered her to a little table in one of the arcade refreshment places. "What'll you have, Miss Waverly? Take anything you like, we got plenty of time." Clay's agony-pinched face must have puzzled the girl, or perhaps she sensed the urgency in his invitation. She looked at his eyes. She had seen that look in the eyes of a dog as it hurled itself from in front of an automobile.

"You order for both of us, Clay; I'll abide by your decision."

"Yessum. Hey!" he called to the waitress and beckoned with stiff imperiousness.

"May I serve you, sir?" The aproned young woman invested the title with unpleasant, drawled emphasis.

"Bring this lady a banana split, I'll order when you come back. I wanter think."

"Oh, Clay! You shouldn't have done that. I won't have time to eat it."

"Yessum, you will. Just take time, anyway."

Again Miss Waverly looked at her escort's face and was silent until the banana split—an elaborate thing even of its kind—was brought. "Now, what will you order, Clay?"

"Bring me a glass of water. Nothing beats water when you're sure-'nuff thirsty, does it?"

The waitress returned with the glass of water and the check. Clay made two gulps of the water and arose hastily. "You excuse me a minute, Miss Waverly? There's a man I gotter see right out here just a minute."

"Oh, certainly, Clay. Go right ahead." Her kindly gray eyes twinkled just a little too much in according the permission. A dispassionate observer could have seen that Miss Waverly was not feeling any great need of Hamlet under the circumstances.

Clay bolted to the box office. There was only a short queue waiting. Possibly it was no more than a minute before his turn came. In that period a lifetime of agony and shame wrung his being. The cashier seemed genial enough. "How many, sir."

"I got two tickets here at noon—"

"They were phoned for? What name, please?"

"No! I got 'em. But I left one at Thornton's thinking it was my lunch check, and I brought the check along instead of the ticket. Any way you can fix me up?"

"How's that? I didn't quite understand. Your name is Thornton?" The cashier turned to a compact file at his left elbow. "Were they orchestra seats, Mr. Thornton?"

"No! You don't understand. I bought two tickets here at noon. By mistake I paid one to the cashier at Thornton's and brought along *one* ticket and my lunch check—" He proferred the two slips of cardboard.

"One of these is good for tonight," reacted the box office; "the other isn't. Sorry, sonny, but that's been tried before. Beat it."

Clay turned. He was resolute and surprisingly clear about what was to be done. He would leave Miss Waverly to the transient happiness of the banana split (she wouldn't mind paying for it after reading the coroner's report in the paper) and walk to Canal Street, down Canal Street to the river, and if he didn't feel different by the time he got there, he would jump in. No, he did not positively promise himself the balm of suicide. He was proud of being perfectly honest with himself: if he felt as he did now when he got to the river, he would jump in.

But in turning from the box office window he made two discoveries simultaneously: the refreshment shop in which he had left Miss Waverly had a glass side facing the arcade; she had seen the whole thing, and her eyes above her handkerchief seemed moist but not tragic. And the man immediately behind Clay, against whom he brushed as he turned to his wild flight, was—Jake!

"Aw, fix him up, Morrissy," Jake advised the box-office cynic; "he's my kid brother. And besides you ought to see he hasn't sense enough really to be trying to crash you: Which one was lost, Clay? The one you have is one-o-five. What was the other? Don't pretend you haven't looked at 'em nine hundred times today."

"One-o-six!" Clay tried not to shout.

"Pretty expensive lunch if your brother hadn't happened along, buddy," admonished the cashier. "Here; this slip of paper will get you by." . . .

THAT he would hear the end of this *affair only after eternity thinned out* into whatever follows it, he was certain. He would not wait to be driven away. He would go. Yes, he would eat breakfast with them all just this once more. He liked them—loved them, he supposed. But that just made it all the harder to do what he had to do for Miss Waverly's sake and his own sake. He knew Jake's tongue of light; he knew Clint's slower but more mangling attack, and the primitive complacence with which womenfolk view the intra-family baiting of striplings by men. Well, they could have their fun for one meal, but he would simply just have to sacrifice his love for them. "If it was just myself," he whispered as he dressed, "I would stand it rather than have a family row and bust-up. But this poor, innocent girl shall not suffer!" His words were prophetic, but he didn't know it. Miss Waverly did *not* suffer. Indeed she remembered the incident throughout all the rest of her days and never with any feeling which even remotely resembled suffering.

When Clay entered the dining-room his not very pugnacious jaw was set. ("Just one word from him—*just one*—and I'm going!")

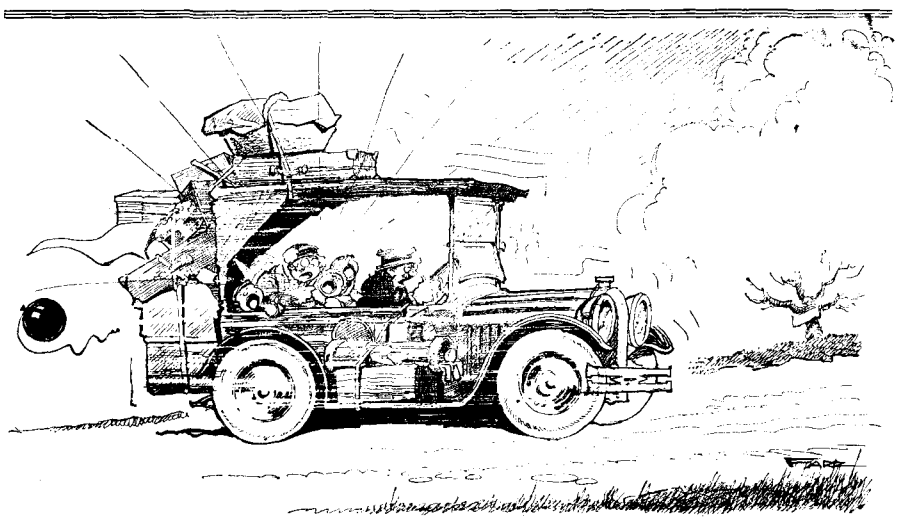
"Hamburger—for breakfast!" The hungry boy in Clay shouted it through the tense lips of the tragic young man.

"Good morning," mumbled everybody easily.

"Say, Clay," Jake spoke in the tone of a man and a brother. "That Morrissy at the box office is a pain, isn't he? I don't know what you'd have done if I hadn't been there. He oughtn't to have turned you down that way. Any man's apt to get in a jam now and then."

"Gee, I'm glad you *was* there, Jake!" Something had snuffed out tragedy as you flick away a charred match. Breakfast, Jake, Clint, Mary, Cissily—Clay loved them all. And coiled down safely behind him was that greatest of all human experiences: He had taken a grown young lady to a show.

"Any more hamburger, Cissily?"



"Rupert, is there any danger of a collision?"
"I'm afraid not."

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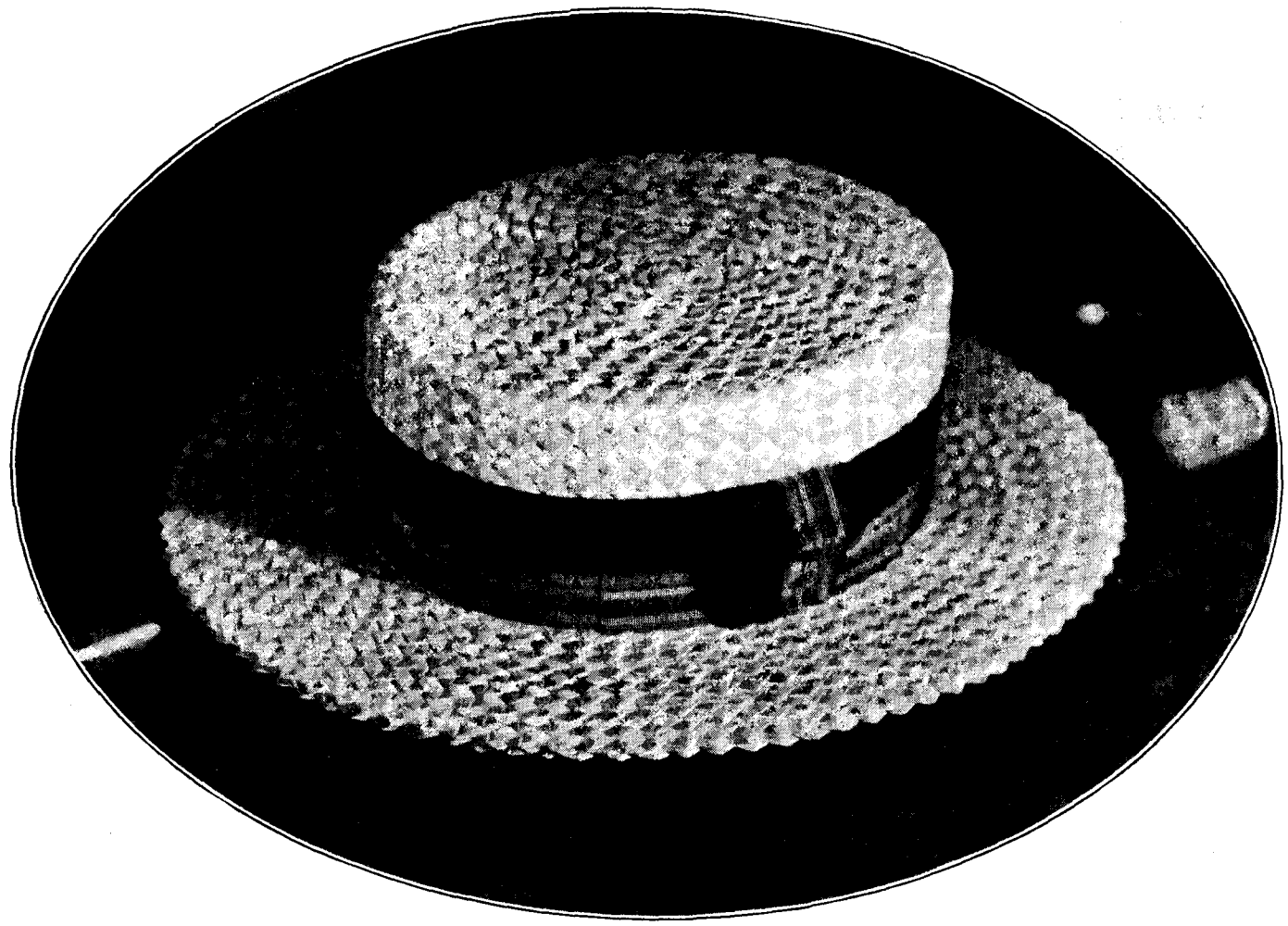
Get a new hat with what it *saves* you

Using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of costlier ones, the average saving is $3 per year per person. With this a man may buy a hat, a necktie or two, hosiery and shirts; a woman may purchase stockings, handkerchiefs, cold cream, etc.



Compare this tooth paste to *any* -and judge by results *alone*

YOU see it all around you—the effect of efficiency and mass production . . . wonderful motor cars at surprisingly low prices . . . household appliances now costing half what they used to.

Such a tendency was bound to extend to the tooth paste field.

That is why, today, we can offer you a first class dentifrice—at *25c for a large tube.* It is called Listerine Tooth Paste.

Large tube 25c

In our opinion, after fifty years of study of tooth and mouth troubles, it is the ideal tooth paste for all types of teeth.

In addition to certain ingredients for the proper care of teeth, mouth and gums, it contains a marvelous new polishing agent, which reduces brushing to a minimum . . . the speediest dentifrice known.

In the last six months, thousands have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste. Having proved that it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time, they have discarded older dentifrices costing sometimes twice as much. They apply the saving to buying things they want.

We urge you to try this new dentifrice. Obtainable from any druggist. If you are not delighted with its results and its economy you will be the exception. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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Pipe Smoker Hunts Two Years For Right Tobacco

Finally discovers it within reach of everyone

The good old maxim, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," evidently applies to tobacco as well as anything else.

Many a man has quit trying after a few different brands have failed to give him pipe-smoking satisfaction. Here's the story of a man who persevered until he found the kind of pipe tobacco he spent two years searching for:

Dallas, Texas,
March 22, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

The worst thing in the world to try to find is a good pipe tobacco that is well within the reach of everybody, and at the same time does not taste like it had just come out of the cabbage patch.

I have been smoking a pipe for two years and have just this month started to smoke a *real* smoke, Edgeworth. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Believe me, I tried for two years, but finally success is more than mine.

I have just been looking around, and have found to my delight that I can get Edgeworth practically anywhere. I even found it out at the lake near Dallas where I go fishing. Oh boy, what a combination—a perfect day, a can of good tobacco, and your pipe.

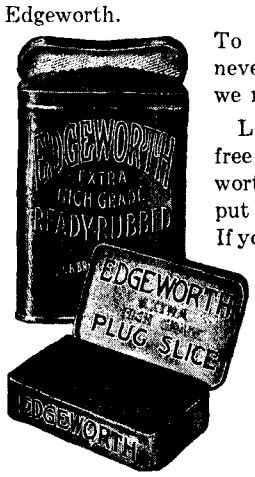
I always thought these ad letters were the bunk, but this time I know somebody is wrong and that is *me*.

Here's to old Edgeworth,

Edmund Condon.

Think of all the good things that would be lost to the world if men quit trying. Inventors spend their lives working on better devices. What would happen if they gave up?

But of course even inventors profit by the experience of others. That is why these advertisements appear. They save you the trouble of trying too many other brands of tobacco by telling you about Edgeworth.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 7

bird; about the worst in the whole deck, I'd say," he grumbled. "Why couldn't I leave it alone? Well—let's see what old Brother here has to say about it."

He lifted the book from the casket, carefully opening the pages, yellowed with age, printed from a black-letter font.

YE EGYPTIAN BOOKE OF YE DEDDE

as shewn inne Ye Taroe of ye Englyshe Gypsies;
and wrote doune from
Ye Scrolles of Egypte
by one
Brother Eusebius Philalethus.

Printed inne ye citie of London
inne ye year of Our Lordde
MDCLXVI.

"Number fifteen," Valdez murmured, looking at the Roman numerals in a corner of the card. "Now, then, brother, what about it?"

In a singsong tone to match the church lettering of the book, he half chanted under his breath:

"Fifteen is ye Kabbalistic number of Ye Beaste, and this card portendeth a tyme of much trouble, being of Ye Sygne of Fyre inne Ye House of Ye Scorpion. When ytte ruleth over one person, ytte bringeth much Feare and Strange desire. When ytte ruleth over manie, ytte bringeth Secrette Uprysynges and the falls of those in Pouer. And in conjunction wyth ytte there is the folloynge chaunt of Ras Hotep, Prieste of Ye Mysteries of Hermes Ye Thrice Greatte, Overseere of Ye Palace Tryumphaunt, entytled: 'Ye Chapter of Beatynge Back Ye Croccodyle.'

"Get ye backe, ye croccodyle, gette ye back. Ye shalle notte advance unto mee, ye thatte cometh wyth magical worddes toe laie waste ye landde of Nue un ye daies of ye Greatte Slaughter. . . ."

Valdez laid the book on the table.

"If you'd only speak a little more plainly, Brother," he sighed. He pressed his hands to his temples as he strove for some grip on the slippery occulation of those sentences. "Yet it gets one somehow. 'Hermes the Thrice Great'—'Overseer of the Palace Triumphant.' That's man stuff, even if I don't know what it means."

It brought pictures, dim in violet and gold, like the sun beating on shadowed water gates. One could almost see that bygone singer, robed and hieratic, standing on his walls above the Nile, launching his chant at the fat reptile slinking up in the mud with its 'magical worddes.' And 'the Land of Nue'—something open, untouched, undefiled. Oh, he could feel a thousand things, conjured up by those queerly thrilling sentences—but the trouble was, what was it all about?

HE PUSHED the book aside, then a couple of last lines, naïvely crowded at the bottom of the page, caught his attention. It was obviously an afterthought of Brother Eusebius himself, slipped in to comfort.

"Yette lette notte ye stoutte heartte be afraide atte ye comynge of ye card. For toe those of Ye Fourth Mansion ytte has alwaies been thatte ye Daies of Ye Croccodyle are also ye tyme of Escape."

A shadow, not cast by the light above him, fell across Valdez' face.

"Hang old Brother, he hits the mark so. I'd burn the damn' things if it weren't for—"

He remembered his mother, with her amber eyes and hair as darkly copperish as his own. He could almost feel her hands, almost catch again the last whisper that he was to hear from her coming faintly in his ears: "Keep them . . . they will speak . . . some day. . . ." And now they had spoken, oddly in time with his own half determination. He thought of his own name, blazing from the theatre's front:

THE PRINCE OF ESCAPE

Escape. . . .

At sixteen, wrists handcuffed to ankles, his boyish body wound about with chains, he had jumped from the St. Louis bridge into the brown Mississippi—and escaped from it.

Only last week he had been publicly chained, clamped and nailed into a weighted box and cast from the deck of a Thames steamer in front of the Embankment—and he had escaped. Yesterday he had allowed himself to be stripped, buckled into a strait-jacket and locked into a cell at Marylebone Police Station. In five minutes he had walked out of it, twirling the jacket about his head.

Escape. . . . What on earth was there left him to escape from, unless it were to escape from this continual escaping of which he was weary? So weary in fact, that he had already formed his plans; for a week his preparations had been complete, awaiting the subjective kick which would arouse them to action. And now the kick had come.

"The time of escape," he echoed, looking at the yellowed page. "Brother—you have said something."

A gesture brought the Hindu again to his side.

"Sahib."

"In case the trick goes wrong tonight, you know what to do?"

"Accha, Sahib; we wait *panch* meenit, then if Sahib no come out, go for tent, break open box."

"Tonight, if I should not come out, then you will all four of you run to the tent. You will be much excited, you will run about and make much noise. Two of you will run offstage to get the tools. One of you will run in and out of the tent. You understand? I want much confusion on the stage . . . in case anything should happen."

"Accha, Sahib, accha, hom janna."

"Then give me my coat and go to the stage; it is nearly time."

LEFT alone, Valdez found a throbbing in his finger tips at thought of what he had decided upon. He stood frowning down at the sinister card on the little table, half regretting, yet not quite able to forego his purpose. The moments dripped hollowly by; a knock on the door made his heart give a squirming leap.

The unusual seemed the evening's general order, for it was the theatre lessee, the great Gus Mastanien himself, who entered. A square-built man, with a face like a painted mask, he moved in such a projection of his own ego that one felt the impact yards away. He was vaguely American, absolute czar of the London variety stage, and rather famous for his single-sentence interview with Ann Wrex.

"Write what you like of me," he had told her. "Whatever it is, it can't help being true."

There was another man with him, presented as "Mr. Niklaus," who bowed additional information.

"Private secretary to Sir Helios Cordato."

(*Continued on page 42*)

FORE!

MR. WHIFFLE, the club's champ, is slicing into the rough these days. In the friendly game on the country club porch Mrs. Dusenbery is constantly trumping her partner's ace. And you can't scare up a caddie for love or money. 'Cause why? 'Cause they're all working on Jingles in the Rough in the hopes of getting a magnificent gold luck-piece with their initials engraved thereon. You don't believe it? Well, just look at what Hollis C. Franklin of Marion, Ky., admits the craze has done to his game:

I missed the putt,
And I'll tell you why:
I was thinking of jingles
Instead of my try.

There, there, Hollis. Never mind. Your lucky pocket-piece is on its way and now just watch your game pick up. Others whose minds are absorbed by the fascinating pastime of jingleering, offer:

A tee, a ball, a fairway green;
Sun shining on the course.
A stance, a swing, a lifted head.
She laughed! Black Eye! Divorce.
—Eustace Vynne,
Chicago, Ill.

Another aspect of the woman angle, whatever that is:

She was beautiful, so beautiful,
Her face was fair to see—
But as partner in a foursome
Give her anyone but me.
—Irving Rose,
Waterbury, Conn.

And:

They never slice, they never hook,
They never top the ball—
Their form is more than perfect, for
They don't play golf at all.
—Frank L. Meade,
Niagara University, N. Y.

Well, that's one way to thwart Colonel Bogey! And here's a wail from Ronald Tozier of Salina, Kan.:

I took three lessons from the pro—
I practiced in the hall;
And now my form is perfect—
But I cannot hit the ball.

■

Don't be timid. Tee up and drive off and never mind the gallery. They're all jingleers, too. Send your rhymes to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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An ADVERTISING AGENT SPEAKS Editorially

The advertising agent for a well-known household appliance selling from $195.00 up writes this about Collier's—

> **"We feel that Collier's has not only been an excellent purchase on the basis of low cost but is reaching a class of families that are particularly good prospects for (our client).**
>
> **"Its editorial structure is one that appeals to a thinking aggressive type of people, a type that is open-minded to new things and is quickly responsive to ideas that will contribute to the improvement of the home.**
>
> **"The fact that a schedule for 1928 has been placed is evidence of (our) satisfaction with the results secured last year."**

If you follow Collier's editorially, you understand why "it reaches a class of families that are particularly good prospects"... Busy, active, *responsive* men and women who read Collier's for a quick close-up of our world and times.

Brief articles packed with facts from which the day's news is made... Business by Babson... the S-4 by Ellsberg... Aviation by Byrd... Sport by Grantland Rice... all told in five minutes' to a half-hour's reading... Fiction in the same brief tempo—meeting all tastes from John Erskine to Zane Grey... 18 to 22 features per issue.

This is why advertisers and agents say, "Collier's is setting an editorial pace strictly in keeping with present-day ideas." And they attribute the *unusual advertising action they get from Collier's* to this editorial quality.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

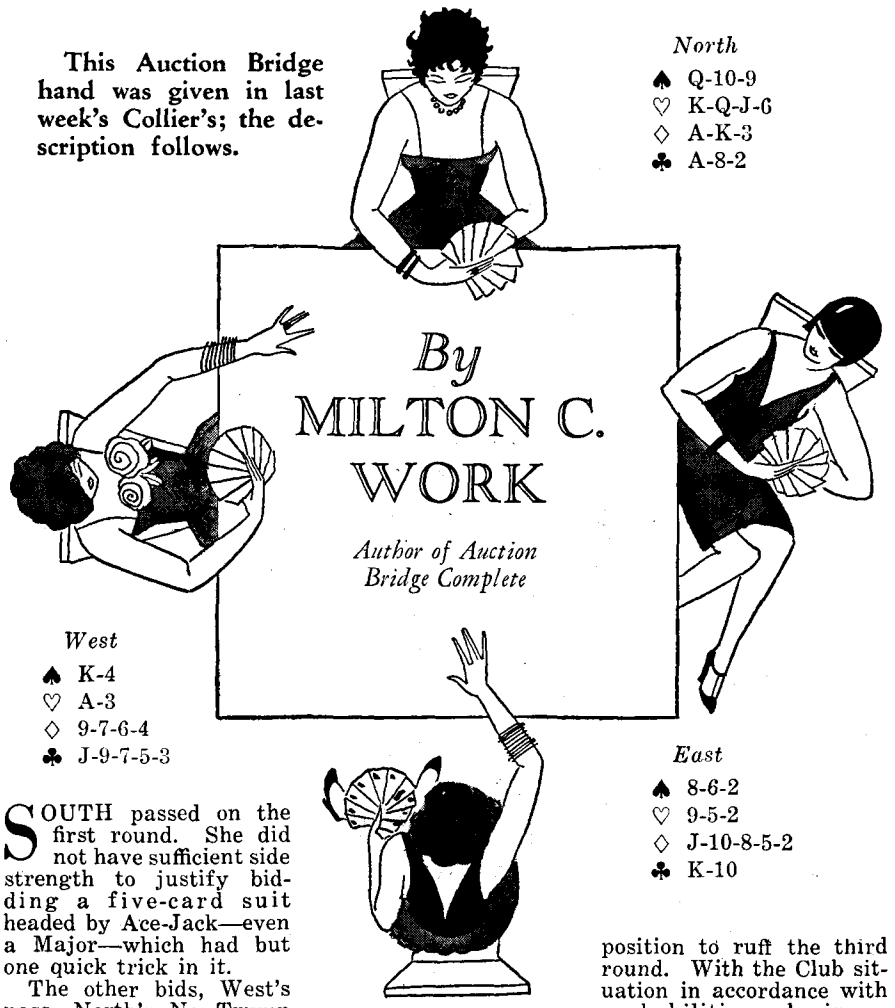
"Collier's ~ for ACTION"

Now more than 1,600,000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How would you play it?

This Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows.



North
♠ Q-10-9
♡ K-Q-J-6
◇ A-K-3
♣ A-8-2

West
♠ K-4
♡ A-3
◇ 9-7-6-4
♣ J-9-7-5-3

East
♠ 8-6-2
♡ 9-5-2
◇ J-10-8-5-2
♣ K-10

South
♠ A-J-7-5-3
♡ 10-8-7-4
◇ Q
♣ Q-6-4

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

SOUTH passed on the first round. She did not have sufficient side strength to justify bidding a five-card suit headed by Ace-Jack—even a Major—which had but one quick trick in it.

The other bids, West's pass, North's No Trump and East's pass on the first round, were obvious.

South bid 2 Spades on the second round. She was fully justified by her Spade holding and the distribution of the remainder of her hand; a singleton, while not in itself sufficient reason for a take-out, nevertheless is always an argument in favor of one.

After South's two Spades, and a pass by West, North had a moderately close choice between a pass and two No Trumps; but having three cards headed by two honors in the suit bid secondarily by South and only one stopper in Clubs, the probabilities of making game seemed greater at Spades than at No Trump.

East, of course, passed and the bid was South's two Spades.

The Play

AS I saw this hand played, West properly opened with the fourth best Club. The Declarer passed the trick up to her Queen, playing small from Dummy. East won with the King of Clubs, and of course returned that suit. The Declarer won in the Dummy and then tried her trump finesse, leading the Queen from Dummy and playing small from Closed Hand. West's King of Trumps won, and West then led a third Club which East trumped, this being the third trick for the adversaries (the King of Clubs, the King of trumps and the ruff of the third Club). After that West made her Ace of Hearts, so East and West won four tricks and saved the game.

At the end of the hand South commented upon the hard luck she had encountered in finding both black Kings on the wrong side of her Aces, and in having East get in a ruff of Clubs. Apparently it did not occur to her that she had allowed a practically sure game to slip through her fingers. When the small Club was led there was a greater probability that East had the King of that suit than that the lead was from it; also, with the Trey of Clubs missing, there was a reasonable chance that the lead was from a five-card suit and, if so, East held but two and would be in position to ruff the third round. With the Club situation in accordance with probabilities, playing a small Club from Dummy to the first trick would mean that the making or losing of the game would hinge upon the even chance of the location of the adverse King of Spades. (Neither adversary had bid.) But Declarer could have made her game practically sure by the following play:

The Ace of Clubs from Dummy on trick 1; this followed by leading the Ace and King of Diamonds from Dummy to tricks 2 and 3, Closed Hand discarding a Club on the third trick. After that the Spade finesse could be taken with impunity because, even if it lost, the adversaries would not be apt to take more than one Club and the Ace of Hearts in addition. With any normal division of the adverse cards, this play must make game. It is obvious that the play made by Declarer on the first trick—viz., the small Club from Dummy—would work beautifully if the lead were from the King. In that case, and with the King of Spades held by East, a small Slam (every trick but the Ace of Hearts) would be obtainable; but there was little probability of such a distribution, and in any event it is not wise to gamble upon the chance of making Slam at the risk of losing game. Game is the all-important object of the Declarer and she should take no risks when the winning of it is at stake.

✥

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*South*
S. 10-7-5-2	S. A-8-6-3
H. 9-6-5	H. A-7-2
D. 8	D. A-4-3
C. 9-8-5-3-2	C. K-7-4
East	*West*
S. J-9	S. K-Q-4
H. K-J-3	H. Q-10-8-4
D. K-10-9-6-5	D. Q-J-7-2
C. Q-J-6	C. A-10

The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 40

Valdez was not surprised. He had before noticed how the first hearing of a name will often bring the actuality trailing in its wake. Half an hour ago the name of Sir Helios had just entered his ears, and here was the man's secretary. What of it? Merely another man, one in the thicker thirties, with a foreign, southern effect of sallow jaw and eyes too long and dark. Women would probably call him handsome; they liked that expansive look and a sneer along the mouth.

Valdez glanced involuntarily at the clock, but Mastanien rode that down.

"Plenty of time. I told Belloc to send the Marquardt woman on ahead of you tonight."

VALDEZ' thin nose scented things. It took power to upset the iron routine of the Imperial Theatre with five thousand people out in front. And that power was here in his dressing-room. The two men seemed to feel it; their very shirt fronts breathed influence. Niklaus lounged to a chair, shooting an immediate question:

"Would Mr. Valdez be interested in making a great deal of money?"

Valdez stilled, instinctively shrinking himself, as he did when the chains and handcuffs were laid upon him. Behind it he was thinking things . . . this fellow was too smooth and sinuous, with too much veiled contempt in his glance. . . . Men don't offer men money except for things they don't want to do themselves. "That would depend," he heard himself saying.

"The Prince of Escape is wary," Niklaus laughed, then bent over the cards still spread upon the table, and that foreignness crept into his accent. "You make mystic preparations, eh? That is excellent."

Why it should be excellent he did not say. The smoke of a fat cigarette curled like incense from his lips. He looked, Valdez thought, like a Spanish Hebrew. There was effort in his Englishness; beneath it was an opulence which broke out in his speech.

"You have heard of my chief, Sir Helios Cordato, of course. He has been much heard of these last few days; more so than he cares about. He is not the kind who plays to the mob. These beastly newspapers, poking their damn' inquisitive beaks into a private business matter! It will do them no good, of course." An almond-nailed hand gestured the finish of that. "We have acquired control of the Aërial Syndicate; we *are* the Aërial Syndicate now, and we shall remain so. We are sorry if it embarrasses the present ministry, but—"

He shrugged that away, turning to Mastanien, speaking in careful casualness:

"I had an interview, on Sir Helios' behalf, with Blazebroke at Downing Street this afternoon. He was much upset over the manner in which Parliament is taking our purchase of the shares. We have had the shares for weeks; what they are upset over is the matter being made public. He expects a vote of 'no confidence' in the House tonight. That will send him scuttling to Buckingham Palace tomorrow to hand in his portfolio, and the king will be obliged to send for the Labor party."

He lolled long, black-clad legs, blew smoke, and was impressive. Mastanien sat like painted granite; ministries might come and prime ministers might go, but the Imperial Theatre would play to packed seats all the same. Niklaus glanced at him with a cool nod of dismissal.

"If you will leave me to speak with this Mr. Valdez—"

Mastanien rose, and Valdez wondered again. His life was in the theatre and of the theatre, so he could barely imagine a greater power than the ruler of an international vaudeville corporation. But here was Mastanien himself being calmly dismissed from a dressing-room in one of his own theatres.

At the door the manager paused for a warning: "Remember, fifteen minutes only."

"Five will be enough," Niklaus said.

Valdez' eyes sought Mastanien's for a possible message as to what this interview might be, but the other was stonily aloof. Yet that in itself was almost a message, Valdez thought, as the door closed, shutting him in with this Niklaus.

The man seemed in no hurry to begin. He sprawled there, emitting thick smoke rings, like one surrounded by rich visions. When he spoke it was those visions coming to utterance.

"Radio," he nodded, "is still in its infancy. A bawling infant, making noise enough, but not yet grown. . . . There are already in the world secret inventions which will transform it—inventions that, could we secure them, would give the Aërial Syndicate a practical control of the world's ears. God!" The smoke puffed from his lips in a sudden cloud. "What a thing! The world's ears dangling from one's fingers. . . . that is where you can come in and be well paid for it. . . ."

"Yes?" Valdez asked neutrally.

Niklaus shrugged, speaking as if the other were miles away. "Aha, this fellow sprouts no hooks to catch our bait, eh? Usually they open at the mention of money. Well. . . . We have other tricks in our bag."

He laid a photograph across the strange card which Valdez had drawn from that occult deck. "You seem to have raised the devil there; well—I play the queen. Women, money, cards and the devil!" He laughed thickly. "A good picture of the average man's life—as he would like to have it, if he could. Look at her, she's worth it."

Valdez looked; then looked again, and long. Only a pictured face, still young enough to be a girl's, softened enough to be a woman's, beautiful enough to be that alone. But one met beauty daily in theatres, and it needed more than just that. What had caught him was an expression, as if the camera had surprised something she tried to hide from the world. It was the same look he sometimes caught in his own mirrored reflection: a wistfulness, almost a puzzledness, as of one caught and held by a power which he could not understand.

"Who is she?" he asked, and Niklaus laughed in insolent derision.

"Oh, that is an old trick of you stage people, to pretend that you have never heard of your greatest public rival."

Valdez' mouth tightened in retort. "I see no reason for lying about it; and even if I did I probably wouldn't. I've found it doesn't ever pay."

NIKLAUS' eyes, long and veiled as those of an Angora cat, opened to roundness. "You mean you haven't heard of Brenda Hope, now publicly known as The Lady of Sleep?"

"Oh—"

"She is the only daughter of the late Sir Mannister Hope, the greatest scientist of his day; possibly of all days up to now. A colossal man! Too colossal, since he reached scientific conclusions so much ahead of his time that other scientists accused him of having gone mad. You must have heard of his famous Equation of Space."

"Heard of it, yes;" Valdez said. "But as to understanding it—"

"They say there are only six people in the world who can. Even the Royal Society threw up its hands, while the French Academy wagged its beards."

"Was that why they said he was mad?"

"No; that came when he went to India to study under the occult masters. He discovered this state he calls Deep Sleep, and taught his daughter how to enter it. He claimed it as a state of absolute knowledge, and the scientists declare him crazy."

Valdez' shoulders stirred as he remembered those strangely quiet thou-

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sands pulled from midnight London. "For a crazy girl she certainly gets the crowds," he remarked.

"Anyone who goes over the edge of ordinary human possibilities has to meet the charge of being either crazy or a charlatan. You also go over that edge, in some way known only to yourself, and you cleverly meet it by announcing it as a trick. It is that"—Niklaus' hand, ringless, yet curiously rich, tapped for attention—"that 'going over the edge' of yours which makes you possibly valuable to us."

"Yes?" Valdez asked.

"Miss Hope, when she gets into this strange sleep—as she does at her public séances at the Albert Hall—is able to give an absolutely correct answer to any question asked of her, even about things of which *she* knows nothing when awake. They say she goes into this trance, as I suppose it is, every night. We would want you to penetrate to the lady's bedroom, about two o'clock some morning—I am told that is the witching hour when she's at her best—and ask her one question."

"And then?" Valdez asked, still motionless.

NIKLAUS blew more insolent smoke. "Oh, we put no restriction on you, provided you get the information. The trouble is that she's difficult to get at. The Countess of Wallingford and the government crowd see to that. So we come to you, you see?"

"But I don't yet," Valdez told him.

"My dear fellow, if you can get out of impossible places, you ought to be able to get into them also. The late Sir Mannister Hope, that Wizard of Space, was also a wizard of radio. Of course he would be, since the science of radio is the science of space. We know that, before going to India, he compiled notes of experiments and inventions which would revolutionize the whole radio situation. Inventions of incalculable value to the Aërial Syndicate or to any government that could get hold of them. But no trace of them has been found by his executors. Our only hope is that his daughter may have information as to their whereabouts, or that she may be able to discover it while in one of these trances. But, through Lady Wallingford, the prime minister and his crowd are keeping her so secluded that even *we* have found it impossible to reach her when she is in her condition of this deep sleep."

"But if she's in the hands of these other people," Valdez objected, "surely they've pumped her dry by this time."

Niklaus slid to his feet in lithe irritation. "That is what puzzles us. We are sure they haven't. Blazebroke played fast and loose with Sir Helios Cordato, getting our support for his election and letting us get control of the Aërial Syndicate in return. He thought he was handing us a sucked orange in that. He expected to be able to announce that the government had purchased Mannister Hope's secrets and that the practical control of radio was in their hands. Now he's in a tight place. The newspapers have spilled the soup about Aërial Syndicate. Parliament is looking for a victim, and Blazebroke hasn't a thing to cover himself with. So we are sure that he knows no more of the Hope inventions than we do."

"What makes you think I might succeed in getting the information from Miss Hope, when these others have evidently failed?"

"As I said, you also 'go over the edge' in some way. You might be able to approach her in a different way."

"If you imagine that I'm a trance medium—" Valdez began.

"We don't care what you are, but we are willing to take a chance on your ability to get to Miss Hope. At our convenience we shall call upon your services. You can't escape the Aërial Syndicate—at least, you had better not try to."

Another challenge, and again to escape; the evening was becoming ridiculous. Beginning with weariness, carried on in revolt, it now deepened with implied threat. That Miss Wrex was right; one stuck one's head above one's fellows and got things thrown at it. Premiers, palaces, sleeping ladies and the secret things of government; Valdez found that he had heard while hardly believing. It was all like people speaking in a dream. He was glad that the door opened suddenly on Mastanien.

"Time's nearly up," Mastanien said. "Marquardt's finishing her act."

More of this damned escape; a whole packing crew and box full of it awaiting him out there on the stage. Valdez' impulse came to sudden speech:

"Would you be in the wings tonight, Mr. Mastanien, and ready to take charge of the stage if anything should happen to me?"

Mastanien's eyes bored at him with sudden coldness.

"You mean, if you fall down on your trick? Remember, young man, that your contract reads—"

"Oh, cut your gas," Valdez flared. "Does your contract contain any clause for—if I succeed too well?"

"What do you mean?"

"It is simply that tonight I might not be able to—well—to get back."

"Get back to where?" Mastanien demanded.

"Not 'back to,'" Valdez corrected softly. "I mean 'back from.' Back from where I'll have to go to get out of that box."

Mastanien stared, as if even his impervious egoism had received a shock. Valdez kept his own counsels, and those behind the curtain were as ignorant as the audience of how his seeming miracles were conducted. He went quickly on:

"If I shouldn't turn up again tonight, I want you to pay my Hindus their salaries for a while. This is June—if you will put my men, the tent, and the box used in the challenge tonight, all on the stage for ten minutes of every evening performance in—let us say, the last week in—in July. Have the box open, of course. Show them that there is nothing in it except *what I shall have to leave in it tonight* —that is important. Then lock it, nail it up, put the tent over it for five minutes, and at one of that week's performances—we won't specify which —I will try to come back into it and be found when you open it again before the audience."

Mastanien's shell broke again; even his granite warmed, like some masculine Galatea struck by admiration. The one thing which he respected was a showman superior to himself.

"Ye gods," he breathed, "just think of the publicity—the colossal, world-whacking publicity. To disappear, right off the stage itself, out of a padlocked challenge box—"

"Leaving all my clothes behind me," Valdez amended. "I couldn't do it with even a pair of socks on me."

Mastanien whistled softly, pacing the carpet outside the rim of light, all theatrical excitement.

"Boy . . . if you can do it . . . the publicity! It'll mean a year solid right here. Then a world tour to follow." His tongue spun pictures, and one could hear the box-office registers clicking in his brain. "New York, the States, South America—Buenos Aires alone will be good for six weeks at a thousand gold a night—"

THE buzzer bit the air. The interpolated act was finishing out on the stage. Mastanien cooled with the theatrical instinct not to excite a performer. Clapping on his opera hat, Niklaus rose and sauntered over to the door.

"I am going to watch your performance, Mr. Valdez. And in these weeks of disappearance which you hint of, you will be able to carry out Sir Helios' commission."

"If he can lay hands on me," Valdez smiled.

"Oh, as to that . . ." Niklaus closed the door behind him with contemptuous assurance.

As soon as he was gone Valdez swung round on Mastanien. "Who is that guy?"

"One of Helios Cordato's jackals."

"Does he keep a cageful?"

"If they'd only keep 'em in a cage." Mastanien sketched a gesture and seemed to think that that finished it. The faint thunder of applause seeped

(*Continued on page 44*)

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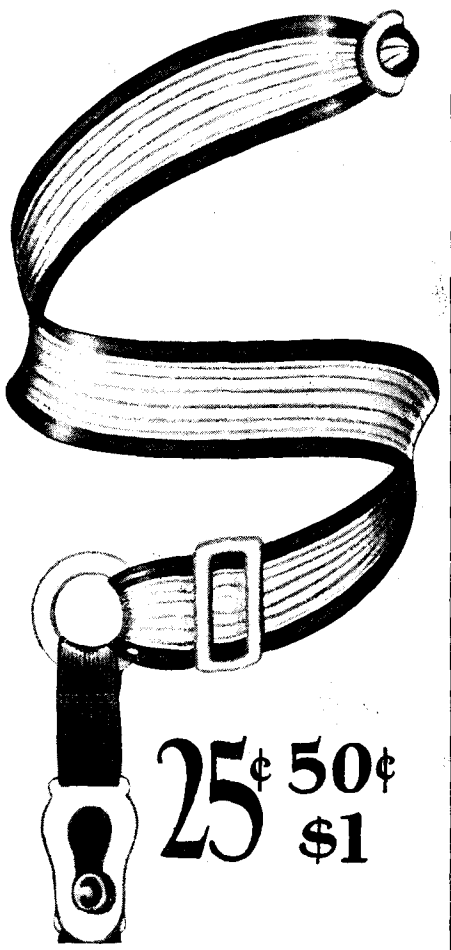

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06

The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 43

through the door, and Valdez swiftly dusted fresh powder on his face.

"Well, what about them?" he asked. "I warn you I'll keep the stage waiting until you tell me."

"Well, I know a steam roller when I see one. So I'll say this: if Helios is after you—watch your step."

"You mean I'd better not have anything to do with them?"

"The question is, are they going to not have anything to do with you."

"H'm!" Valdez took up the photograph, looking again and long. "And this girl?"

"I don't know. I went to one of her shows. About five thousand people jammed into that rotten old Albert Hall, all in the dark. It was kind of spooky—nothing but the girl, dead asleep on the platform under a pink light, and a woman who read questions for her to answer."

"Is she a fake?"

"Are you?" Mastanien parried.

"I don't pretend to be anything else."

Mastanien's shell of aloofness thickened about him; he strolled to the door, humming the refrain from a popular success:

Watch your step, watch your step
And don't you trip!

The call buzzed again like an angry rattlesnake, with a stage manager's panic behind it. Out there was an empty scene, and five thousand amusement-hungry people waiting across the footlights. Valdez must go. He thrust the photograph into a pocket; with a hand on the door knob Mastanien offered a last word:

"If you are going to put over this mysterious coming-back business, you ought to disappear completely meanwhile."

"I mean to."

"Then that settles it all. Don't let even me know where you are. Then, if anybody asks me, I can't tell 'em."

He opened the door and Valdez flashed past him.

THE stage manager mopped away sweat and nearly wept in relief. Electricians shut off their spotlights and went away. Not even scene shifters were allowed in the wings while Valdez performed. Behind a painted front drop was his special setting of amber velvet curtains, with four Hindus ranged like statues in scarlet. That front drop soared upward, letting in a crack of light. Fixing his face to its public smile, Valdez stepped out.

The same old thing . . . twelve times a week, fifty-two weeks a year. His opening speech was repeating itself somehow out in front of his lips.

Tiers of faces pallid in greenish gloom. It reminded him of those terrible army burying fields which he had seen in France, all miles of little white grave boards. Calling for a committee to come out of that was like raising the dead.

" . . . No tricks will be played upon the gentlemen who honor me by being my guests on this stage. . . ."

One by one they were rising to follow the ushers to the foot bridge over the orchestra. Queer fish drawn by his net of words from that dim sea; 'and the sea gave up its dead!' ". . . I ask you to come as representatives of the entire audience to see that there are no trap doors or other mechanical means—"

So much talking, but nearly through now. "My challenge of fifty guineas . . . shipping department of the Royal Service Stores . . . will those gentlemen kindly come upon the stage?"

They came, bumping their precious box along with them. The usual ponderous affair of two-inch boards and steel clampings. As if they could stop him that way! . . . Ten respectable workmen, solemn with fifty-guinea visions, washed and combed like boys on a Sunday-school picnic. One always shook hands with them and passed their names to the audience.

" . . . Mr. Trustball, ladies and gentlemen. . . . Mr. Slatterways—" That was the one with the startling effect of a frock coat, white trousers and tan shoes. These shipping departments were always good for one laugh at least. The iron floor sheet, safeguard against trapdoors, was hauled forward and the box placed upon it. An extra row of nails was hammered in at his own request. Now he was getting into it and crouching down. Ten faces above him, looking down with that fifty-guinea glare. Poised hammers . . . a hush settling over the house! The darkness of the lid, pounding nails and a clink of chains and locks. Then Gunraj's three taps, the signal that the tent was in place, shutting the box into privacy complete.

Through it all he had kept up that impression of half pathos. A slim young figure, strangely lonely on a crowded stage where every hand was against him!

To escape from that double-ply, treble-nailed packing box was merely the day's work, but to strip in its narrow limits was a tax on even his supple frame. Suit, shirt, underclothes, socks, off they came at last. . . . And then instants of swift, calculated motion, in which he himself could hardly have told what he did.

Amber dimness of the tent. In its silk was a tiny peephole through which he could see those five thousand blobs like goldfish goggling in a giant aquarium. The place filled with a strained hush, throbbed through by the orchestra's deliberately weird music. He shriveled an instant in ridiculous panic. There he was, not a rag upon him, and only that thin, faintly waving curtain between him and all those eyes. He must hurry; there was still much to be done. Yet he had to waste many precious seconds in absurd thinking. . . .

What was this that he was going to do? "Escape!" But those who escape were only faced by a necessity for more escaping still. The smell of fugitive sweat tickles the nose of every bloodhound within miles. . . . To escape from escaping. . . . The only way to do would be to find some region so closed that there was no possible way out—or something of such charm that one had no wish to leave it. . . .

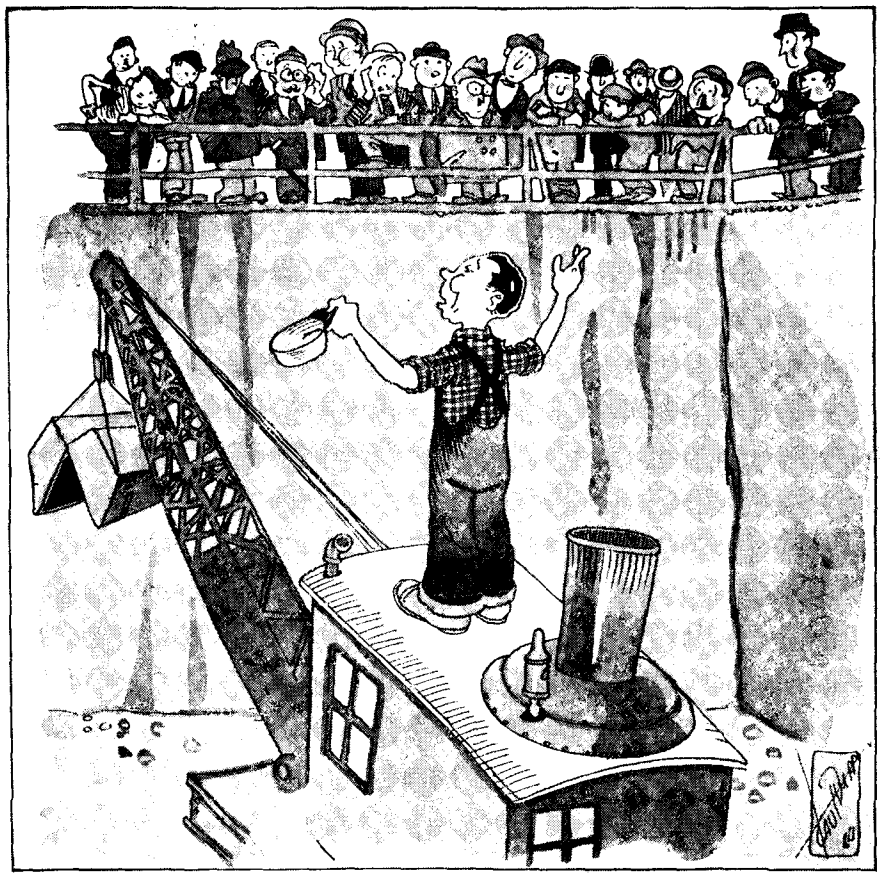
He had lingered overlong. A faint sigh of impatience swept the house, the beginning of that rebellion against strain of waiting which would soon break into noisy hand claps. And he, standing there minus even a pair of garters, had still to escape from that stage under the noses of the committee and the packing and those ten thousand eyes out beyond. . . .

TEN minutes later a young man quietly dressed, with much reddish-brown hair, stood back of the second gallery and watched the sensations which swept the theatre as that box was opened on the stage. Then even he thrilled queerly in the hush as Mastanien stepped down to the footlights, a photograph in his hand.

" . . . You have all seen Mr. Valdez' complete disappearance. . . . We are as much in the dark as yourselves. . . . And now an added mystery, for here in Mr. Valdez' coat pocket we have found this photograph of the young woman so tremendously known, of late, as 'The Lady of Sleep.' . . ."

But Valdez himself was already fading off down those gallery stairs. He had remembered that this was the night when this Brenda Hope held her midnight séance at that huge and darkened colosseum by Hyde Park.

(*To be continued next week*)



"Folks, I want to thank you for the interest you have shown us while we have labored here. Your response has been exceptional. During the all too short three-week period that we have been excavating here we have drawn capacity crowds at every performance. Capacity in spite of one day's rain and the two days' exhibition across the street when the new clothing store sign was being erected.

"Those of my friends here who enjoyed seeing me put this giant steam shovel through its paces may be interested to know that we are working next week under more ideal conditions on a larger excavation at the corner of 5th and Main Streets. I thank you."

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Election Year Blues

Continued from page 9

"The other three bear years were 1876, 1884 and 1896. I have already outlined what took place in 1876. In 1884 business declined from January to December without a pause. But the decline began two years earlier. A great boom had set in in 1878 and rose to the proportions of inflation by 1882. Then it started to crumble and did not finish its crumbling process for several years. I have also described what happened in 1896.

"All our other Presidential years were flourishing periods for business. The year 1868 saw business moving up.

"The same thing was true of Grant's second election in 1872. In 1880, when Garfield defeated Hancock, the rise in prosperity was extraordinary; the country fairly blossomed with good business.

"In 1892, in spite of the fact that the issue of greenbacks reappeared with the Populists and that a return of the Democracy and tariff revisions seemed inevitable, the slightly downward trend of business was halted in the summer.

Anything May Happen

"DURING the 1912 fight every circumstance seemed to conspire against business. The Democrats were filled with confidence. The star of Woodrow Wilson was rising, and he was known to favor many serious measures against prevailing business practices.

"The effects of the reactionary readjustments of 1910 and 1911 were still in evidence. The Pujo Committee was pressing its sensational money-trust investigation and the giants of Wall Street, including the elder Morgan himself, were being mercilessly grilled by Samuel Untermyer.

"Two tariff bills had passed the House and had been killed only by Presidential veto and now a Democratic President was imminent. Indictments of trust magnates and dissolution suits were the order of the day. The meat packers were put on trial and the sugar barons were haled before a jury. The New Haven Railroad crash came, followed by the indictment of Mellen, president of the road. The locomotive engineers threatened a strike, and got a pay raise, and the firemen followed with a threat to quit. The coal mines began to seethe with strike demands. Under all these influences industry and trade suffered at first. But again, as the campaign swung into full tempo, up went business again.

"And so anything may happen in a Presidential year. We may have good times or bad times. But the political campaign ordinarily has nothing to do with it. The forces at work in the business world; the failures and the flourishings of the crops; the rise and fall of production, controlled by a multitude of factors; the movements of gold; sometimes the folly and the daring of large adventurers; the appearance of new inventions—all these and many more influences combine to mold business in Presidential years as well as in all others.

"But when business is poor men are apt to look around for any very prominent and conspicuous force in evidence to blame it on. And of course if it happens to be bad when the parties are lining up for their quadrennial battle, why, the election gets the blame. But it so happens that business has been good oftener than it has been bad in these election years.

"Then, of course, politicians are to blame for some of the nonsense we hear about elections and business. We are now in the period when the political statistician makes his appearance. If the devil can quote Scripture to his purpose, he is really only an amateur compared with the stump speaker who begins to use statistics. Take a subject like unemployment. The Democrats are sure to work that overtime to prove that Coolidge prosperity is only a myth, and so Democratic statisticians will paint for us the harrowing picture of four or five million people in idleness.

"The Republicans, on the other hand, eager to support the tradition of Republican prosperity, will just as loudly decry the notion of unemployment. Their statisticians have already fixed the number out of work at one fourth or one fifth the number assigned by the Democrats.

"'Put a Democrat in the White House and a sheriff at your factory door!' cry the Republicans. 'Elect a Republican President, and big business will go on eating up little businesses!' say the Democrats.

"Politicians of both parties will be promising disaster to the farmer if their respective candidates are not elected. One set of orators will prophesy trouble if we do not modify the tariff, and another set will threaten doom if we do not preserve and boost it. The truth about the matter is there will be no doom and no disaster, and no sensible business man thinks so. Business is better organized now to withstand the injurious interference of politics than ever before.

"We now have the Federal Reserve Act to protect us against money stringencies in any particular region or industry. We have the new system of hand-to-mouth buying in the merchandising world, under which dealers, instead of stocking up with huge stores of goods, buy close to their immediate needs and thus are protected from being caught with a lot of unsalable merchandise. Moreover, we have the modern system of research.

"A huge machine has been set up in America to keep the business man informed about the real facts of trade. A highly uninformed politician making a stump speech cannot now frighten an intelligent business man with a lot of oratorical bogies. The business man spends a lot of money on experts who supply him with facts instead of hokum. And he knows. At least the big business men do. And the sooner little business men imitate the big ones in this respect the better off they will be.

"We have had a slight business depression. And remember recession now does not mean what it once did. It doesn't mean soup kitchens, bread lines, bankruptcies, failing banks, closed factories, poverty and despair. It means that our ordinary business gait has slowed up a little. But we have passed the peak of that.

"Business is now moving into a better phase. It is moving slowly but quite confidently and surely to a higher level. The upswing should be in full blast by the early fall or late summer.

Business Will Be Ahead

"A GROUP of manufacturers comprising 1,078 companies have just completed a survey of employment in their mills. Not only has employment increased, but it is now better than it was at this time last year. I think that is fairly representative of American industry now.

"But what the business man must remember is this—that while here and there people are out of work, the great bulk of our people are at work and that THE WAGES OF THOSE EMPLOYED ARE GREATER THAN THEY HAVE EVER BEEN BEFORE BOTH IN ACTUAL DOLLARS AND IN PURCHASING POWER; that these people are also secure in their jobs; that this employment is on the increase and that the purchasing power of the nation is on the increase. The foolish business man will let this old bogey about politics scare him. The wise one will disregard it and look only at the economic facts. HE WILL GO AFTER THE BUSINESS AND GET IT BECAUSE IT IS THERE.

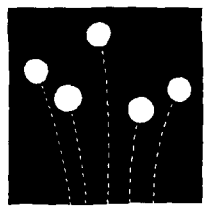
"In this campaign there are no seriously disturbing economic or financial issues, and business is not troubling itself very much which way things go. The conventions will meet in June, and the campaign will be in full swing by September. But business will be ahead of politics. It will be in full swing first."

When the world's greatest tennis stars battle for supremacy

They play the ball that's chosen for

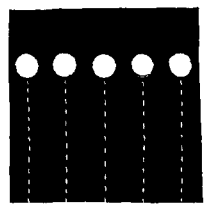
Davis Cup Matches!

CHAMPIONS know that tennis balls which are not uniform can put a tremendous handicap upon their play. That is why the Wright & Ditson ball is used by the masters of the game. These stars know that whether they play it in May or September, in Forest Hills or Los Angeles, every Wright & Ditson ball will bound, feel and fly alike. It is the most uniform tennis ball ever created.



Ordinary tennis balls aren't *uniform*. In the official drop test, one will have too much bound, another too little. Stroke them in the same manner and they will fly and act differently. One will feel light off the racket, another heavy. You will have to change the speed and timing of your stroke to counteract this variance. Obviously you cannot play uniformly good tennis with them.

But you do not get this variance in Wright & Ditson tennis balls—you get *absolute uniformity!* In the drop test, every Wright & Ditson ball bounds *exactly alike*. In actual play, every Wright & Ditson ball flies alike, acts alike, feels alike off the racket. There's not a hair's-weight of difference in a thousand Wright & Ditson tennis balls. There *can't* be. An *automatic* process makes one Wright & Ditson ball exactly like another. No other tennis ball has such amazing uniformity!



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For 37 years the Wright & Ditson Championship ball has been adopted for National championships—and for all Davis Cup matches played in this country since 1900. It helps champions play uniformly good tennis, it will help your game, too. And it costs no more than other tennis balls—50c each. *Demand it!* Buy the Wright & Ditson tennis ball from your tennis professional, or at your favorite sporting goods or department store.

HERE'S ANOTHER *great feature!*

Every Wright & Ditson ball reaches you as fresh and as lively as when it left the factory. And it is *kept fresh* by an *air-retaining* inner-lining. Air can't seep out of it—the ball *holds* its liveliness for an entire season's play! And every Wright & Ditson ball *bounds the maximum legal limit* allowed a legal ball—58 inches!

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 19

Brander's trail to see if he'd act on your information, which, by the way, you had no business to give him, because in so doing you betrayed one of your husband's professional secrets and, I imagine, *that* is something he will not forgive."

She nodded acquiescence. Full well she knew Whitton knew whereof he spoke.

"You were in too great a hurry to get rid of Julie in order to marry Brander," he continued musingly. "Indecent haste. Of course, as I once assured you, I am entirely in favor of your divorcing Julie, because when you have passed out of his life I know where he will find happiness. But I dislike your callous way of going about it, my dear. Why did you attempt service by publication?"

"I didn't know where to find Julie, and I would have had to serve him in the state of Nevada if personal service was to be attained. Three months' service by publication in a weekly paper published in the county where suit is brought is legal."

"Provided you do not know where your husband is. But that is not true. You do know where he is."

"He is somewhere in the wooded wilderness of Oregon. My letters are addressed to him at this office."

"You made affidavit to that effect, of course. Theoretically you did not know where Julie was, but actually you did. You had means of ascertaining. So I'm afraid the judge will look askance at your suit when he learns the details. And I'm sure he will when I take the stand and—well, he'll realize you were trying to slip one over on your husband. I have a copy of your divorce complaint. It will stand up in Reno, feeble as it is, provided the charges of incompatibility and mental cruelty are not combated. You have in your employ now a maid you formerly employed in Los Angeles. I suppose she'll be your corroborative witness?"

She saw she could not fence with the man, that it was far better to be direct with him. "How long have you known of my divorce action, Ben?" she queried.

"This office had news of it the day after it was filed."

"But you didn't tell Julie?"

"Not necessary. Time enough when he returns. Have you killed that notice in the Argus?"

"I have ordered its discontinuance."

"I'll know for certain when the next issue is printed. By the way, when you return to your Reno apartment you will find your letters from Jake still there. All I required was photostatic copies."

"You devil!"

"Keno!"

SHE recognized the allusion and flushed with mortification. "Well, what do you want me to do?" she quavered.

"Withdraw your suit and come home. Be back at that hotel where Julie left you when he went north, and be back there the day after tomorrow. Julie will be home in a week, and I want him to find you there upon his return."

She was more dangerously near hysterics now than she had ever been. "Oh, Ben," she pleaded, "for heaven's sake, don't interfere. I know my action will be a great shock to Julie, but he'll get over it. He doesn't really love me any more than I love him. Our marriage has been a tragic, hopeless mess from the beginning, and you know it."

"If Jake Brander hadn't come into your life, would you have planned to divorce Julie just the same?"

She nodded.

"Sure?"

"Absolutely. We are hopelessly incompatible, Ben, and under such a condition I would prefer to make my own living to having him support me."

"Of course you could do with all the alimony you could squeeze out of him," Whitton sneered. "This alimony thing is a frightful injustice. A woman will not make any decent, fair effort to promote happiness in her married life, yet, after casting her man aside she still clings to him and makes him support her—in idleness, if possible. I agree that in the case where divorce comes after long years of marriage and the wife is too old to support herself, or has lost the ability to or is not equipped to, ample alimony is just. But in the case of a young woman like yourself—"

"Oh, don't preach," she begged.

"The point is well taken. I have no right to preach. Forgive me. Well, one more question and I am through. Are you deluding yourself with the dream that you can possibly be happy with Jake Brander, that you, being his fourth wife, will be immune to the matrimonial failure that has distinguished his efforts to date? Do you think he is an intelligent man? An honorable man? An honorable man would not deliberately set about the seduction of another's wife, you know. Mercedes, I tell you you're making a terrible mistake. Your life with Julie may not be quite as happy as you desire, but I assure you life with Jake Brander will eventually prove a nightmare."

"Suppose you mind your own business, Ben?"

"My friend's happiness is some of my business, and I'll not have that fathead, Brander, and you triumph over him until—well, until I give the word. It is in my power to make the going hard and slippery for you both. Remember, you betrayed a professional secret of mine to him, and, in the circumstances under which you learned this secret, you were obliged, in honor, to regard it as your secret too. He's a crooked dog, and if I can I'm going to tie a can to his tail."

"Must I remain and listen to this?"

"I suppose not. Mercedes, if you thought Julie would be a rich man in a few years, would that make any difference in your mental attitude toward him?"

"Julie will never be rich," she affirmed.

HE SAW that it was useless to attempt an argument, since she was one who would always argue abstractedly, always beg the question.

"It would make a difference, of course. There's nothing wrong with your happiness that a liberal allowance would not cure. But it wouldn't cure Julie's unhappiness. Mercedes, right now Julian Grannis is quite a rich man."

"How rich?" She was mildly interested.

"A trifle over half a million. Beyond the reach of the wolf of want. And when he perfects his ideas and makes them commercially practicable—"

"Julie can never be happy with me—and I want him to be happy, Ben."

"Will you not go back to him and make an honest, diligent effort to make him happy? Study him, Mercedes. Make a business of this married state, for really it is a matter that requires much study, much sacrifice, much understanding, much tolerance and much forgiveness. Go back to Julie and bear a few children for him—"

NAMEOGRAPHS

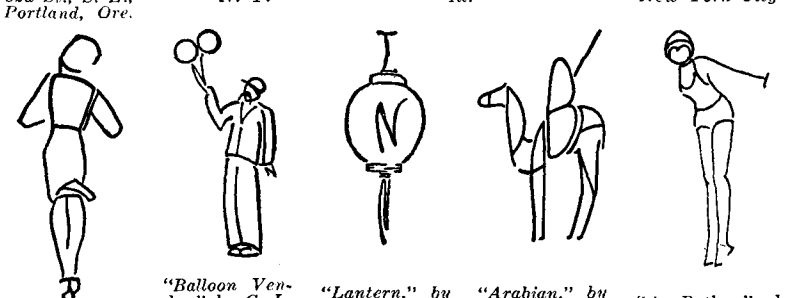
THE Nameographers have outdone themselves this week. There are some mighty ingenious jobs on this page. Still, you don't have to be as clever as this to get in the national game. Try your luck and send the results to Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. And did we mention that you can get a flabbergasting book on hitherto unpublished ones from your bookseller or from Reilly & Lee, Chicago, Ill., for $1.35?

"Sea Horse," by Collville N. Smythe, 3020 82d St., S. E., Portland, Ore.

"Skater," by Marian A. Stuart, Skaneateles, N. Y.

"Gorilla," by Harry C. Thompson, 335 Walnut Ave., Elgin, Ill.

"Draftsman," by Fred A. Mammen, 1520 Leland Ave., New York City



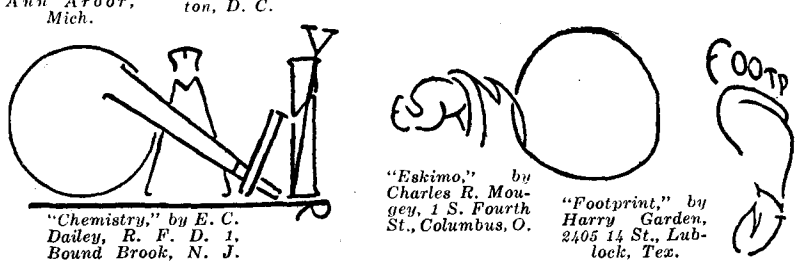
"Flapper," by Miss Dorothy E. Wilson, 15 Cutting Apts., Ann Arbor, Mich.

"Balloon Vender," by G. L. Power, 4015 New Hampshire Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

"Lantern," by Evangeline V. Coates, 1719 San Lorenzo, Berkeley, Calif.

"Arabian," by Louis V. Matamek, 602 Congress St., Schenectady, N. Y.

"A Bather," by Loretta Fontenrose, 1810 Carlotta Ave., Berkeley, Calif.



"Chemistry," by E. C. Dailey, R. F. D. 1, Bound Brook, N. J.

"Eskimo," by Charles R. Mougey, 1 S. Fourth St., Columbus, O.

"Footprint," by Harry Garden, 2405 14 St., Lubbock, Tex.

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"A medicine for every dog ailment"

"He doesn't love me, Ben."

"He does love you. Not as much as he used to, I'll admit, but if you bear him a son he'll return to his ancient allegiance. He's a fine man, Mercedes, the salt of the earth. Gentle, just, brilliant, honored by brilliant men, humorous, patient, sympathetic, half a poet and a fighting bear cat when the fighting is good. I've seen that man's soul stripped to the buff. I know the ultimates of his nature. Don't hurt him—give him a square deal, Mercedes, and I'll be your friend—and, by Gad, I can be a good friend when I want to. You're not in love with Brander. You couldn't be. He's too gross. What you're after is his money, the opportunity for cornering that chimera you call a career. Fiddlesticks! There are wandering boy minstrels on the streets of Naples that can fiddle circles around you."

She shook her head. "You ask the impossible, Ben—and you're very rude."

"I didn't intend to make this plea when I summoned you here. I knew I'd be wasting my breath. But when you sit here before me, I see a beautiful woman and, because I am a man, I forget my common sense and endow you with a heart; I tell myself I can reach that heart. Well, I've done my duty by my friend—and it's a duty I didn't want to perform. Forget it. Go back to Reno and follow through—all but the service by publication. I'm going north again in a few days, and when I return your husband will be with me. We'll return via Ogden and Reno. The train halts a few minutes in Reno, and I'll wire you the number of our train and the number of our car and drawing-room. You can have your lawyer send his man there with the summons."

"Thank you. Will you furnish Julie with evidence to oppose the suit?"

"Not unless he decides positively to oppose it. I shall have nothing to say when the blow falls, but if he declares war on you I'll be his ally."

"I know Julie. I'll take a chance on him—and you."

"You'll regret it the longest day you live. Do you require any money?"

"Yes," she answered, flushing. "I could use about five hundred dollars."

"I'll mail you a check and spare you the dishonor of asking Brander for it. It will be Julie's money."

"Some of that mythical half million or so, I daresay." Mercedes was at her ease now and could afford to be ironical.

He ignored the thrust. "I note from the copy of your complaint in action that you are asking for $250 a month alimony. I regard that as unfair. I'll not play ball with you unless you withdraw that complaint and substitute one that makes no request for an alimony award. Of course I don't think you'll ever try to collect alimony, because you plan to marry Brander the day after your decree is granted. His Paris divorce has been consummated, I hear. In asking alimony you were just being adroit enough to play safe. You've got to let the tail go with the hide, Mercedes, if you want my support."

"I'LL accept the conditions," she agreed. "Although you have no real grounds to embroil Mr. Brander in this matter, I quite realize that a scandal can be built out of a mere suspicion, and I desire to avoid that. I ask only the right to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness and I have my own ideas as to what constitutes that."

He rose and bowed her to the door. "I'm glad you're Julie's friend," she said, as she departed. "You'll comfort him, won't you?"

He glared at her. "Trying to act noble, eh? Good-by, Mercedes—and good luck." As the door closed behind her Mr. Whitton addressed his brass cuspidor. "That woman," he said, "has the soul of a hyena, and I'm a rattle-brained, inconsistent, faithless jackass for attempting to argue with her. The kindest thing I can do for Julie is to let her follow through."

He pressed a call button, and Gloria Justin responded. "Send Mercedes Julie's check for five hundred dollars," he ordered. "It will gravel her to see your name signed to his check."

The girl smiled at him. "Took a good thrashing, didn't you, Ben?"

"Didn't have to. I voluntarily hauled down my flag. I did my best by Julie, but the woman's impossible."

"In that event, doubtless you did your worst."

"I meant well. It's hard to give up my plan for putting a spoke in the Brander wheel, but I decided suddenly not to monkey with the machinery. There is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will, and I have an abiding faith that God will send a pestilence on that woman. Jerusalem, what an ego! She's made a plan, and because she made it she knows it's perfect."

"I could have told you you were wasting your time, Ben, by summoning her here, in an attempt to delay matters."

"Why didn't you?"

"You're the boss," Gloria answered, "and it's none of my business."

"Well, I'm in need of a woman's counsel, Gloria. Forget I'm the boss. Speak up."

"I COUNSEL you to get the Grannis family out of your head and devote all of your attention to civil engineering. You're a poor hand at an intrigue. You're so honest you forget your rôle."

"Forgot it today, at any rate. You're right. All of this *is* none of my business, and why I make it my business the Lord only knows."

"I know too," Gloria replied. "You're very obvious, Ben. Now get down to work and forget the entire matter."

En route back to his camp in the upper Columbia River basin Ben Whitton stopped in Portland long enough to report to Gruber of the O. R. N. for the purpose of going over with the latter the report he had submitted and explaining certain details of it. Gruber met him with a wry smile.

"Whitton," he announced, "somebody leaked on this deal?"

Whitton raised his eyebrows interrogatively. Gruber went on: "Jake Brander of the Brander Timber Company got early news of our plan to build into that timber and grabbed up the Hale-Robinson and Banning holdings. Now every lumber manufacturer in Oregon knows what we're up to, and there's hell to pay and no pitch hot."

"Elucidate," Whitton urged, and sat down to listen.

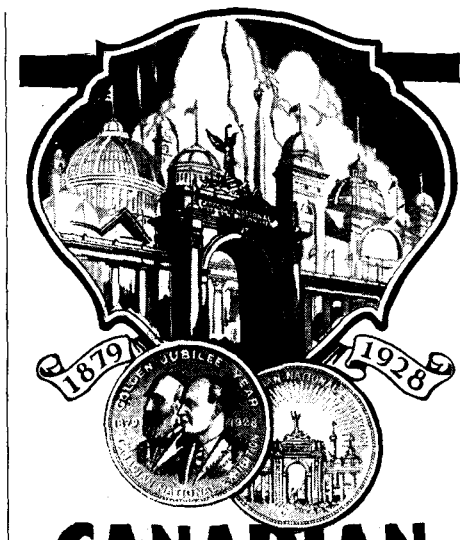
"The Oregon and Washington sawmill men have an organization they call the Northwestern Fir Association, and they've sent their executive committee to call upon me with an ultimatum. It seems they have the low-down on Jake Brander's deal. They know what his own timber has cost him and what he's paid for the timber he's bought. They inform me that, because of the extremely low cost of his stumpage he will be enabled to manufacture lumber far cheaper than any of them; hence he will be enabled to cut the price of lumber a dollar or two below their lowest price and make money while they are, at present, losing money. It seems, too, they are convinced this is exactly the game he will play. His old man was always a cutthroat competitor, and until Jake got rid of the sawmills his father left him he was always a disturbing element in the market."

"So I've heard, Mr. Gruber."

"The result," Gruber continued, "is a bad situation for all concerned. The market on Douglas fir lumber is, and for the past three years has been, in the Bad Lands. Any number of mills have gone broke, and the survivors are firmly convinced that the cause for the present unhappy market condition is due to a vast overproduction. Hence the prospect of having the Brander Timber Company add a million and a half feet per day to that overproduction before the market may reasonably be suspected of adjusting itself has the Northwestern Fir Association members running around in circles. They are not so much concerned with this additional overproduction, however, as they are with the fact that Brander will be a price cutter, because he can make money that way, and, as a matter of fact, *will* have to be a price cutter in order to move his huge production to market."

"Is old man Robinson, by any chance, a member of that executive committee?"

(*Continued on page 48*)



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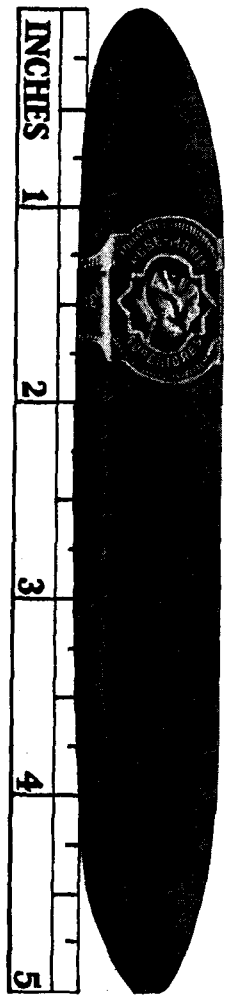

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 47

Gruber smiled. "Right the very first time, Whitton. So is Banning."

"But those two pirates are the ones who have made this condition possible, Mr. Gruber."

Gruber nodded. "Can you blame them? They saw an opportunity to unload on Brander at a profit—and now they're scheming to get their timber back, and his with it for—well, I should say the price of the bonded indebtedness."

"You credit them with too much philanthropy, Mr. Gruber. If those properties ever fall into the hands of a bondholders' protective committee, which they will do the first time Brander defaults on his interest, old Robinson and his fellow conspirator, Banning, will buy them back for fifty cents on the dollar, and the bondholders will kiss them for doing it. I take it that the O. R. N. has changed its mind about building that branch line."

"NOT exactly, Whitton. We've spent a little money for reconnaissance and some more to build camps and freight in supplies and material, preparatory to going through with our plan, and we do not like the idea of being coerced into abandoning a legitimate project. We may have to, however. The decision is up to the Chicago office."

"What's the ultimatum?"

"It's more than an ultimatum, Whitton. It's also a condition, and the condition, more than the ultimatum, may force us to accede. The O. R. N.'s principal freight business is lumber, and if our action in making it possible for Jake Brander to raise hell with the market disrupts the lumber trade in this territory, we, as common carriers, may greatly reduce our earnings. Three big sawmills furnishing us daily freight from the upper Columbia River basin will not offset a couple of dozen big sawmills that may shut down elsewhere. We're between the devil and the deep sea, and I don't like it."

"Well, that's the condition, and I agree with you, Mr. Gruber, that it is an unhealthy one."

"We didn't foresee it. Our plans were made in good faith."

"Well, being railroad men, you neglected to study lumber market conditions. But the sawmill men study them, you bet, and are quick to swat any obstacle that raises its head. What's the ultimatum?"

"If we persist in building that branch line into Brander's timber, the Northwestern Fir Association members threaten to boycott our road. We've been giving them good service, we've had more cars than our competitors who operate in the great wheat districts of the Middle West, and hence have to divert annually a large number of cars from the Pacific Coast lumber trade to handle wheat. So we've been getting just a little more than our share of the traffic in this territory. The lumbermen say that if they play our game it is up to us to play theirs, and that if we do not they will divert their business to the N. P. and the St. P. & M. and never ship a car of lumber over our tracks if it is possible to avoid it."

The two men sat looking at each other, and around Ben Whitton's aggressive mouth a thin little smile was breaking. "You're licked," he said presently.

Gruber sighed. "I'm afraid we are. Still, I'm not going to pocket, without a struggle, the loss we've been put to when, in good faith, we engaged your firm to make surveys and reports, commenced the erection of our camps, etc."

"Perhaps you can get the members of the Northwestern Fir Association to absorb 50 per cent of that loss," Whitton suggested. "They'll play you fair, I think, if you play them fair."

"What about Brander? Unless we build, he's ruined."

"Oh, well," Whitton replied carelessly, "he's just the innocent bystander. He's been gambling on some inside information, and a gambler expects to take a loss occasionally."

"By Judas, he can't stand up under this one. It seems these belligerent competitors of his have looked him over pretty carefully. He's had to dig and scrape pretty hard to pay for that timber, and he has only bonded a portion of his holdings as yet. He could borrow money from banks cheaper than he could get it on his bonds, but he has a contract with a big New York bond house to purchase such additional bonds as he will be required to float to commence his operations and provide working capital. All he requires to make a monumental clean-up is our branch line built in to his timber. And if the poor devil doesn't get it, he'll be stuck with a frozen asset on which he will be paying enough interest annually to bankrupt him in five years."

"He'll not pay it. He'll default and let the bondholders foreclose."

"But they'll sue him and get a deficiency judgment against him."

"They can get only a deficiency judgment against the Brander Timber Company, a corporation. Jake's private fortune will be safe, unless, indeed, the bond issue is subject to interpretation under the laws of a state that recognizes stockholders' liability, in which event the bondholders will go after Jake, as the sole stockholder of the Brander Timber Corporation."

He's probably been foxy enough to avoid that. But if this timber project goes fluey he'll be hard put to it to repay the mortgages on his private property and carry on with his other enterprises. Looks as if he might come a cropper."

"It's sad," Ben Whitton murmured—"very sad."

"Well, the situation makes me squirm, Whitton. We don't want to go back on Brander. He accepted in good faith our word that we were going to build, and if we go back on that assurance he will be ruined."

"On the other hand," Whitton reminded Gruber, "if you do not go back on your assurance, these Northwestern Fir fellows may ruin the O. R. N. They can certainly cut your annual earnings 50 per cent, which will depreciate your stock and raise the devil generally. A boycott like that, if continued long enough, might put the O. R. N. into the hands of a receiver."

GRUBER sighed. "I'm afraid you're right. I feel sorry for Brander. I fear he's going to be squeezed, but before we do anything radical I'll take him into our confidence and try to rig up a deal whereby he can unload his timber holdings to somebody who wants to hold them for an investment. Twenty years from now all the king's horses and all the king's men will not keep us or one of our competitors from building that branch line."

"Not much chance of his unloading now," Ben prophesied. "The lumbermen of the Northwest know his situation; none of them would care to tie up a few million dollars for twenty years. It is too easy to eliminate Brander; and when he is eliminated Messrs. Robinson and Banning will get together and do business with the bondholders so much cheaper—"

"Damnation!" Gruber interrupted. "This thing hurts."

"You'll put up a fight, of course."

"Naturally—for the sake of our self-respect. But I've halted work on our camps until the Chicago office makes its decision. Of course we'll put up a fight. Got to try to make those recalcitrant fir people absorb all or half of our loss to date."

"Meantime," Whitton suggested, "it would be bad business to have news of this action creep out."

"Business situations like this one never become public property. Come to think it over, it would never do to give Brander the real excuse for double-crossing him. He might allege conspiracy and sue us and the Northwestern Fir Association, and I wouldn't be surprised if he got a judgment in the federal court."

"Well, I'm here to go over my report with you," Ben suggested, glad of an opportunity to change the subject.

"What's the use?" Gruber sighed. "I'll file it away. It will, doubtless, be as good a report a quarter of a century from now as it is today. If you and Grannis will send in your bills, I'll audit them and get your check to you promptly. If we conclude to defy that ultimatum I'll send for you to supervise the building of our line. Good day."

Ben Whitton returned to his hotel and in the privacy of his room did a great deal of thinking.

THAT Jacob Brander's corporation, the Brander Timber Company, would be ruined he had no doubt; that Jacob Brander's personal fortune might be swept away in the eddies of that financial flood was possible. At any rate, for the future, money would mean something to Jacob Brander, even if he survived bankruptcy.

"Yes," he soliloquized, "God sends pestilences to the unworthy. I told Mercedes Julie was rich—and she wouldn't believe me because I didn't go into detail. She didn't even ask for detail, because she knew Brander was many times richer. I have honestly tried to save her—and she'll not be saved. And it was a mistake on my part to attempt to hold her to her husband. No more mistakes like that. Please God, now, she'll divorce Julie within a week, marry Brander—and sit calmly down to await the cataclysm. She's tried poverty with a man who was accustomed to it. Now let her try it with a man who has never tried it—and see how well he stands up under the bludgeoning of fate. Now we'll see which of these two men can meet with triumph and disaster and treat these two impostors both the same. Mercedes, Mercedes, what have you done? What are you going to say when Brander turns on you and brands you as the author of his ruin?"

Ben considered this picture a little while and then found the answer. "She'll have hysterics, of course," he declared.

He pondered the situation further. There was no doubt in his mind that Mercedes Grannis had make up her mind to divorce her husband. For the present the fears Ben had engendered in her might prevent her from moving into action, but Ben knew her for a resolute woman who was playing for high stakes, and in the end she would have her way. He realized she was not a very intelligent woman, but she was cunning. Ben decided that immediately upon her husband's return she would commence a course of action calculated to drive Julie to desperation, to kill whatever love he had for her, to break down his abhorrence of divorce and cause him to attain, eventually, to the conclusion that any course that relieved him of an intolerable unhappiness was justifiable and to be embraced.

Then Mercedes would strike. She would inform her husband, quite calmly and with a wealth of regret, evidenced by copious tears, that their marriage had been a horrible mistake, and ask him for her freedom. And Ben knew that when she did this, Julie, regardless of his own feelings, would grant her request, whereupon she would proceed immediately to Reno, file a new complaint and be free at the expiration of ninety days. Yes, undoubtedly she would reside another ninety days in Nevada, trusting to Ben Whitton not to reveal to Julie the facts of her previous residence during his absence.

Meanwhile Jake Brander would go to Europe or New York, in order to set up a workable alibi in the event of a suit for alienation of affections filed against him by Julie.

"But she knows Julie would never file such a suit," Ben reflected. "That threat of mine didn't work. She knows the man too well. Why, then, should I continue to block her aspirations? I'll permit her to play out her hand and trump all her own aces and Jake Brander's. Of course Julie will be terribly shocked,

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but, then, will not the shock of her callous action be an unmixed blessing in the long run? Gloria rather took him off his feet that night at my house, but—well, he's got a grip on himself since and will not permit himself to indulge in daydreams hereafter—that is, while he's married. Honorable old hunks, Julie. Very virtuous and old-fashioned in his attitude toward the marriage vow.

If Mercedes would only play the game with him, he'd forget Gloria again and be fairly happy in his spiritual isolation. Right now he's fighting tooth and toenail for his happiness—and his wife's. He regards it as a duty to do this, and until he realizes fully that his wife is just a rag and a bone and a hank of hair he'll keep on fighting. He'll pet her, toady to her, give her her way, put up with her arrogance and selfishness miles beyond the point where any other man would revolt and desert his wife in the fond hope that, at the expiration of a year of desertion, she would divorce him. No doubt about it.

JULIE would have made a splendid martyr. But if Mercedes makes the first move without consulting him a miracle may happen. His love—and he's still in love with her—may backfire and change to hate overnight. And that will be a comfort to him, give him courage to buck up, endow him with a clear perception of the utter foolishness of attempting to carry on. . . . Yes, Julie, my friend, I must put the skids under you, because I know what's good for you and, after all, this entire situation is not of my creation."

He wrote a telegram to Mercedes, as follows:

I made a great mistake in attempting to regulate your marital affairs Stop Trust you will forgive me Stop Have concluded situation is impossible and withdraw my opposition Stop You have my word that none of the inside information I possess will ever be used against you Stop Suggest you return to Reno immediately and file new suit but omitting alimony Stop Within week will be returning to San Francisco via Ogden and Reno with Julie Stop Will wire you at your Reno address giving you car number and drawing-room of train on which we arrive Reno Stop Your attorneys can then have their man board train and serve Julie while he is in Nevada and after that the situation will be in your hands and I will help you all I can Stop Wire me Benson Hotel here your plans so we can coöperate. BEN.

He considered this message a little while, and then tore it up. "It would be like Mercedes," he decided, "to show Julie that telegram after the smoke had cleared away; she'd love to make a rift in our friendship. The telephone is safer. It leaves no trace."

Forthwith he called Mercedes in San Francisco and was fortunate enough to find her in. Having announced his identity, without a moment's pause he repeated, with slight variations, the contents of the telegram and then waited for her answer.

"Thank you, Ben," she replied sweetly. "I thought you'd come to the conclusion, eventually, that you cannot order Julie's life and mine. I'll return to Reno in the morning and will be at the same address. My rent was paid in advance, and I did not notify my landlady that I would not return. I'll withdraw the plea for alimony, provided you do as you have promised."

"Sold," Ben answered, and hung up.

(*To be continued next week*)

What's in That Trunk?

Continued from page 22

room. The former is the better ideal for most women to work for—certainly it is best when among strangers.

So much for the psychology of dressing; now for some practical details.

Models must be chosen that will take up little space, and fabrics must be picked that will not muss badly. Fashions are always a result of the customs of a country; it is because women travel and go week-ending so much that models are scant and simple and fabrics are soft and sheer.

Fur collars take up a great deal of room; so, for convenience as well as smartness this season, they are better omitted. Instead of an evening coat, which is invariably bulky, one of the Rodier scarfs will prove very satisfactory. The clerk from whom you buy the scarf will show you how it should be worn. This garment takes up very little space and does not become wrinkled.

For daytime wear knitted dresses, especially those of silk bouclé, are invaluable, because they never muss. Of course they must never be hung on hangers but must be folded in the proper creases and laid flat. The finer quality of jersey and angora, as well as many of the soft tweeds, will not muss either. Crêpe faille or heavy Canton crêpe may look wrinkled when first removed, but it shakes out quickly. Washable Chinese brocade is another non-wrinkler, and makes a good choice for active sports, if these are included in your trip.

For summer travel, a suit of black alpaca is extremely smart and practical. A dress and a seven-eighths-length unlined coat will look suitable for almost any occasion and will shed the dirt and dust magically. It is cool too. If you prefer a woolen suit, remember that smooth plain surfaces catch and hold and even magnify all the dirt there is. A mixed weave of a rough fabric may be equally well tailored and prove much more satisfactory. A dark silk suit with a three-quarters- or seven-eighths-length coat is also practical, if the silk is carefully chosen. A heavy marocain or faille is excellent.

For evening gowns, lace is the first choice, because it does not muss and is ready to wear the minute it comes out of the case. A sheer cobwebby black lace can have two slips; one of black chiffon and one of flesh-color chiffon—which gives the effect of two different gowns.

A plain black crêpe Elizabeth with uneven hem line will be suitable for all those occasions when you are not quite sure what others will be wearing.

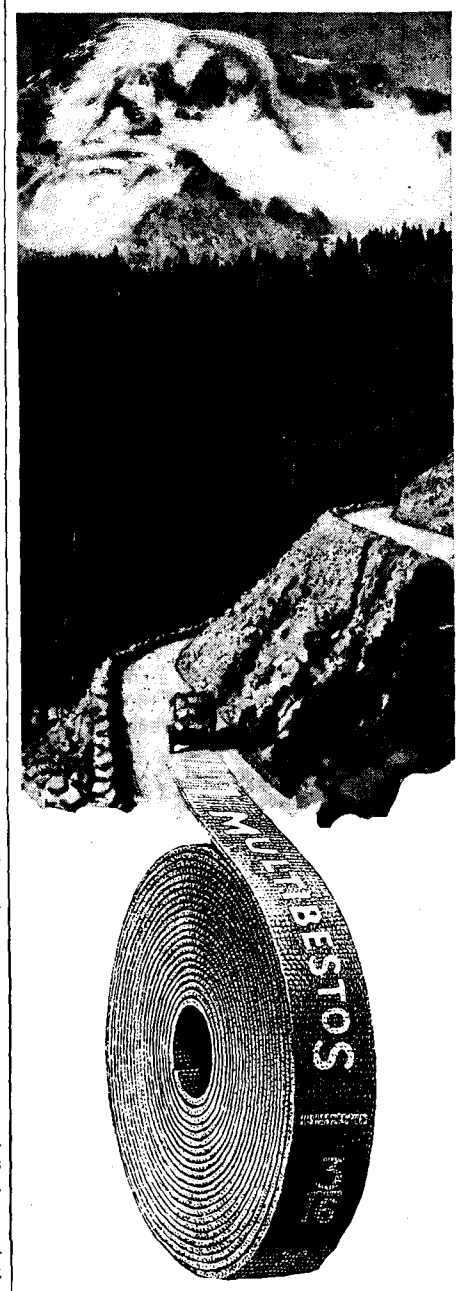
Try to have not more than three shades of stockings, with three pairs each of your daytime shades and two of the evening color. If your evening colors have been thoughtfully chosen, with slippers in mind, two pairs of evening sandals will complete all the evening ensembles.

Gloves are a Problem

HATS of straw as well as of felt can be made so that they will pack flat; and two becoming hats or three at the most can be planned so that they blend into all the costumes. But let me point out that these hats must be thought of when the coats and dresses are planned, and the slippers must be remembered when the evening gowns are made. Otherwise you fall into one of two traps: you must take more hats and slippers than you need, just to complete your costumes; or you will sacrifice your color scheme in favor of light luggage, and will have only one or two good costumes with two or three that are badly matched up.

Gloves are a great problem. Dark ones are not smart and are never becoming. Light suède soil before the day has well begun, so in this matter one is between the devil and the deep blue sea. Excellent chamoisette gloves are procurable in beige shades that do not soil so quickly as the real chamois or suède, and wash more easily. They are the best solution I know.

A light rubberized raincoat is necessary for journeys to hot countries. But never spend much money on these, as it is better not to expect from them more than a year or two of service.



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The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 24

tiptoed in. He heard sounds of sobbing somewhere above!

And then a hand touched Jimmy: touched his left elbow.

He gave a spring in panic, fumbled the lantern, dropped it with a crash, saw it wink out. A low, tense voice spoke out of the pitch.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"It's—me."

The girl was somewhere near him. She must have been waiting for him just around the corner of the stairs.

"GORRY, *you frightened me!* Who's crying upstairs?"

"My—mother."

"You didn't waste any time getting back here from Pumpton's—"

"Oh, I'm so glad *you've* come. I know I can trust you; that you'll help me. I want to get away from here—as far as I can—and take Mother with me—before anyone else comes—"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Mary Wilson."

"Wilson!" Again that name had appeared in this enigma. And Ephraim Watts had addressed the sheriff as "Mr. Wilson."

"Please, please help us to get away," the girl begged. "I'll tell you everything if you will. Mother can't walk very far. She's nearly exhausted and chilled to the bone. She got out of the house while all those men were here and hid in those spruces up by the Fork. I never dreamed it was *she* who came in with Dr. Hawkins. Now, with Count Briskow dead—"

"Hawkins is dead too. Did you know that?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"A hunter shot him by mistake over northeast of here, when he abandoned his rig and took to the woods. What's your mother's connection with Hawkins?"

"Please! Don't let's waste time talking about that now. Where can we go that no one will find Mother and question her tonight?"

The boy was conscious of a vibrant feminine personality close to him, almost touching him. Something radiated between them, though they could scarcely see each other, thrilling the lad with a potent ecstasy.

"Wait a minute! Let me think. I have it! Paul Lyman told us he left his car somewhere about here earlier tonight. If I can make the tire hold air, I ought to be able to drive you away."

Jimmy relit his lantern. A girl in a neat turban and a modishly tailored walking suit confronted him—a perfectly wonderful girl with lustrous eyes.

"Are those—the clothes—you got at Mrs. Pumpton's?"

"No, they're my own. I had them hidden in an upstairs closet. Give me the lantern. I'll bring Mother down."

An elderly lady descended the flight.

She was gaunt of face and high-waisted. She was clothed in a dress of dull black; the only color about her costume was a trim of white ruching that showed at her throat. The fabric was soft, pliable and voluminous; her skirt screened her feet in folds when she walked; a cape of similar material, or rather a type of widow's veiling attached to her bonnet, fell over her shoulders and presented the analogy of a nun's raiment which had puzzled that part of Vermont for a week. Her step, too, explained why she seemed to "float" along that stretch of trees where Gleason had first seen her; despite her height, she took steps queerly short. She did not walk with a stride. She *trundled.*

This emaciated but active matron assayed the lad who held up the lantern.

"My daughter's told me about you, young man. I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for helping us. If that blackguard of a Briskow is dead at last, all we want to do is get as far away from this district as possible and never hear of it again."

Jimmy forebore to question her. They left through the sitting-room and passed over the veranda. A moment later they were out by the gate.

"You'd better come along up into the spruces with me," declared the reporter. "My uncle's due here any minute, and perhaps it's just as well if he doesn't find us tonight."

The mother hobbled painfully in ascending to the spruces. She had cruelly bruised a knee-cap, Jimmy learned later, following Euclid Hawkins through that subterranean passage. But they gained the trees without anyone's arriving. And Jimmy found the flivver not far from his bag. He started working on the tire.

They heard the sheriff's machine approaching from the north.

"Hang it!" cried Jimmy. "That means Paul Lyman's with him and will come for his car!"

But it was the sheriff alone. Young Lyman, they later learned, had utilized the Wickford livery rig to drive directly into Paris and file his story.

Crumpett stopped his car across from the gate, went into the residence, and was gone ten minutes. They saw his flashlight upstairs and down. Twice they heard him call the nephew's name. But Jimmy kept silent.

Satisfied at length that the boy was not about the premises, the sheriff emerged, stood several moments ruminating by the gate, climbed into his car, started it, and finally left through the tunnel of trees.

Jimmy started the flivver's engine.

"Where do you want to be driven?" he asked.

"Take us to the tavern in Wickford," responded Mrs. Wilson. "That's where I've been staying through all this dreadful business. My bag's there, and I want to get it."

"How far is the New Hampshire line?" demanded Mary.

"About thirty miles east."

"Would you drive us that far? If we cross the state line, we'll be out of the jurisdiction of local authorities. At least they can't seize us without extradition proceedings."

"You seem to know something about law," laughed the boy.

"I ought to," the girl replied. "If I'd worked anywhere but in a law office, I might never have been drawn into this crazy conspiracy in the first place."

ALTHOUGH Wickford was boiling with excitement about the double killings of the night, no one appeared to suspect an elderly woman in widow's weeds, a smartly dressed young woman and an equally open-faced boy, who drove up to the tavern in a car with Vermont license plates as the whistle on the clothespin factory blew for seven o'clock. Mrs. Wilson's bag was procured, her bill settled, and the car turned eastward into the mountains. A few minutes after eight o'clock between Concord, Vt., and Whitefield, N. H., they crossed the Connecticut. They drew into Littleton on the dot of 8:30.

"Well," chuckled Jimmy, "now I'm accessory to murder. Furthermore, I've broken a federal statute, driving a stolen motor car from one state to another. Suppose we eat some breakfast before I start for the pen for life."

They entered a white-tiled café with stall-like booths along the left wall. Seated with her mother across a table from him, the girl reached out and gripped Jimmy's clasped hands.

"I think you're just splendid," was her manner of thanking him.

"That—goes—both—ways," the boy said thickly. Then, fearing he would make an ass of himself before this stunning girl, he said at once: "All I want is an explanation of your part in this queer business."

Yet *was* it all he wanted? A flush crept up from his collar. He was not so callow that he failed to read the meaning in her eyes. . . .

"Haven't you guessed—hasn't any solution been suggested to you by my mother's presence in the case?"

"I know you've had some legitimate motive for substituting for the real Mary Harmon. I've thought so for the past three hours. But—I haven't been able to place this Walter, who moves like a ghost behind all this action—or your mother's connection with Mr. Hawkins."

"I met Mr. Hawkins while staying to the Wickford Tavern—quite by accident," Mrs. Wilson contended. She was faulty of hearing, Jimmy perceived, and had cupped her left ear with her palm—which had prevented her from realizing Jacob Gleason's approach behind her that night a week ago.

"You mean he was a stranger?"

"YES," answered the mother. "When I learned from the talk I heard round me to Wickford that I'd been took for a spirit, I left off wearing these clothes for a spell—I'd put 'em on, anyway, for the veil that hid my face if I didn't want anyone to see me. I just stayed quiet round the tavern wondering how I'd succeed in finding my Mary. And Mr. Hawkins came there—"

"When was this?"

"He got in last night. We ate to the same table and started discussing the Harmon case. I guess he got suspicious from something I said—anyhow, he come up to my room later and asked to talk privately. He asked point-blank if I warn't the woman who'd been seen about that house. I finally told him I was, and asked him to help me. Then he told me who *he* was, and said he knew of one room that I couldn't have looked in—and a secret passage he'd show me next night. That meant tonight. So this afternoon we hired a livery rig—"

"You'd never been in the passage before the past night?"

The mother answered negatively, and the reporter believed her.

"How was it you were later seen emerging from the bulkhead dressed in white?"

"The house was so horribly filthy after I got into it that I pulled a sheet off one o' the beds and wrapped it around me to save my clothes from the dirt and cobwebs."

"Well, how about the blue light? Did you bring that with you?"

"No; I found it after I got into the house—on a shelf in the kitchen. It was the only lamp that had a chimney. But there was oil in it, and I lighted it to see my way round."

"What made you scream after you'd gone into the tool shed—so the Fowlers were so frightened?"

"Well, I'd spent all that blessed night going over that house for signs of my girl. Along toward morning I heard dogs barking somewheres and come down and outdoors to find out why they seemed so close. Then I see the tool shed—if that's what it is. I went in there, the only place I hadn't looked in. When I relighted my lamp I saw the place was empty. But I wondered about that door lying in the leaves and lifted it.

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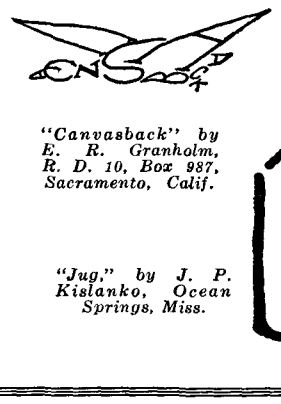
"Canvasback" by E. R. Granholm, R. D. 10, Box 987, Sacramento, Calif.
"Jug," by J. P. Kislanko, Ocean Springs, Miss.

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The first thing I see was a skeleton staring up at me. I'm afraid I did screech; that house and hunt had got on my nerves. But it wasn't anything to the scare I got when I heard noises down in the pit and a man appeared from somewhere, down it, with his arms full of more bones—"

"What man?"

"I know from Mary's description later it must 'a' been that Briskow. He looked up as frightened as I was, and disappeared in a hole while I watched. I got out at once and ran up the road to the north. By daylight I was in Wickford. I sent down to the baggage-room in Paris for my grip and stayed to that Wickford hotel as I told you—only going back to that house once or twice after that, nights."

Jimmy turned to the daughter.

"And were you in that dratted ark all the time your mother was hunting for you?"

He did not miss the quick exchange of glances between the two women.

"I'll tell you everything," the girl suddenly decided. "I deliberately mixed up in all this to smash that foreigner's diabolical conspiracy. It was—the only way I knew—to save—Walter."

"Walter! *Save him!*"

WHAT was the white-hot stab that struck through the young man's heart? Had he suddenly fallen in love with this princess—in one night—with another man in the picture?

The mother seemed to steel herself.

"I'll tell you that," she volunteered. "Mary did it to save her brother. Walter's my son!"

"Your son!"

"I don't know what ails him, sir. But he ain't been the good boy I've tried to raise him to be since his father died. He didn't like to work. He wanted to make big money easy—a lot of it. And when that scoundrel Briskow come along and saw Mary—"

"Where did he see you?" Jimmy demanded of the girl.

"In Mr. Watts' office," she replied with equal candor. "Mr. Watts was my employer—in Boston. He came from somewhere out West, got admitted to the bar, and tried to build up a practice. But only petty-larceny cases came to him and bill collections and dirty divorces. But he'd bought a set of law books in a second-hand book store: books that twenty years ago belonged to Ajax Hubbard."

"What? I don't see—"

"If you've read the old accounts of the Harmon case, you'll remember that Mr. Hubbard died of heart disease. Well, I've put two and two together and decided that the man knew of his malady and was afraid he might be taken without anyone knowing the facts of that disappearance. So he committed the complete story of it to paper. I think he was just finishing it when Count Briskow was announced to see him that day, the afternoon of his fatal attack. He slipped the 'confession' into an open law book that was later replaced on his shelves and sold with his library. Where those books have been during the intervening time, I haven't the slightest idea. But quite recently, in poring over them, I have reason to believe Mr. Watts found the monograph Lawyer Hubbard had written, realized its significance, and saw a way to make a pretty penny for himself. For it incriminated Count Briskow, who ought to pay to have it destroyed—"

"Did you ever read that monograph?"

"Certainly I read it. That's how I learned about the tower-room and the trick staircase and how to get into it. There's a bolt under the flange of the second stair that has to be shot back before the stairs can be lifted from the hall. But to get back to Count Briskow. Watts traced him through the Hungarian consul in Boston, and the letter he wrote brought the count to America at once. He had a session with Mr. Watts in which he declared the monograph a forgery and threatened to prosecute my employer for blackmail. But all the time he knew it wasn't a forgery. *And it definitely confirmed Mary Harmon's death.*"

"But where did you fit in?"

"He saw me on those visits he paid to Mr. Watts and was struck by what he said was a startling resemblance to Miss Harmon. He followed me from work one night and took me home in a taxi. On the way he proposed a crazy scheme to have me impersonate the heiress, lay claim to the fortune and divide it with him. He started to narrate a lot of details about Miss Harmon and her affairs—which I utilized with you and the man you called the squire tonight to make you confused till I got my bearings and saw a chance to escape from all of you. Remember, however, I didn't make you any direct statements. I didn't lie to you once. I only asked questions—

"But—I made the mistake of telling everything to my brother."

Mrs. Wilson brought out her handkerchief at reference to the son and furtively wiped her eyes.

"Walter was indignant that I'd passed up such a wonderful chance to make all of us rich. So he hunted up the count and proposed a counter-scheme of his own. He knew a fellow in New York—a forger—who'd prepare a fake death and birth certificate. A death certificate for Mary Harmon. A birth certificate for himself—showing wherein Miss Harmon had run away and married Mr. Hawkins, and he was their son and rightfully entitled to her fortune. He had a wild story ready about having learned of his mother's true identity in Australia—"

"I don't know which scheme sounds the craziest," the amazed reporter declared.

"Well, that's about all. Excepting that when I realized my only brother was dead set on going through with it, I had to do something desperate to balk him. Maybe I acted as crazy as all the rest of them. But it occurred to me that a way stood open to use my startling resemblance to Miss Harmon to throw a good scare into both my brother and the count. I'd go up to that house, get into that room and on to that cot bed, *and let some stranger find me.* I'd make that stranger think I might be Mary Harmon aroused from a trance, after all. Then, before any alarm was raised, I'd disappear and always leave them guessing.

"But I really saved my brother in a way I little suspected, although it nearly killed Mother. I resigned my position with Mr. Watts, so he couldn't keep trace of my movements. Then I went to Vermont by way of New York and Springfield. In New York I figured out my time and sent a letter, typewritten of course, to Mr. Watts—whom I'd chosen to be the one to find me because he already knew about the house and the campanile—telling him to investigate the real contents of that chamber before he relied on the information in his recently discovered monograph.

"I SENT it anonymously, of course, and got up to Vermont immediately after. I hadn't told Mother where I'd gone or what I proposed to do. And when I was missed, my brother suddenly got it in his guilty conscience that Count Briskow had done away with me to silence me—to keep me from reporting what he'd proposed in the taxi. And when Mother went to Mr. Watts for information and advice, he showed her my anonymous letter from New York. At once she was sure the letter referred to my murdered body. But she didn't dare go to the police because that might incriminate Walter. She started up there to hunt the place for me herself. And the rest you know."

Jimmy turned to the mother.

"Did you see Mr. Hawkins strike down the count?"

"No," replied the elder woman. "I'd found Mary's clothes in that closet where I left my lamp. But I knew Hawkins and Briskow had met because the sound of angry voices reached me. I heard Mr. Hawkins screech something about 'squaring accounts for the wreckage of his life' and then a cry as if someone had been hurt. I lighted the blue lamp, came out, fell over that Briskow's body and fled down the stairs to the landing. I'd dropped the lamp, breaking the chimney and putting it out."

"Where did Hawkins get the bar with which he struck down Briskow?"

(*Continued on page 52*)

How about a *Vacation that* PAYS?

BE HONEST, now. Do you always get your money's worth out of your vacation? Here's a man who admits frankly that he never used to feel his vacation had paid.

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Last year this man joined a motor camping party. "What do I need in the way of equipment?" he asked the old-timers. They listed off the items. "And be sure to bring along a bottle of Nujol," one of them added.

"They ought to have headed the list with Nujol," he said later. "Believe me, that bottle of Nujol did more to make me enjoy my vacation than all the fishing tackle and golf clubs in the whole party. I only wish I'd begun taking it long before, so I'd have been more fit at the start of the trip."

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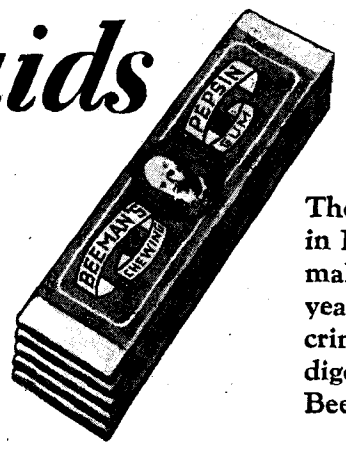

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The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 51

"It was the handle of an old wheelbarrow we'd seen as we entered the tool shed. He'd took it along with him in case he had to force the stairs open."

"But Briskow had a revolver, didn't he? Why didn't he use it?"

"I heard something heavy fly into a corner of that upstairs hall. It might 'a' been his revolver. If it's there, it'll doubtless be found."

JIMMY sat a long time staring at the wall.

"Perhaps it's just as well," he declared at last, "that your connection with the affair should never become known."

"I'd—I'd—like to—hug you," Mary Wilson choked. And when Jimmy glanced quickly at her she was biting back tears. . . .

"It's O. K. with me. But not here," he laughed. And felt more than ever his resemblance to an ass.

The waitress brought their breakfast. Jimmy Battles ate his first meal with the girl that sixty days later he married.

Cassius Quigley never understood why he totally lacked interest in tracking down Ephraim Watts—who was never apprehended—nor why the most brilliant young writer on his Sunday staff subsequently gave up his position and bought a weekly paper of his own in Connecticut. There are some matters that even an enterprising young journalist does not report to his public.

But all the papers ever related about the case was the murder of an unknown man from New York and the subsequent shooting of the murderer by a hunter. On account of the proximity of the Fork house to Canada, a bootleggers' feud was the general consensus of opinion. And, inasmuch as young Lyman later officiated as Jimmy's best man, collusion may be suspected in suppressing contradiction.

The Eighteenth Amendment has broad, broad shoulders even if narrow persons proposed it.

THE END

Waxing Rich

Continued from page 10

"No," said Mr. Poli. "They make fakes in Coney Island. But it is not art—and it's not good business.

"I remember one group that I made for the old Eden Musee in New York. It was of Christ before Pilate and included thirty figures. Before it was completed that group alone had cost $15,000. Even at that we had had to use some old figures for parts of the Roman mob. But that wasn't faking. Movie producers even don't hire stars to play crowd stuff.

"We gave them realism all right. Whenever we could we'd get actual clothes worn by the subjects. Once in Detroit, where I had a museum, there was a policeman killed in a fight with a gangster. As soon as I heard about it I went to the chief of police and the widow and insisted on the privilege of modeling the scene and giving a benefit showing of it. We were able to use the real uniform, and we showed a figure of the policeman as he appeared alive and after he had been shot—in his coffin, he was. That was very well received."

The enthusiasm was that of the Artist but it was the Showman who finished that tale:

"Indeed, the public interest in the benefit made it possible for the museum to keep open Sundays after that."

Detroit was the scene of an early achievement—the use of mechanical "insides" to make the figures appear more lifelike.

"We had a group that included a dying soldier. We had him rigged up so that he breathed heavily. His bosom would open and close. It was beautiful."

He went on to talk of one of his achievements which stands out vividly in his memory.

"It was 'The Story of a Crime,' in four tableaux. There was 'The Robbery,' 'The Killing of the Private Banker in His Bedroom,' 'The House of Ill-Fame Where the Murderer Was Spending His Ill-gotten Gains,' and, lastly, 'The Courtroom Scene.'

"In the last tableau the culprit stood before the judge. Through an open door you could see the empty scaffold and the sheriff standing by."

It was just after the Philadelphia museum fire that Mr. Poli gave evidence of his ability to "see something good and put it in my pocket." He went to Chicago on assignment to model the seven anarchists who were hanged as a result of the Haymarket riots. If it was worth some showman's $50 or $75 a week to retain Poli to make this group, it certainly ought to be worth the young sculptor's time to model a group for himself too. He did so and opened a museum of his own.

When the Chicagoans—who apparently took their pleasures less strenuously in those days—had looked their fill upon the Poli effigies, he took the show out on the road. Three years later he went into partnership with M. S. Robinson, and they opened a museum in Toronto, where they offered—in addition to the waxen attractions—one of the first vaudeville presentations that city had ever seen.

A dime museum in Buffalo, the Eden Musee at Charlotte near Rochester, and a museum on Staten Island, N. Y., followed. When the partnership was dissolved, and the establishments sold, Mr. Poli opened a place at Troy, N. Y.

He opened another in New Haven with a perfectly elegant Chamber of Horrors in the basement and nine vaudeville performances a day on the first floor. One of his crowd-enticing stunts was to have Ella Ewing, who stood seven feet four, walk through the audience holding a dollar bill in her outstretched hand. Anyone who could grab it, without being boosted up, was allowed to keep it.

"Only once," said Mr. Poli, "did anyone collect. And that man was almost as tall as Ella. I hired him later as a freak," he added.

There's a Difference

IT WAS in Wonderland, his second New Haven venture, that Poli offered motion pictures to the hungry New Haven crowds. Around the corner, in a rival amusement plant, Edison's moving pictures had been exhibited for a three-day run. Poli signed up the French cinematographs.

"My first contract was for three weeks. Then I stopped showing movies for a while so as to let down the public's interest for the purpose of reviving it—a showman's trick. In a few weeks I put the pictures on again, and I have run motion pictures in one or more theatres almost continually from that day to this."

George M. Cohan tells an amusing story regarding his first relations with the veteran showman. About thirty years ago Mr. Poli engaged the famed Four Cohans: Mr. and Mrs. Cohan, George and his sister. The family demurred at playing for the salary he offered, but he was adamant and they finally yielded.

During their engagement Mr. and Mrs. Cohan celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Mr. Poli presented them with a costly set of

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silver, and young George was puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said. "You wouldn't meet our salary figure, and yet you give my mother and father an expensive gift like that."

"The salary," replied Mr. Poli, "is business; the gift is friendship."

Rushing Again!

THREE years after Wonderland was opened Poli built another New Haven theatre, letting out contracts for $60,000. He had $4,000 in the bank. But that year his profits from Wonderland ran up to $25,000.

Then the idea of a chain of houses hit him, so he opened a Poli theatre in Waterbury. This was in 1897. Within the next five years he was operating also in Bridgeport, Hartford, Springfield and Worcester. The other day, when he disposed of all his holdings to a Boston syndicate, he had 20 theatres, 3 hotels and 100 store properties.

When Poli began to extend his holdings so that the great B. F. Keith became painfully aware of them, Keith began to try to sit on the newcomer in show business. But he was a trifle tardy. Mr. Poli struck back by acquiring some strategic locations in Boston, Providence and Jersey City. So there wasn't anything to do but be good friends and make an agreement whereby neither showman would invade the other's territory. That agreement stood right down to the recent sale of the properties, and nobody seems to have lost anything by it.

"In selecting my aides and lieutenants," said Poli, "I've always been very careful to pick men whom I could trust implicitly. There are no 'spotters' in any of my theatres, and I'm just a little bit proud of that.

"Like the wise shoemaker who sticks to his last, I've always remained a showman. My attentions, resources, interests were almost entirely confined to the theatrical groove—although you can't build many theatres and keep from doing a bit of real-estate trading now and then."

When Poli sold out one newspaper said he was going to devote himself to sculpture, his first love.

"That's ridiculous," he said. "I may do some modeling for my own amusement, that's true. But it's just as true that I shall do some fishing. I still have the old tools with which I made wax figures in France and this country years ago. But in the attic too I also have my old fishing rod—and I don't know just which one I shall take down first.

"Often I have thought I would take a rest, especially when I'm traveling. But I can't. When Mrs. Poli and I are abroad we sit a long time over our demitasse and cheese. Often I've said to her: 'When I get back home I'm not going to jump around so. We'll take some of the European idea of leisure home with us.'

"But it never works. Before I'm back on American soil I'm rushing again. You can't help it over here. It's part of the game. And I like it."

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Make Yourself Free

"IT IS funny how little business men know of business."

The Chicago manager of an important corporation was talking.

"The other day," he said, "we were given the chance to buy stock in the company which employs us, but of ten men getting $7,000 a year and upward, only three had savings or banking credit."

Those spendthrifts were overcome by the disease which afflicts us all.

As a nation we make more money than ever before and we spend more. Moreover, we ought to spend freely since only as we consume is there a market for further production. We live by taking in each other's washing and if anyone should decide to omit working for a while, we should all be decidedly out of luck.

Our life is geared to generous consumption and ample production. Never before was it so easy to spend. Invention has supplied comforts and luxuries, some of them like the motor car, productive in themselves, all adding to the desirability of life.

But taken all together they present a challenge which every reasonable man and woman must individually meet.

Whatever your income you should save something regularly and what you save you should sanely invest.

A large banking house estimated recently that there are now about 15,000,000 investors in the United States. Before the Liberty Loan Drives there were only about a half million. Last year this new army of investors put $1,000 a second into the development of business during every business day.

This is a marvelous record. But our marvelous new prosperity doesn't do you much good unless you share in it and you can't share unless you save and invest.

The temptation to save and speculate is very great. During a time of rising prices, a man has to be abnormally stupid or unlucky to lose.

But rising prices are succeeded by falling prices and the man hasn't been born who can accurately forecast the changes.

The smartest financiers in the country will tell you of the losses they encountered in speculation.

Investment is another matter. If you are buying securities for permanent possession, your attitude is entirely different.

Anyone can achieve the freedom of a financial competence by middle age

You want to know that your principal will be safe and that you will get a fair return on your money.

You can do that. Go to the best banker you know for advice.

Any young man or woman can achieve the freedom of a financial competence by early middle age. Many workmen and laborers employed in factories have accumulated small fortunes by the time they were forty. And they have not had to live meanly or niggardly.

You are young but once; middle age is not repeated and old age is a one-way street.

Enjoy the comforts and pleasures which belong to each period, but think of them all.

You can't expect freedom from worry in middle age if during youth you are prodigal.

There has never been such a season of opportunity as this in all history. For the first time practically everybody has the chance to share in the prosperity of the nation. If we fail, we shall have ourselves to blame, not Congress.

Hold Them

IT IS not mere chance that, in proportion to population, we have nine times as many homicides as England; eighteen times as many as Scotland; thirty-six times as many as Switzerland; and fourteen times as many as Ontario and Quebec, just across the line from us. Our predicament may be due to many things, but one unmistakable reason for crime prevalence was brought to notice recently in Indiana.

A colored man was before the court to receive a life sentence under the habitual criminal act. It was disclosed that he had been convicted of robbery in 1921 and sentenced to ten years in an Ohio penitentiary. He was paroled and in 1924 was sentenced to one to fourteen years for robbery in Indiana. He was paroled again and, since getting out the last time, the evidence showed, he had held up and robbed a man and woman and committed criminal assaults on three women — five crimes that would have been avoided if he had remained in prison, as the court which pronounced the first sentence against him intended.

The country never will be free from crime while it neglects to keep its known criminals where they can do no harm. Nor will there be respect for law on the part of the vicious until the law means to them what it says.

The Wife Lottery

MRS. G. G. GOODWIN, past president of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, says that a man's chances of getting an ideal wife, a homemaker, are three out of ten.

The other seven are likely to be jazz babies, naggers or drudges.

The future looked rather black until we read further. Mrs. Goodwin believes that most women would turn out to be good homemakers if they were supplied with the "makings." That is good sense.

The man who expects his wife to make a modern home with nineteenth-century implements is headed for the domestic rocks. If she is determined she will quarrel about inconveniences. If she is meek and devoted she will wear herself out in needless toil.

Our industrial genius has given us well-built kitchens, good plumbing and countless labor-saving devices for the home. The drudge is out of date. The man who wins in the wife lottery sees to it that his home keeps step with the industrial parade.

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Creating Car Life

Timken Bearing steel is produced in Timken electric furnaces and processed in the Timken mill to become the most wear-resistant bearing material ever known.

You want nothing less, if you stop to realize that bearings are the chassis parts directly carrying the motion of shafts, gears and wheels. Bearings have the closest relation to long life, surety, quiet, and maintenance economy. That is why you want Timken Bearings in your car or truck.

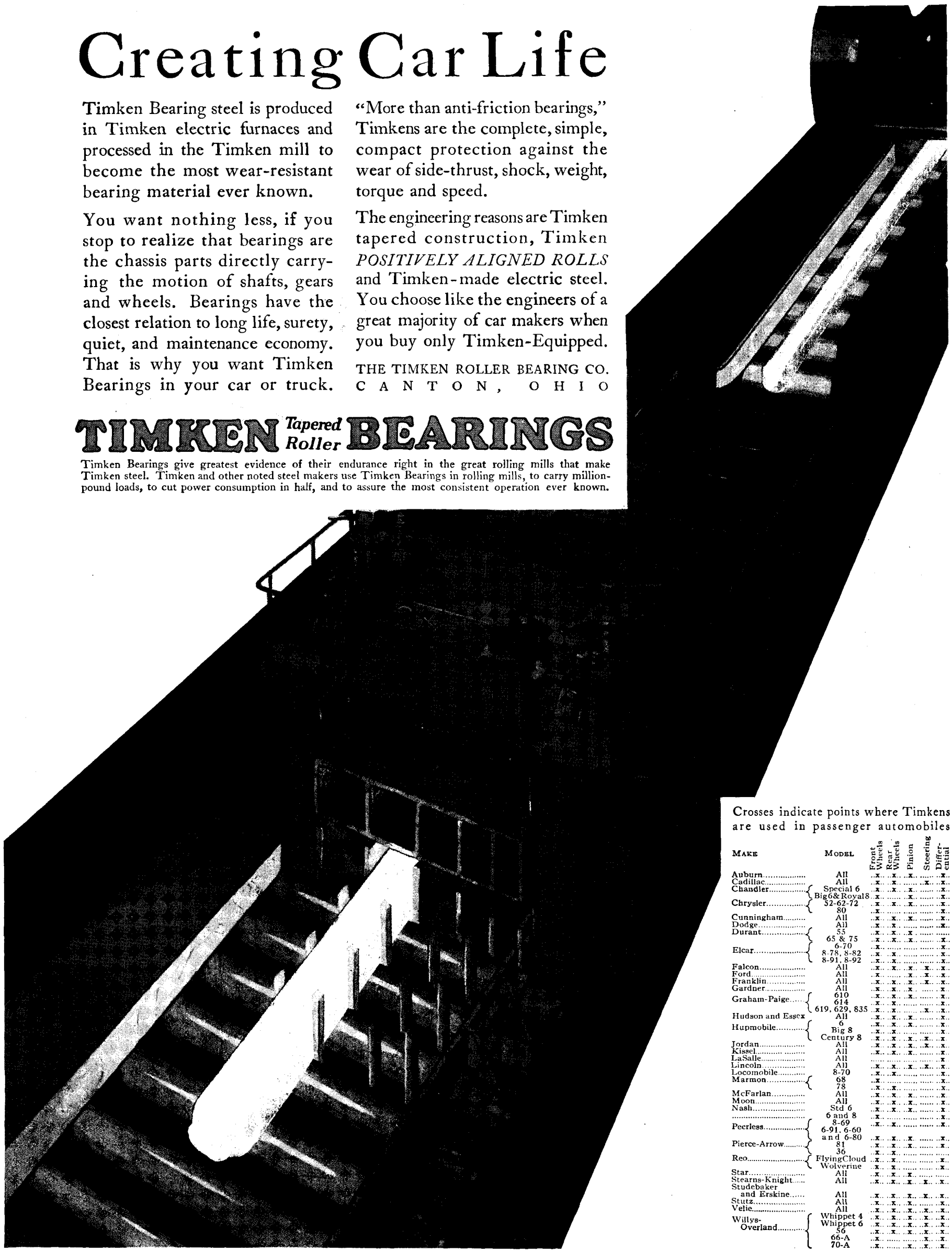
"More than anti-friction bearings," Timkens are the complete, simple, compact protection against the wear of side-thrust, shock, weight, torque and speed.

The engineering reasons are Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made electric steel. You choose like the engineers of a great majority of car makers when you buy only Timken-Equipped.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
C A N T O N , O H I O

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

Timken Bearings give greatest evidence of their endurance right in the great rolling mills that make Timken steel. Timken and other noted steel makers use Timken Bearings in rolling mills, to carry million-pound loads, to cut power consumption in half, and to assure the most consistent operation ever known.



Crosses indicate points where Timkens are used in passenger automobiles

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	Special 6	x	x	x		x
	Big 6 & Royal 8	x		x		x
Chrysler	52-62-72	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	6-70	x				x
Elcar	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	6	x	x	x		x
	Big 8	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	8-70	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78	x	x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	6 and 8	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x			x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Star	All	x	x	x		
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

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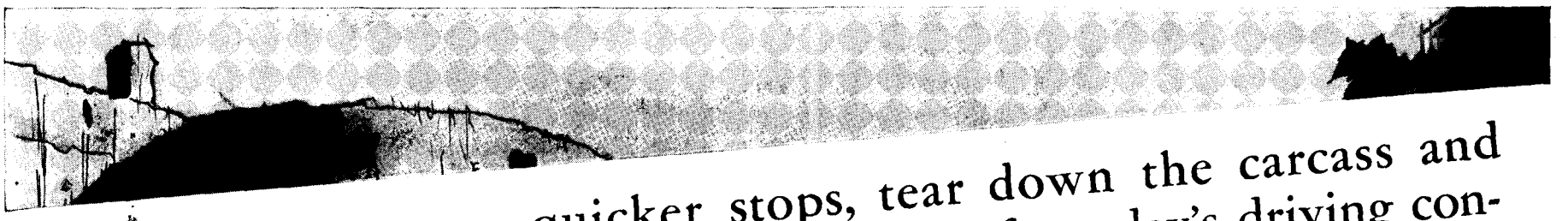
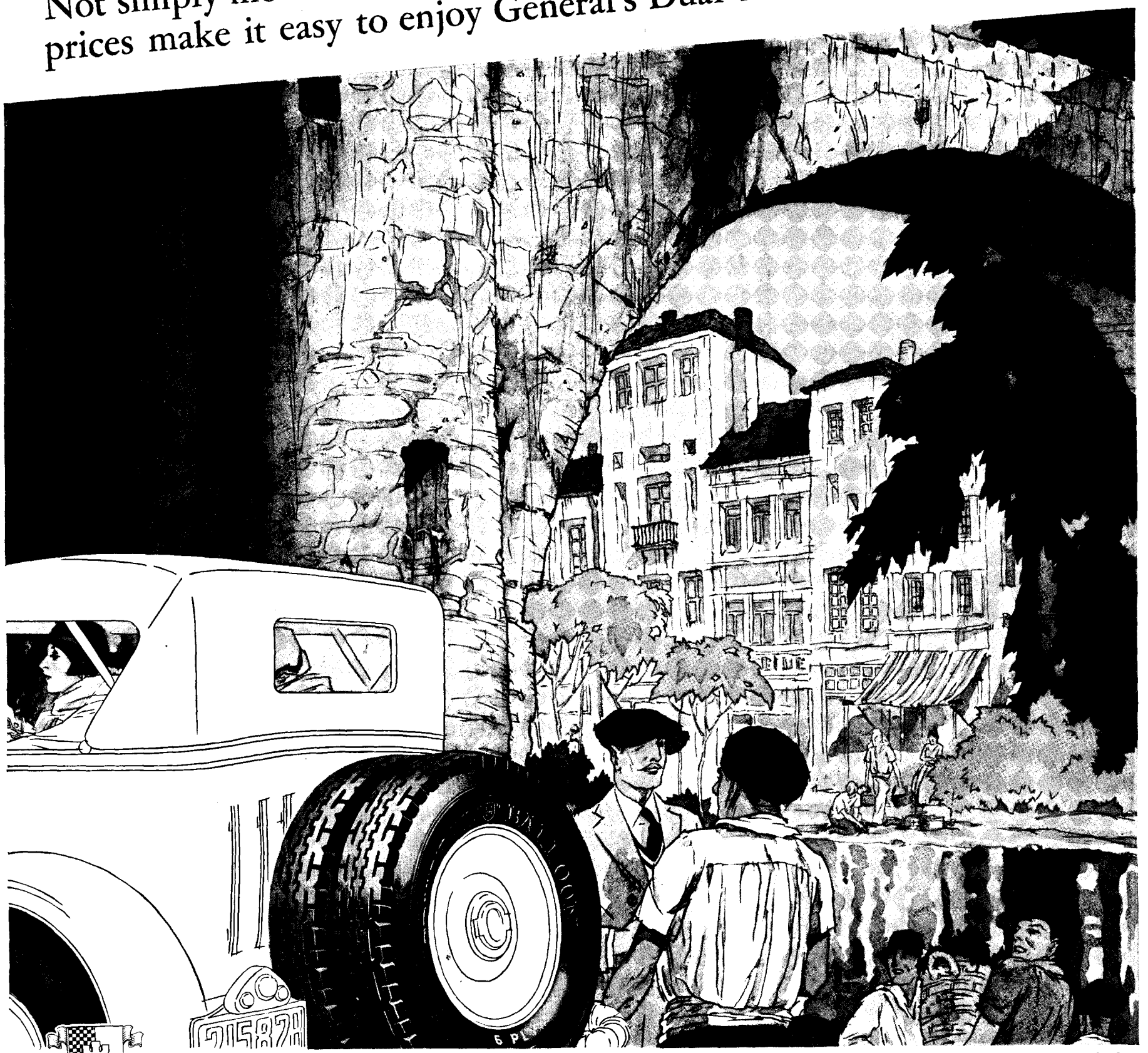


FASTER get-away—quicker stops, tear down the carcass and grind off the tread of any tire not built for today's driving conditions. It's not only the amount of rubber that counts—it's the kind. Not simply more rubber but more pure rubber. Today's low rubber prices make it easy to enjoy General's Dual-Tread, Proper-Size line.



Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

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